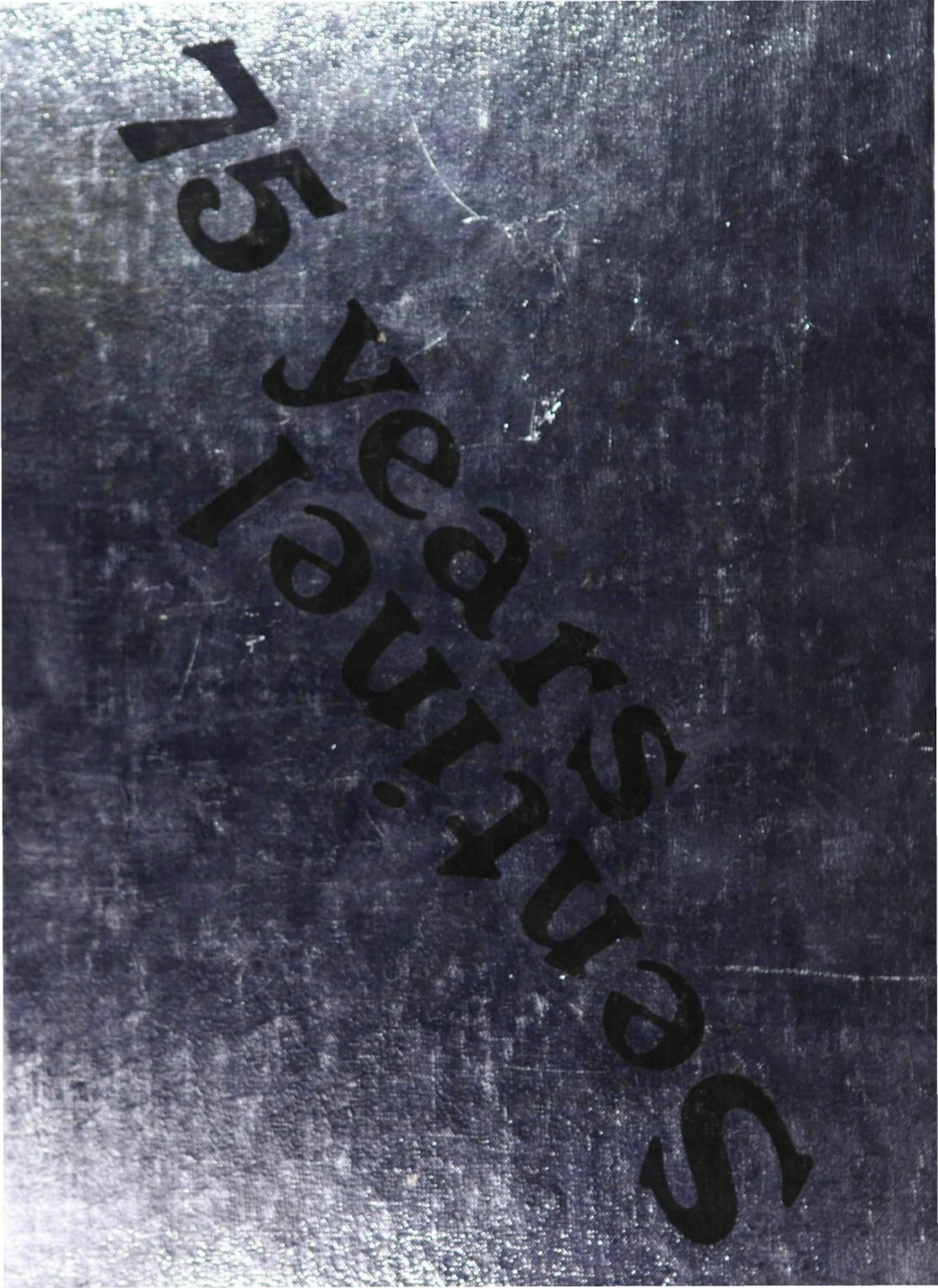
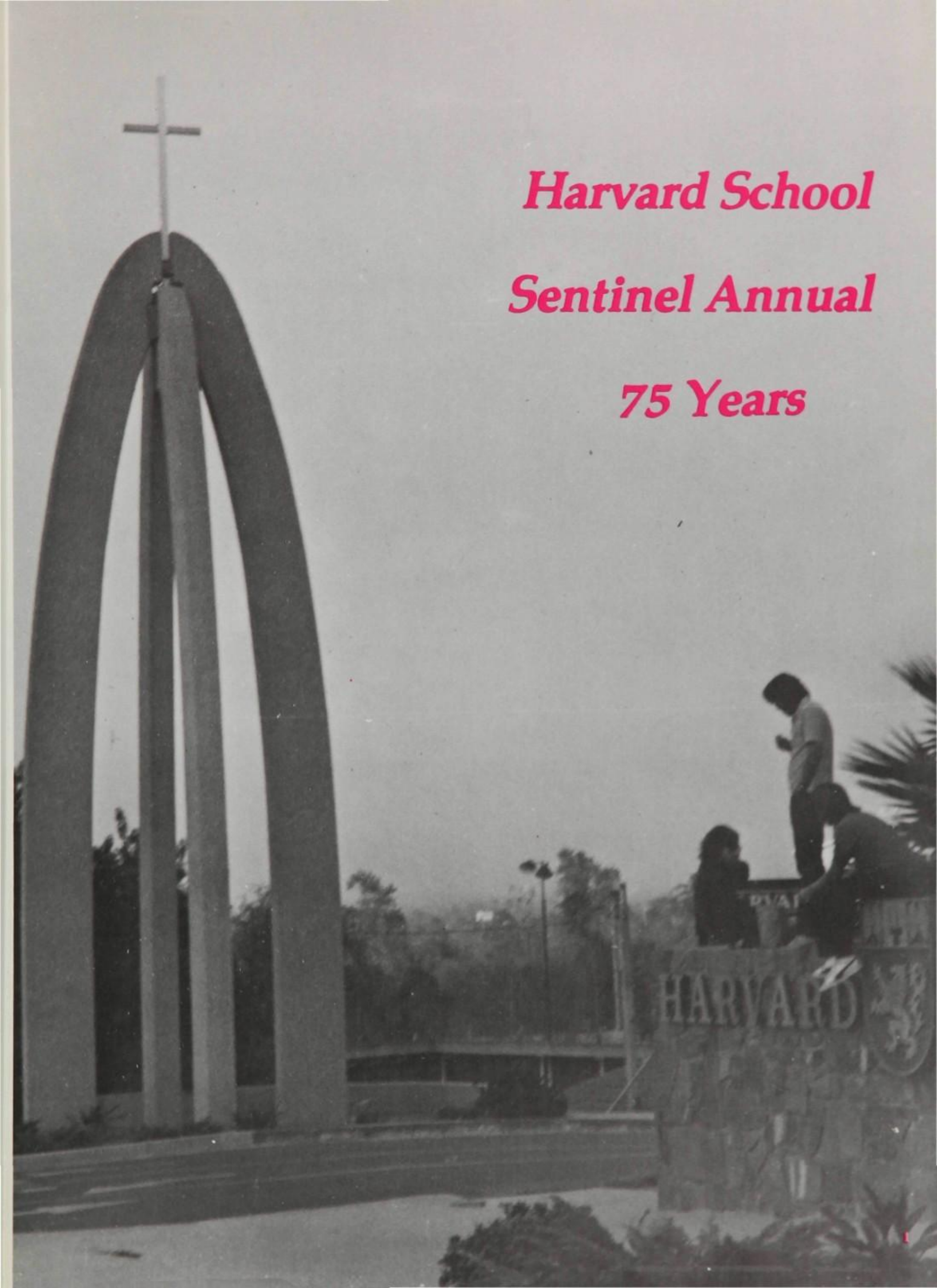


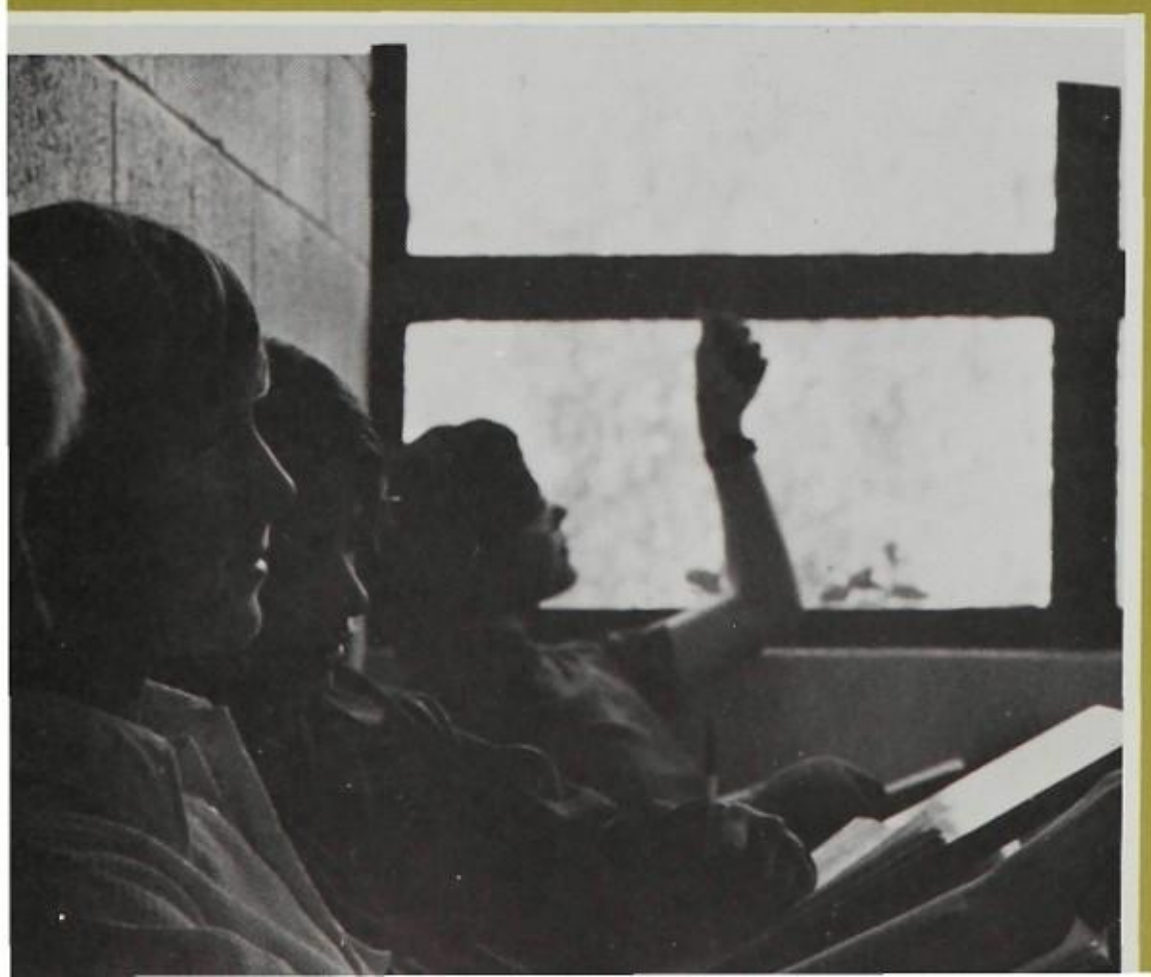
Harvard School

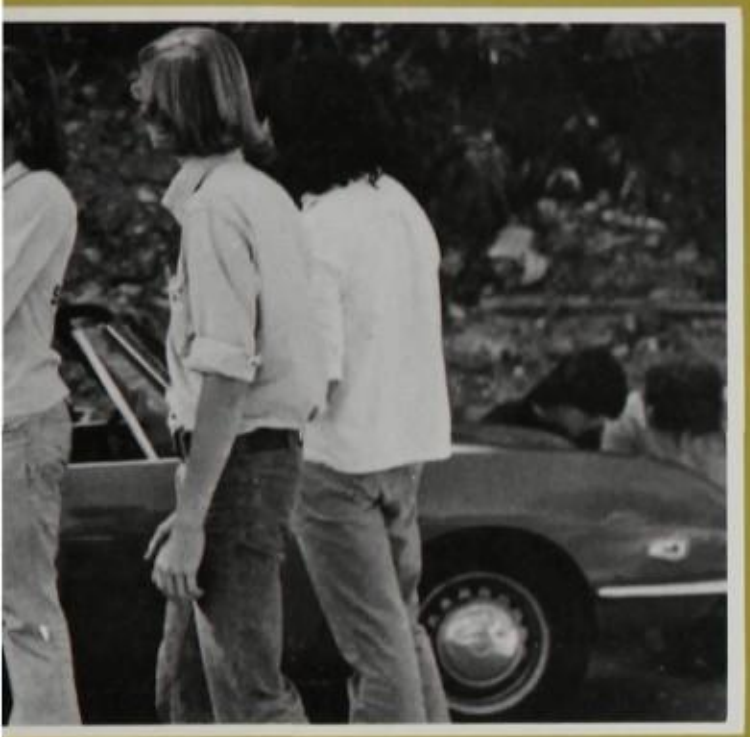
Sentinel Annual

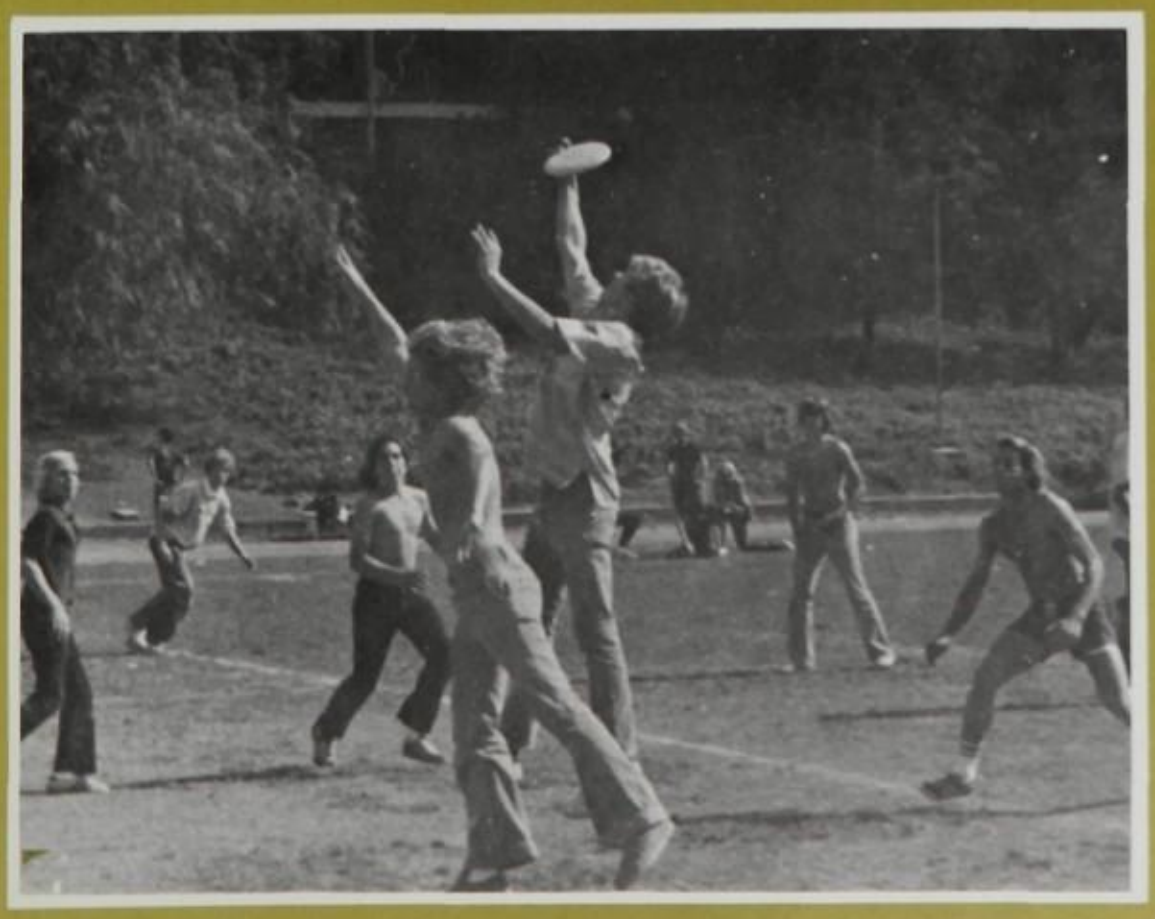
75 Years



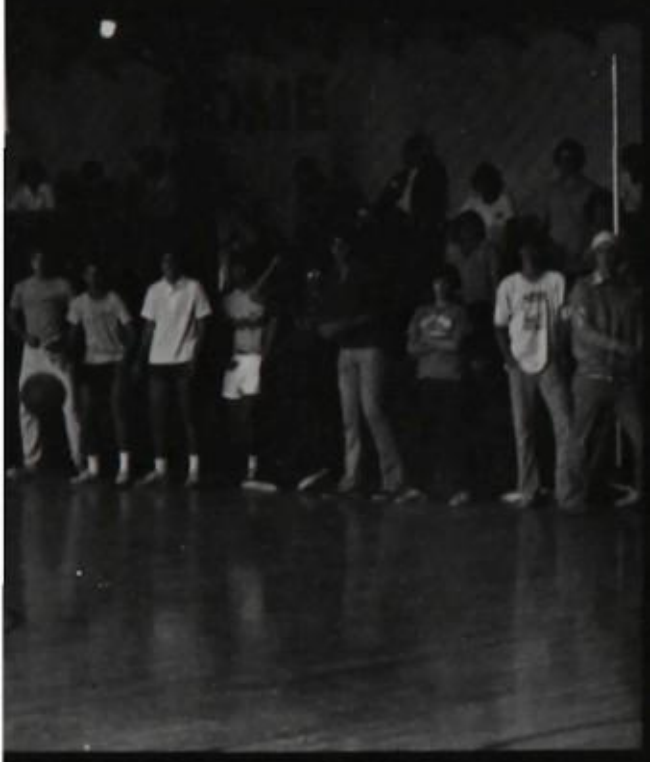
Harvard School is a community of young men reacting together with their educators and each other in an effort to deal with the world of 1975.





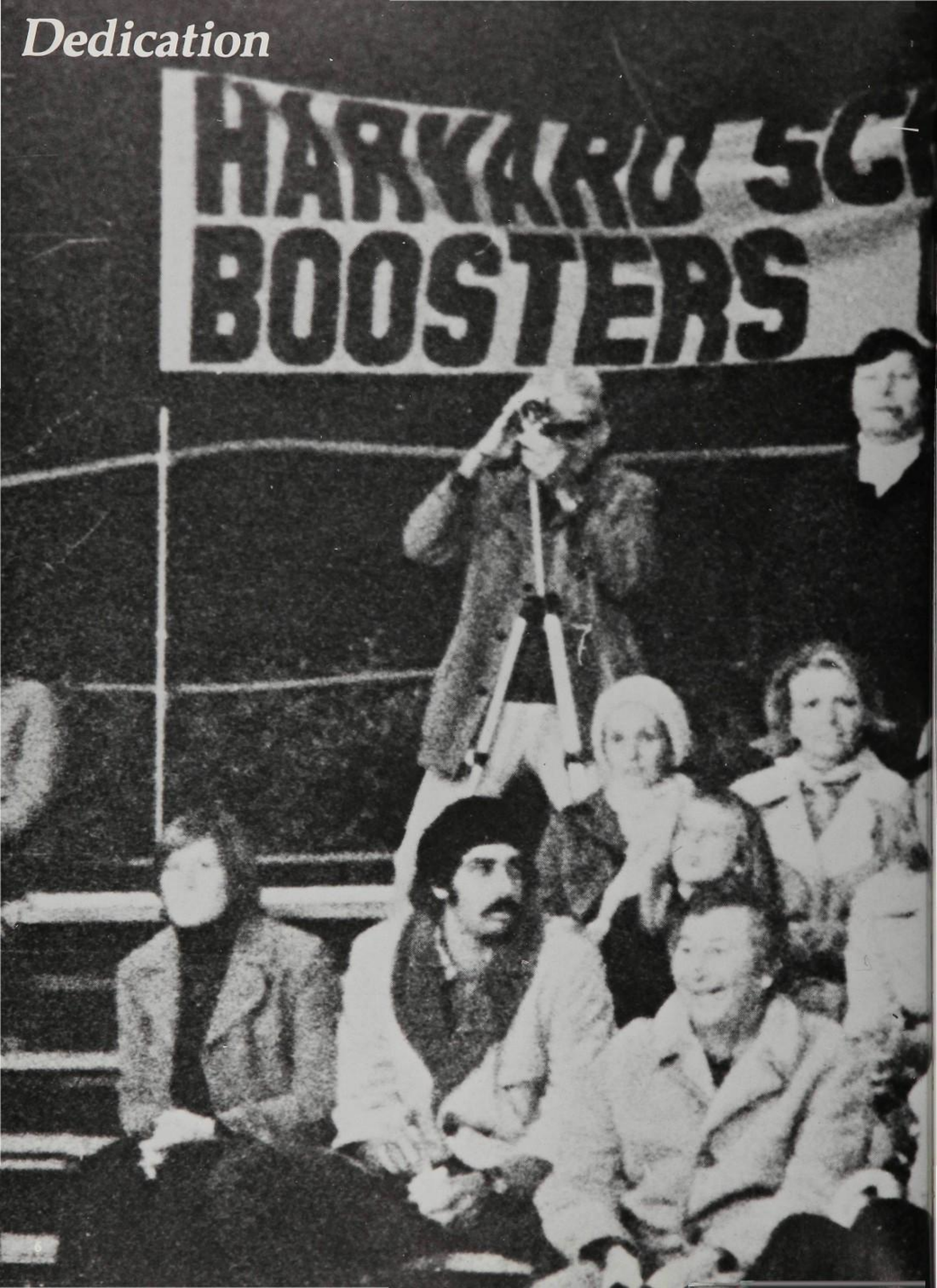


These constituents have gathered at this institution, one that has been able to adjust to their diversity of moods and attitudes and also relate them to the outside community.

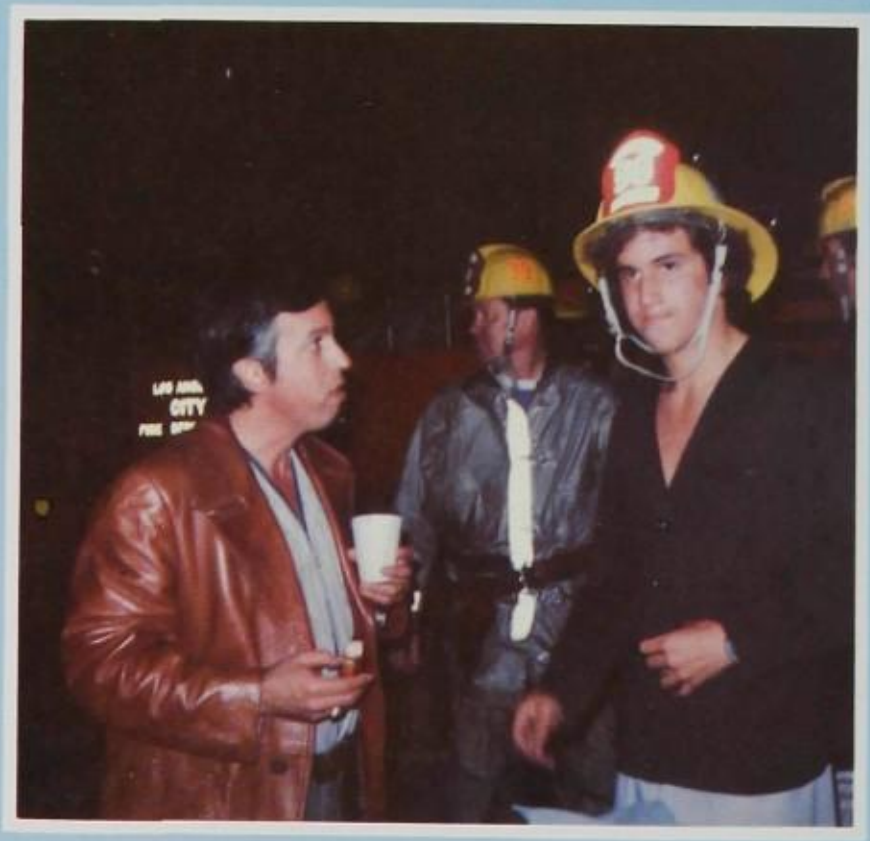


This yearbook will try to capture the fleeting passage of the days that make up the life of this special community in its memorable, seventy-fifth year.

Dedication



OOL
CLUB



The class of nineteen seventy-five has chosen to dedicate this yearbook to a continuously forgotten, yet everpresently important group of people — our Parents.

Throughout the past seventy-five years of Harvard School, while the school was changing and re-adjusting, the one thing that always remained constant was the parents. Mothers and Fathers have always had a certain type of influence, and it has always been a little different from that influence of other significant people in their son's lives.

The Senior Class recognizes that influence and, we appreciate it.

Sunday 14

Seniors 17
Football 36
Cross Country 41
Science 42
Clubs 46
Student Government 52

Monday 56

Seniors 59
Water Polo 74
Basketball 78
English 82
Juniors 86
Coldwater Pipeline 92

Tuesday 94

Seniors 97
Skiing 114
Forensics 116
Social Studies 118
Sophomores 122
Staff 128
Music 130

Wednesday 136

Seniors 139
Soccer 156
Swimming 160
Foreign Languages 164
Physical Education 168
Freshmen 172
Dixie Canyon 176

Thursday 178

Seniors 181
Baseball 194
Track 198
Golf 201
Administration 202
Eighth Grade 208
Drama 212

Friday 216

Seniors 219
Tennis 232
Volleyball 236
Fine Arts 238
Seventh Grade 242
Exchange Programs 246

Saturday 248

Seniors 251
Mathematics 266
Clubs 270
Sentinel Annual 276
Advertisements 280

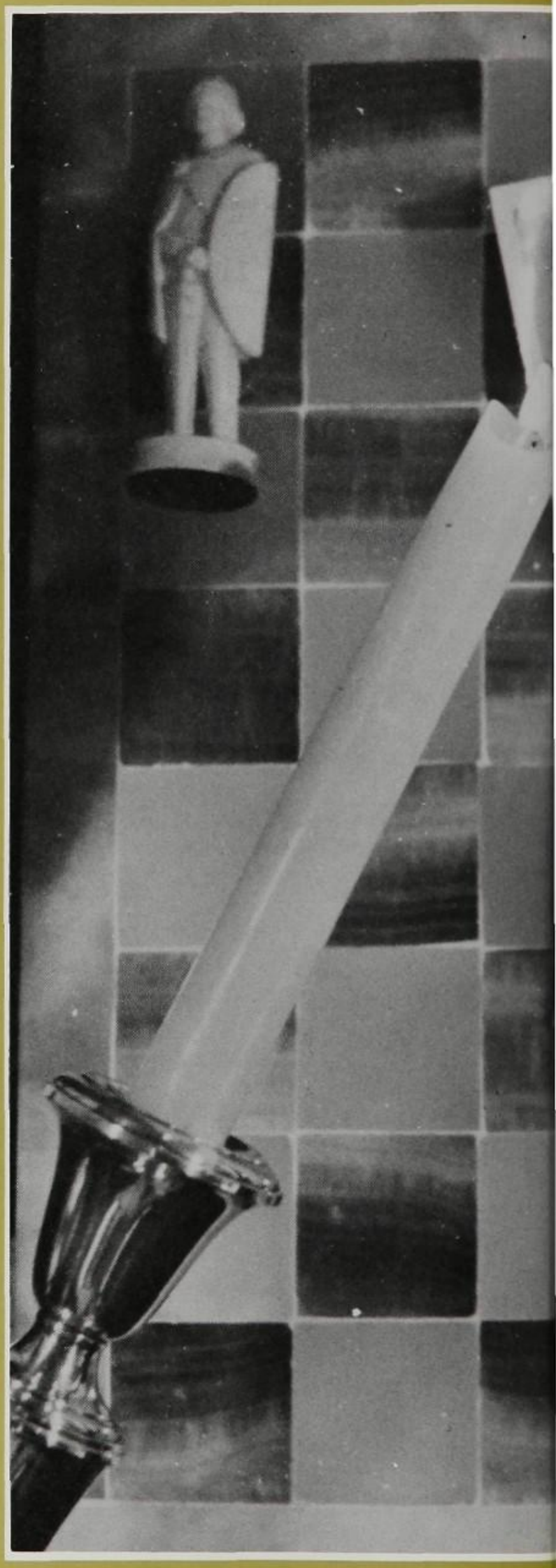
Sunday

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:
But the seventh day . . . thou shalt not do any work.

Genesis 20: 8-10

"Sunday should be different from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds."
Samuel Johnson

"Whenever I miss church on a Sunday, I resolve to go another day. But I do not always do it."
Anonymous



Apollo

He shines down on men
and immortal Gods
as he rides in his chariot

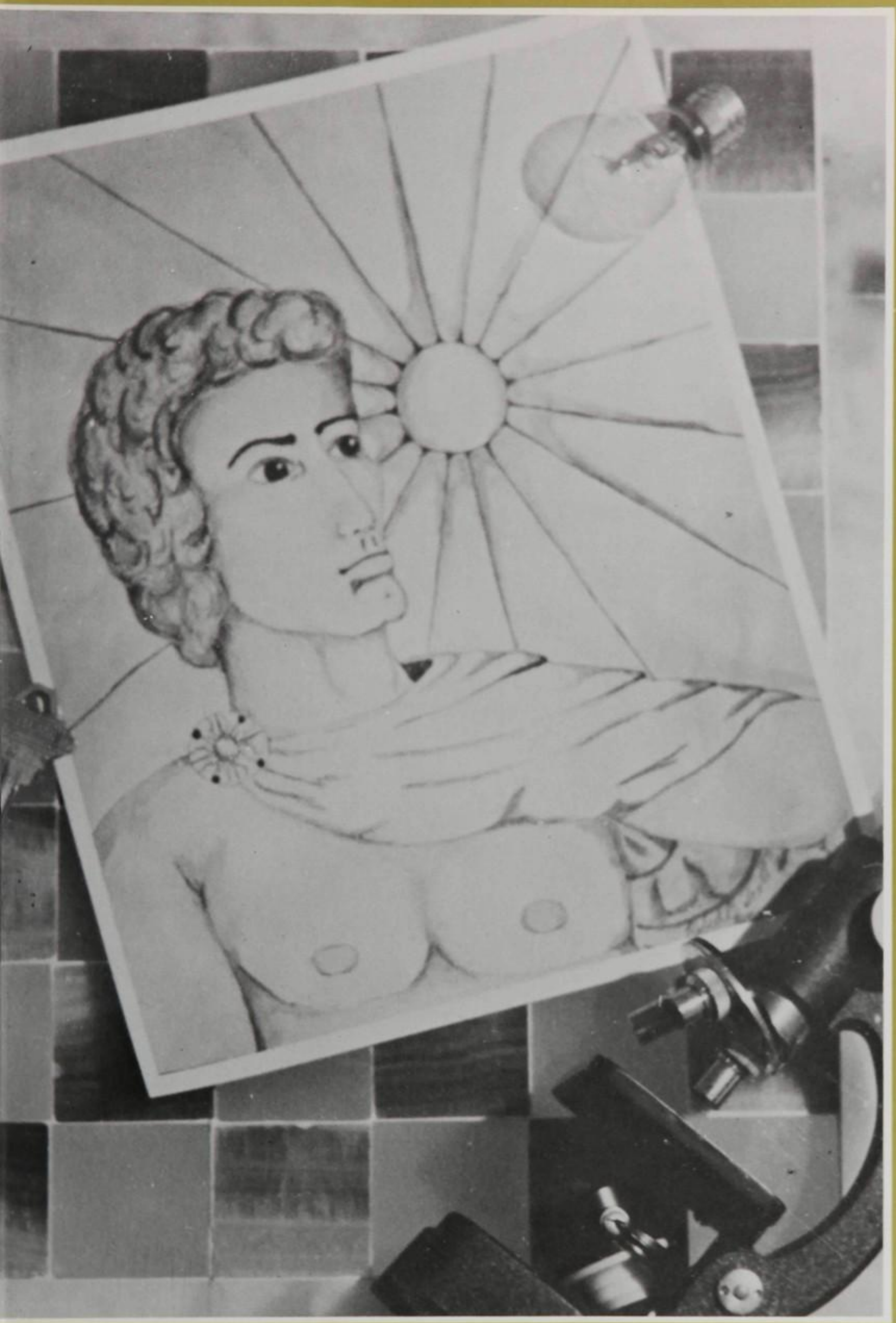
Hard, he looks down
hard out of his golden helmet
with his eyes.

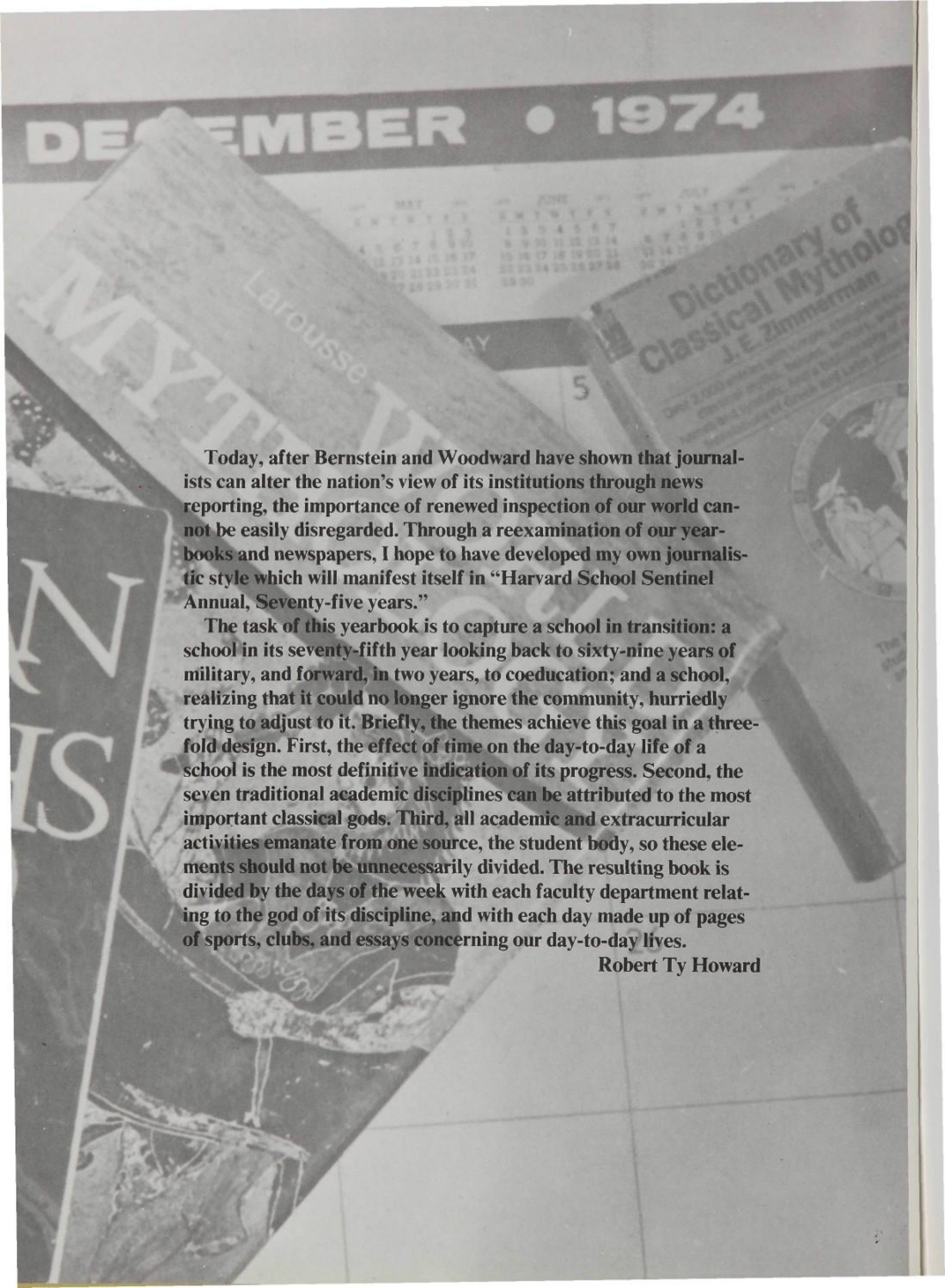
The bright rays beam out from him
so brilliantly

The bright cheek-piece of his helmet
around the temples of his head
charmingly encloses
the face that you can see from far a way

A beautiful coat
of fine workmanship
gleams on his body
and blows in the wind
over stallions that draw him

But then he stops
the golden yoke
of his chariot and his horses
and he drives them down again
across the sky into Ocean



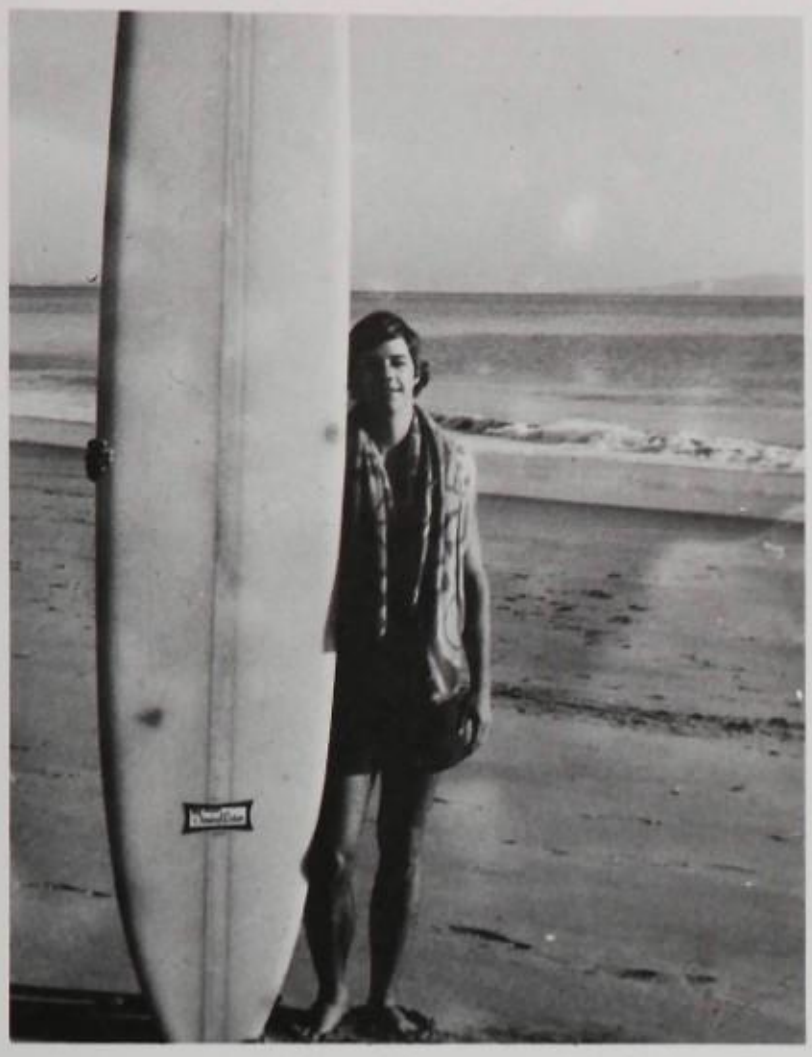


Today, after Bernstein and Woodward have shown that journalists can alter the nation's view of its institutions through news reporting, the importance of renewed inspection of our world cannot be easily disregarded. Through a reexamination of our yearbooks and newspapers, I hope to have developed my own journalistic style which will manifest itself in "Harvard School Sentinel Annual, Seventy-five years."

The task of this yearbook is to capture a school in transition: a school in its seventy-fifth year looking back to sixty-nine years of military, and forward, in two years, to coeducation; and a school, realizing that it could no longer ignore the community, hurriedly trying to adjust to it. Briefly, the themes achieve this goal in a threefold design. First, the effect of time on the day-to-day life of a school is the most definitive indication of its progress. Second, the seven traditional academic disciplines can be attributed to the most important classical gods. Third, all academic and extracurricular activities emanate from one source, the student body, so these elements should not be unnecessarily divided. The resulting book is divided by the days of the week with each faculty department relating to the god of its discipline, and with each day made up of pages of sports, clubs, and essays concerning our day-to-day lives.

Robert Ty Howard

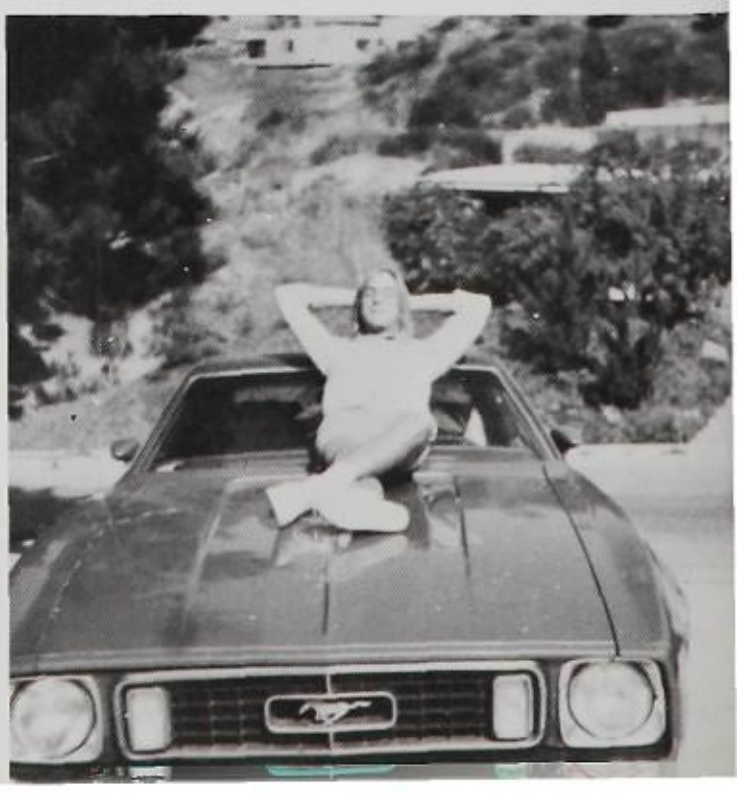
Grant Hastings Adamson



Dale J. Brent

It is with deep regret that I leave Harvard School. In accordance with school tradition, I will now give my final will and testament:

First, to Mr. Stewart, I leave my utmost respect and add the hope that his long bachelorhood will soon end in matrimony. To Mr. Humphrey, I leave all the questions I've ever asked him in the hope that the insight he gained from them will improve his life. To Mr. Clark I leave the perfect lab writeup and that all evasive lunch out at Att's. To Mr. Zawacki I leave your Ph.D. To Susie Dietz I leave a hit record. To Robin Moore I leave an all expenses paid night out in Paris. To Robert I leave the perfect Chick, and silver hitting 4 to 1. To Pete I leave *another* trip around the world along with his acceptance to Stanford. To Bob Maloney I leave my thanks for the help he has given me with school work. To Greg I leave an uncut version of Deep Throat. And finally, to my parents, thank you for all the understanding and help you've given me. Without you I never would have made it.



dudes
family
dixie canyon

"nothing matters but
the fever"

ozawa
ameer
theater

"though it never be explicit, it is covertly acknowledged in schools that any teacher or student who manage to get away with free and open *behavior* are threats to the survival of the educational system as it exists now."

-herbert kohl

"every passing hour brings the solar system forty-three thousand miles closer to globular cluster m13 in hercules — and still there are some misfits who insist there is no such thing as progress."

-kurt vonnegut jr.

"the forming, shaping and expressing of an idea is the essence of existence."

-t.l.c.

"he who makes a beast of himself, gets rid of the pain of being a man."

-Dr. Hunter S. Thimpson

arthur c. clarke
hesse
"there are no small actors,
just small parts."

Tom Carroll

My Progression

History

Came
A lot of Fast Talking
Left

Robbie Clifford

J. HOOK — Trouble and I *owe* you 50 stiches.
S. THOMPSON — A new engine, A.B., J.C., Zuma at 5 A.M.
BOB S. — A travelling party, Newport, and the fact you're a good bouncer.
M. SCOTT — My Mother.
GUY M. — A pierced ear, and you're taller now.
DAVE H. — L.F., a Santa Barbara weekend, and Pierson's.
C. BECK — Toothpicks to keep your eyes open.
T. SINGLETON — Another day at Zero's rolling in an innertube, and you're not an alumnus yet.

E. W. G. — Wiseness, a good friend, and you're a welcher.
J.G. — An old lover, the green mustang, and another shack party.
C.B. — Many good times , a true friend and I'll get you yet.
N.0. — a lasting relationship, a black cat, and a new aerial.
P.H. — a one track mind.
L.F. — Newport, a lot of talking, and good hargrove — many good times, and good friends forever.
P. J. — you should still live next door.
M. Leonard — Too many good times to mention, we'll make our trip to Jalama, the ultimate P.T.

And finally, to my parents, Thanks. My Mom — love; and My Dad — the fact that you gave me the inspiration to get through High School.

Pat Davies

Bruce M. Falstein

"Realistic People" who pursue "Practical aims" are rarely as realistic and practical in the long run of life as the dreamers who pursue their dreams.

HANS SELYE

Imagination is more important than Knowledge.

A. EINSTEIN

The surrest way to corrupt a young man is to teach him to esteem more highly those who think alike than those who think differently.

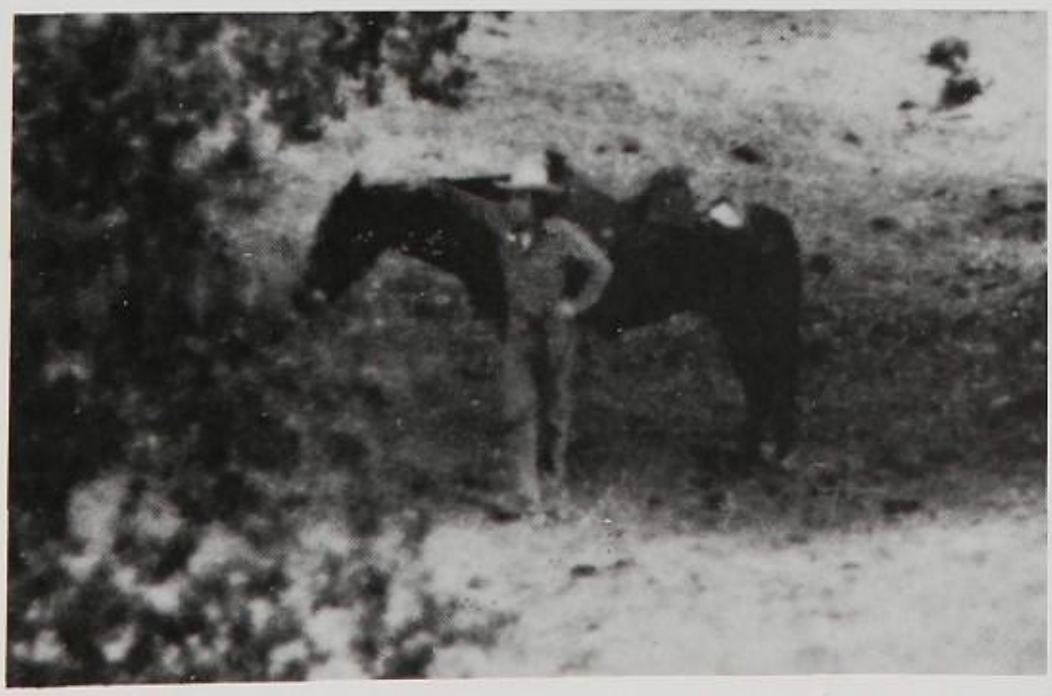
NIETZCHE

I fall far short of achieving real communication — person to person — all the time, but moving in this direction makes life for me a warm, exciting, upsetting, troubling, satisfying, enriching, and above all a worthwhile venture.

Carl Rogers

"No reason to get excited" the thief he kindly spoke. "There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke. But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate. So let us not talk falsely now the hour is getting late."

DYLAN



THANKS — Ameer, Ozawa, Parents, and those who need not be told.

Edward J. Fong

Entered Harvard 1971
Tried My Best Always
Left Harvard 1975

If at times I appeared inattentive during class, it was probably because Iwas daydreaming — daydreaming of the people and places I would like to visit, and the activities I would like to do; or, of the kind of person I wish I was; or, of the future and what it may hold for me. I've been daydreaming ever since I was a little boy, daydreaming then of what most little boys dream about — being a baseball player, or an astronaut, or President of the U.S.A. But only now do I realize that in my daydreams I have subconsciously set goals for myself. Many of these goals will take time and hard work to reach, but, because of what I've learned and experienced at Harvard, I think that I am prepared and ready to start reaching for these goals. Also, if it weren't for Harvard my goals may not be as high as they are. During my years at Harvard, I have already been able to achieve one of my goals and that goal was to find my self-identity. To find your self-identity, you need to know as much about yourself as you can. We learn a lot about ourselves from interacting with other people. I give thanks to my friends, in the student body, on the faculty, and those part of neither, who have helped me to learn who I am and I hope I have helped you in a similar way. I also wish to give thanks to the inspirational faculty, especially to members Michaud, Leigh, and Holmes, for concern, understanding, support, and assurance. And to my parents and grandparents, I give love and thanks for all the happy years. Best of Luck to Everyone.

I leave the following words of advice from King Solomon:
To the Parents: "Teach a child to choose the right path, and when he is older he will remain upon it." Proverbs 22:6
To the Teachers: "A wise teacher makes learning a joy; a rebellious teacher spouts foolishness." Proverbs 15:2
To the Students: "To learn you must want to be taught. To refuse reproof is stupid." Proverbs 12:1
And Remember, "A fool's fun is being bad; a wise man's fun is being wise." Proverbs 10:23

"Men's conception of themselves and of each other has always depended on their notion of the Earth . . . To see the Earth as it truly is, small and blue and beautiful in that eternal silence where it floats, is to see ourselves as riders on the Earth together . . . brothers who know now they are truly brothers."

— Archibald Macleish

Greg Alan Jacobsen

To say that we live is the same as saying that we find ourselves in an atmosphere of definite possibilities. This atmosphere we generally call out "circumstances." All life means finding oneself in "circumstances" or in the world around us. For this is fundamentameaning of the idea "world." The world is the sum total of our vital possibilities. It is not then something apart from and foreign to our existence, it is its actual periphery. It represents what it is within our power to be, our vital potentiality.

José Ortega y Gasset

Tom Jones

Growing up was fun, but now that it's done, I wish to thank those who shared a part in giving me this loving heart.

Thomas Squier Jones '75

And now it is time to leave,
Or at least that's what I've been led to believe.

My years at Harvard have been just great,
Five to be exact, since grade eight.

And so we must take time to thank those,
Whose financial support has made it so's.

Thanky kindly to my mother and father,
For if it weren't for them this would be my alma mater!

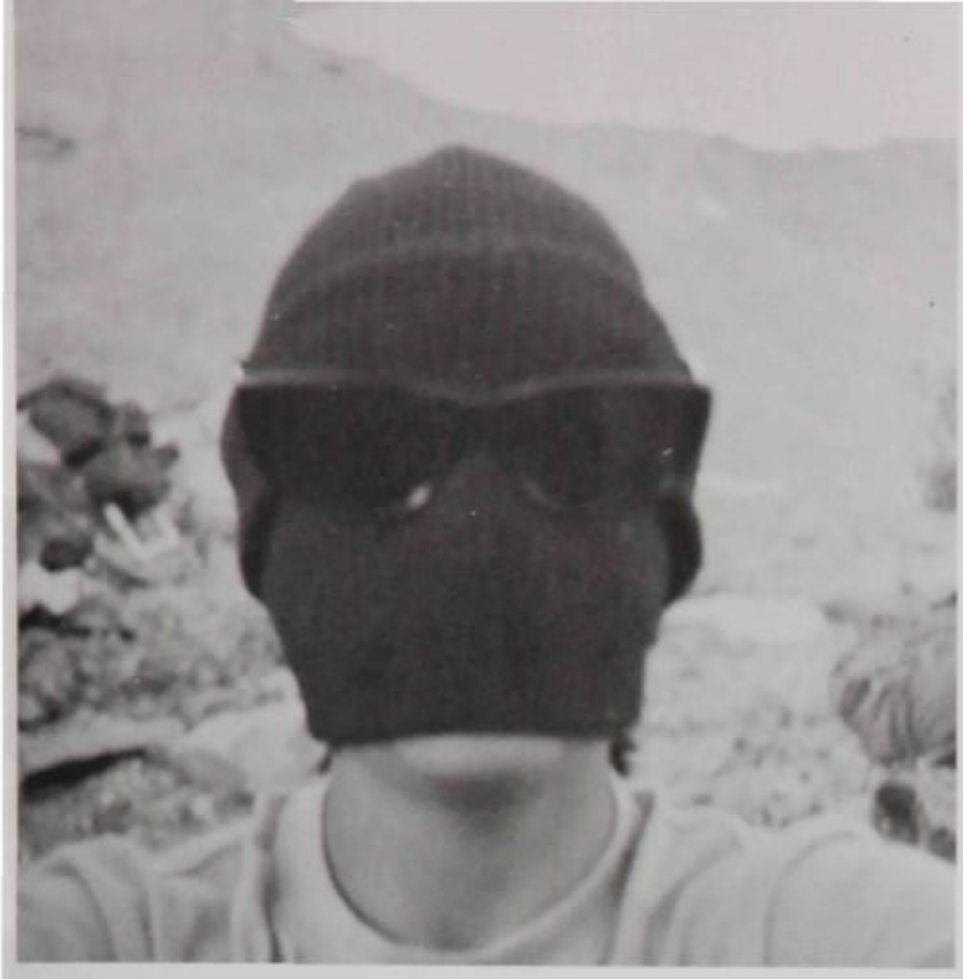
For thousands of years man has been taught the premise that, to give one's life for God, king, race, or "others" is moral, whereas, the person who keeps his life and property is selfishly immoral. Those fully holding this premise have established Nazi Germany, Communist China and Russia, and a host of other tyrannies. Those who partially held it established the United States, Canada, and other such countries. Those who completely discard it for the premise that, pursuance of one's rational self-interest is fully moral, will found a truly free country which may well stay free.

— M. Oliver

"The lesser of two evils — is evil!"
(Think about that the next time you vote for someone!)

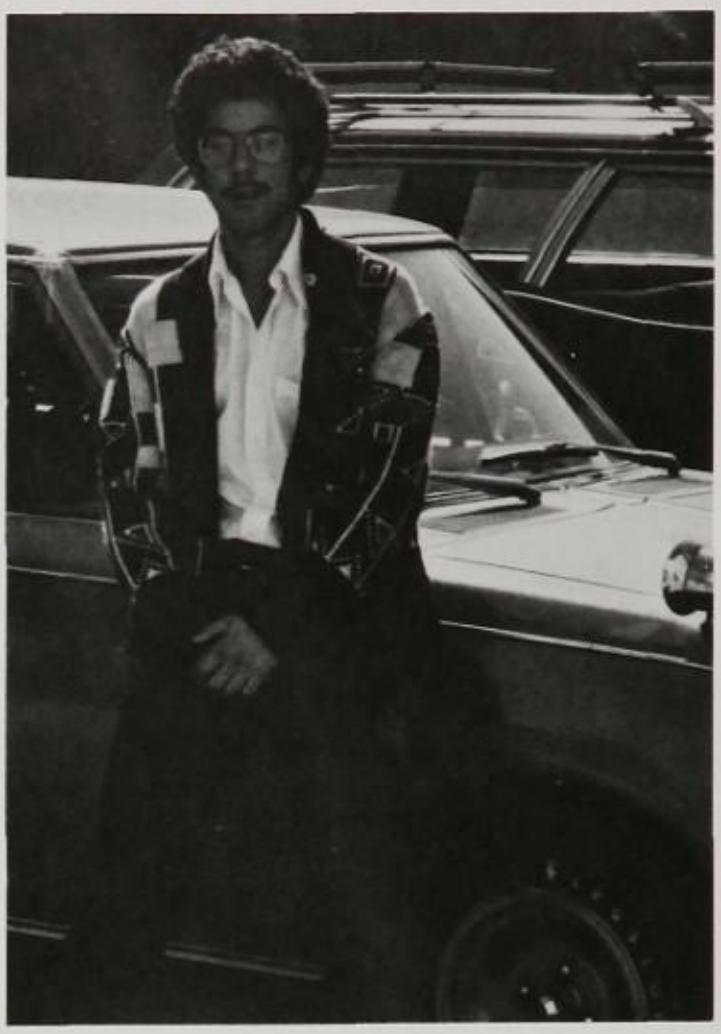
Bruce Licher

80 OATS!



Jon Lovitz

Chris Marine

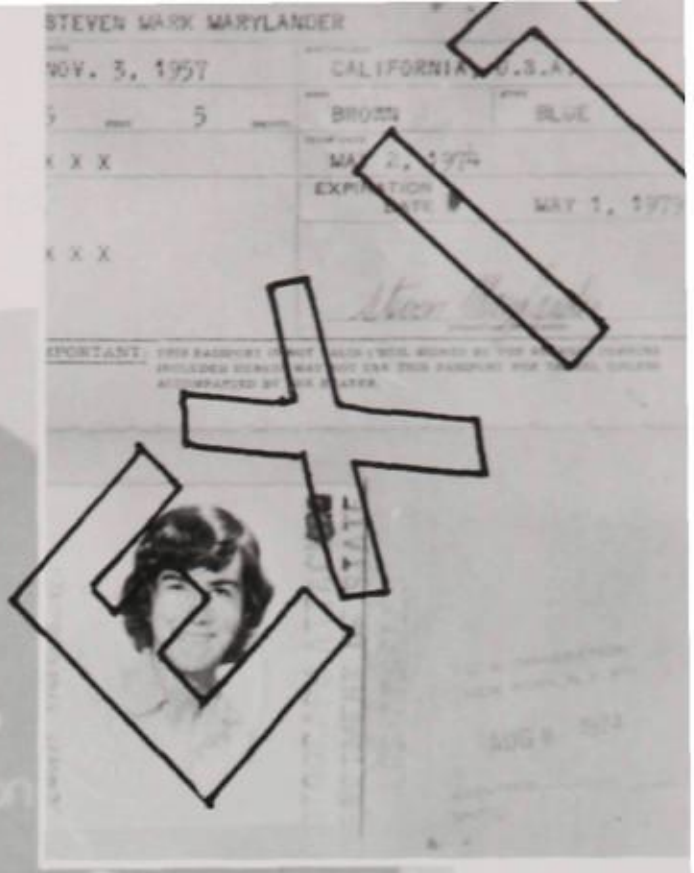


to Michael: A butler's uniform.
to Greg: A book on 2 week romances.
to Randy: The second edition of Greg's book. "It gets colder"
to Donald: An aquarium for his head.
to Bart: A pin cushon . . . to sleep on.
to Sam: A box of Ajax.
to Fomon: Better catch action.
to Lochran: Better luck at guts.
to Brown: Better (fill in the blank)

Last Words: An individual reaches for two things in his life, security and creativity. But to forsake your creativity for your security is to destroy yourself. For without your imagination, you are as lifeless as the ground beneath your feet.

I'd like to thank my parents who stood behind me and gave me the push and encouragement when needed.

There are no such things as strangers;
just friends who haven't met yet.



" . . . how dangerous is the aquirement of
Knowledge and how much happier that man is
who believes his native town to be the world.
Mary Shelly

Lou Adler Presents
The Michael White Production

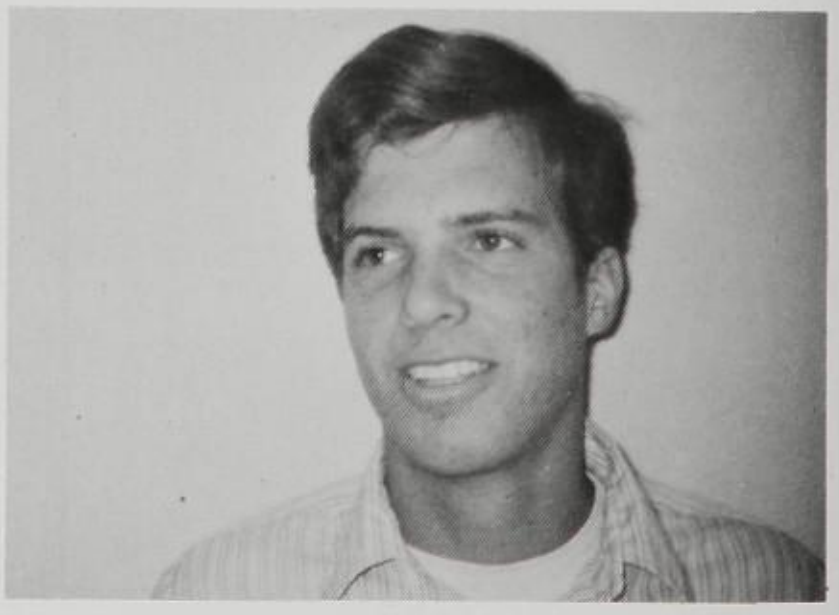
I, Steve Marylander, do hereby leave the following meager things to the following meager few:

TO ANDREA REBEK — a book by the Marquis de Sade
TO HAL RICHARDSON — Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog.
TO GREG MEYERS — Two feet.
TO HAVA — a major part in a major play.
TO GREG RUTTER — a righteous marsh-*mellow*.
TO JAN GARDNER — tubular bells, and the house on Sunset.
TO BIG JO LO — a large window and a large bottle of windex
TO KAREN — the answer
TO MIKE HERBERT — a successful revolution.
TO MIKE LEIGH — a box of life cereal, and geshpindle fibers.
TO SUZIE DIETZ — a successful record, Fict/Dram Wr. and Soc. Sci. Fict., and too many words.
TO MY BROTHER — I Leave.

Steve

THE ROXY THEATRE

Bruce Meredith



NO MATTER IF YOU WIN OR LOSE, ITS IF YOU ENJOYED THE GAME

I CAME, I SAW, I MET, I CONQ & LEFT, MUCH HAPPIER & WISER

Being out of my mind and only occasionally occupying a body, I, Greg Rutter, also known as "Rubber," "Gutter," "The Rutter," "The Other Rutter," and other grafitti do herby leave the following curses on a deserving few:

To LoPresti: A star-spangled golden basketball; the Kazoo Band, *any* memory of a football game; writing music, and the cheerleader of your choice.

To Ray: My superior scout; skipping down Westwood Blvd. (last time I'll mention it); the girl at Shakeys and a comb.

To T. T.: Continued "success" with the Rally Committee; two mountains that we'll climb.

To Schoolboy: Da da da dada (snipsnip, snipsnip.)

RUTTER

TIME TO BOOGIE

To Teddy, by bro: I leave you the presidency of the W.F.L.B.; "Truckin' more or less in line . . .;" and problems, popularity, parties, and persistence.

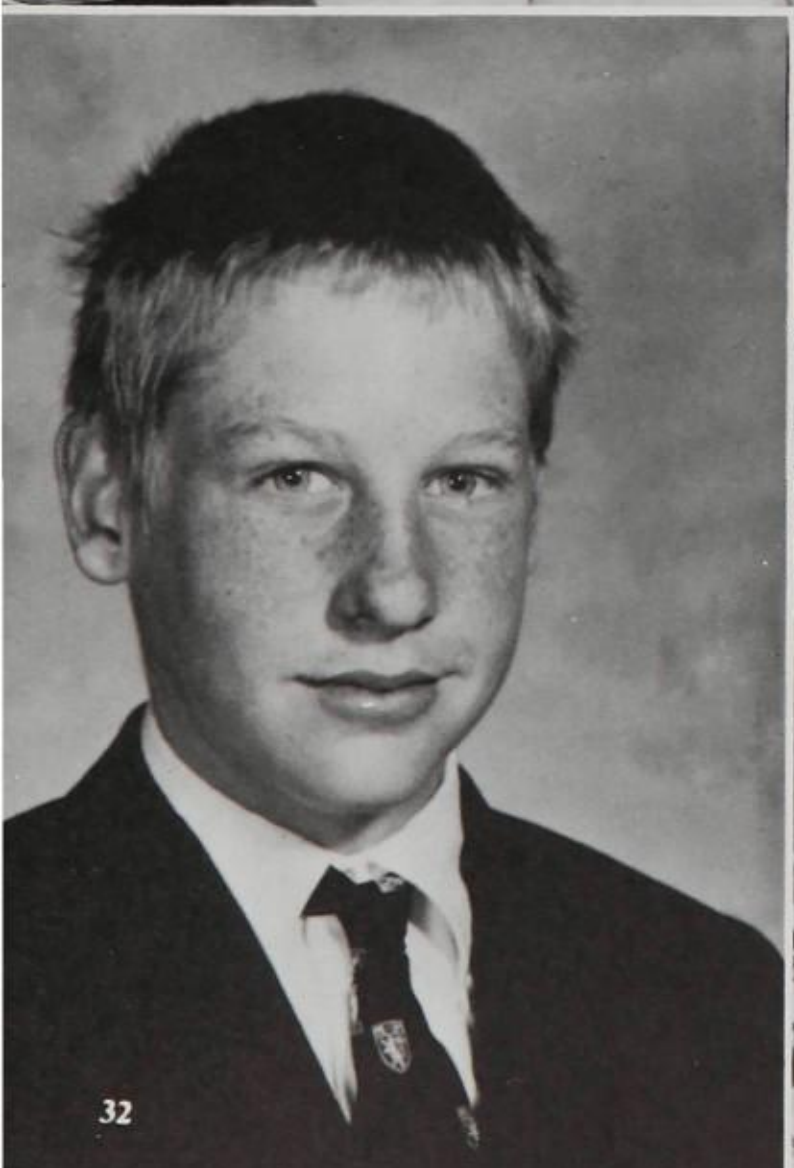
To Kym: Two tickets to the Rocky Horror Show.

To Leslie: A book of cosmic quotations (as a vehicle to the laughing light) signifying nothing.

To Harvard: Thanks and the fact that you can please some of the people most of the time, and most of the people some of the time, but generally you can't please anyone.

Bye
Greg Rutter

Mark Scott



paul stupin

The halls echoing
with his laughter,
The traveler opened
the moonlit door
And stared out
upon
The shimmering
orange sea.

Steven Alan Weisenberg

History

Entered '72
Varsity Baseball '73
Varsity Baseball '74
Varsity Baseball '75
H.B.B.A. '74
B.B.S. '74, '75
Meat Loafers
Bowling Team '74
Left '75

I, Steven Alan Weisenberg, being of sound mind and trim body, do hereby leave the following to the following. To Bill Allen, a recording of "Because This is My Life." To Chuck Colby, I leave the immaturity of the past, and hopes of a better future. To Jeff Deutchman, Brunch with Doc Mobley, and an A+ in A.P. History. To Robbie Dick, all I can say is Timber! To D.B., I leave a bath. To Leroy Gold, my maid. To Chuck Lho I leave an autographed picture of David Carradine. To Joe I leave New York City, and Chicago because we really own it. Oh, and a date with Aric at the beach. To "Backhouse" or "Willie" or "Junior," I give #24, Coach Chester Francisco, brunch with Uncle Art Gibson, three dozen tires at the Brent's house, and Larry's mailbox. To Duke I leave Elvis Presley, Mr. Dickey, and Heather "High-Tops" Herman. To Tony Mathews, alias FID, I leave a handshake, new Kneissels, a car that goes 60 in reverse, and one quote, "I know what I'm doin' wrong now coach." To "Schoolboy," "Scooter," and "Mr. Mayonaise," I leave a cornbeef sandwich without mayoniase and sweet pickles, a couple pairs of parochial school shirts to match those magnificent pants and the T-Birds vs. Kansas City Cats. To Boob I leave Marts' 24 zero. To Rube, I give a spastic, "Whalin' on Ellie," and those girls at the Hot Dog Show. To Eric Schwab, I leave my golf ability, dinner with Phil diFranco, and our old pal Mr. Archer. To Ireek, average, and most of all, the ability to be silent while driving. To John Fenwick I give my American citzenship, and Mr. McGarvey's Algebra class. To Ferm, "Little Juice," I leave a free lunch.

Many thanks to Mr. Colbert, Mr. Corcoran, Dr. Mobley, Coach Thran, Coach Gingell, Coach Francisco, and Coach Winetrobe for enriching my experience here at Harvard School.

History

7th Came for a visit

8th became quite interested and at times, rowdy

9th Got to know the grounds and decided to stay.

10th Visited the universe and Good Samaritan Hospital

11th Saw illusions crushed but caught sight of reality.

12th Had a good time, smiled a lot, and slipped out.

John Aniblo Zaro

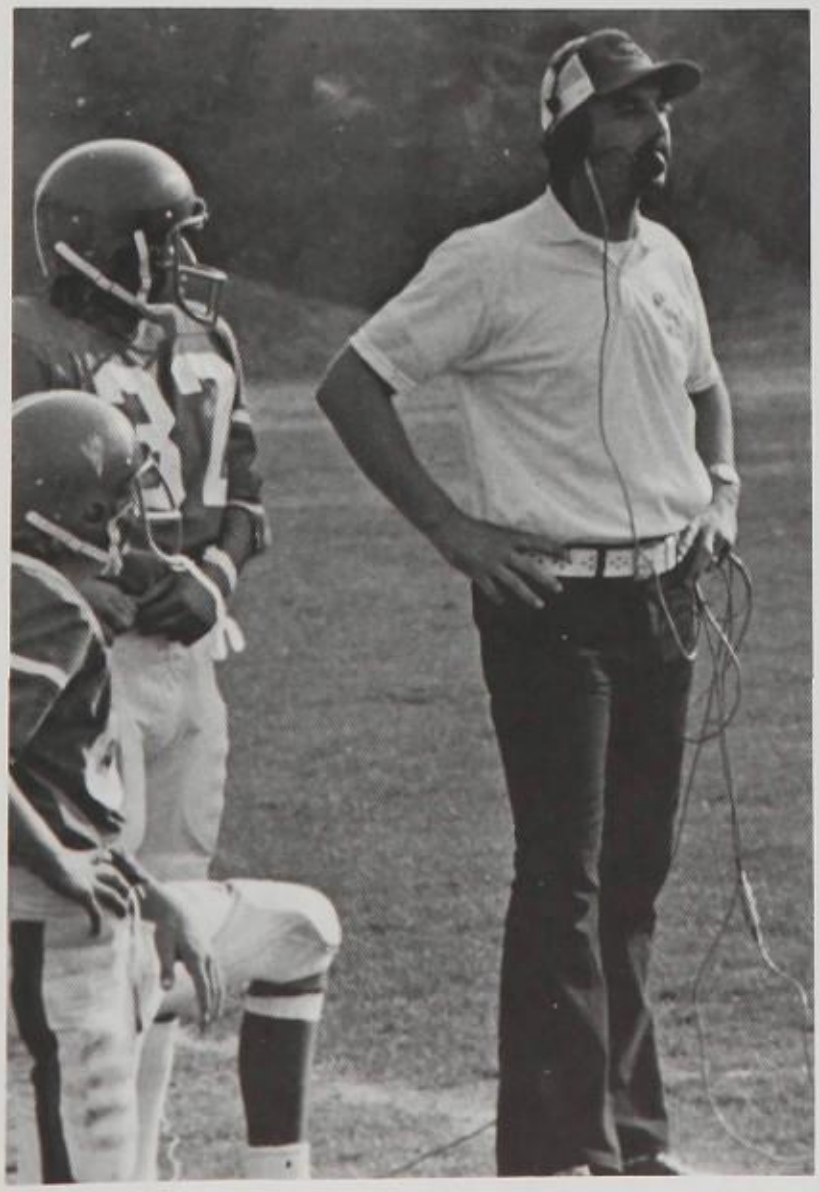
Dreams for a few:

To Hooker - "I'll buy this time," my babes, and your curb car. To Halliburton - A ____ for the Marlborough /Harvard party, a new body, channel music, and Pearson's. To Jones - My book about him. To Hohl - A new name, the second Jewdog, the social committee parties (your boat works wonders), and the thought that someday we'll get Him! To M. Scott - My Bob Dylan haircut, "Lay Ladie, Lay" Shelly with the Beatles, and parties at the Marina. To Olchie - A frazzled mind after living in Hancock Park for 2 years. To Ro Clffo - Baaaaaaaaa!!! To Rube, Gold, and Moss - my subscription to a Catholic Monthly magazine and some good times. To Falstein - Naomi, fun, laughs, and "I think we shocked them all." To Janet, Naomi, Ann, Candice - be yourselves, be honest and smile, for you can always bring sunshine. To my brother, Dr. Bagnard, Chipster, and the entire tenth grade - "Dr. B's and Dr. D." and all the girls that will come along. And to Mr. Berrisford - a whole school full of kids with no socks. To all whom I forgot, I'm sorry but your presence will always be near me. Remember this - "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

I would like to express my deepest thanks to Kate Moore, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ameer, and Mr. McCleary, for without their help I would not be here now. Thanks HARVARD because you and your teachers have led me through hard times and taught me how to cope with them. To all my teachers, Thanks!

And finally to my parents and family - thanks cannot express how I feel, only love can. You have given me an opportunity and I think I have seized it. Thanks To All And Goodbye !!!

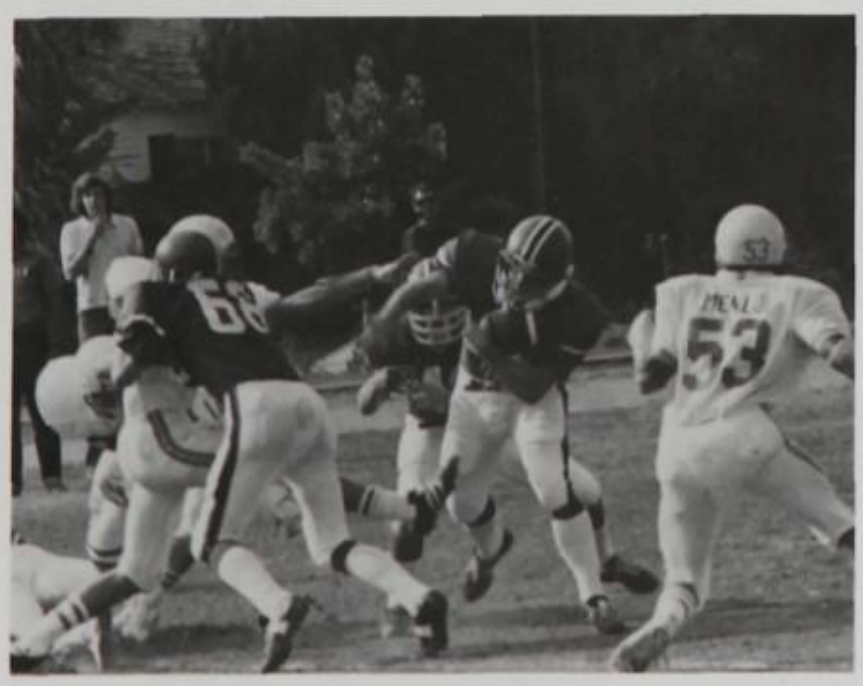
Varsity Football

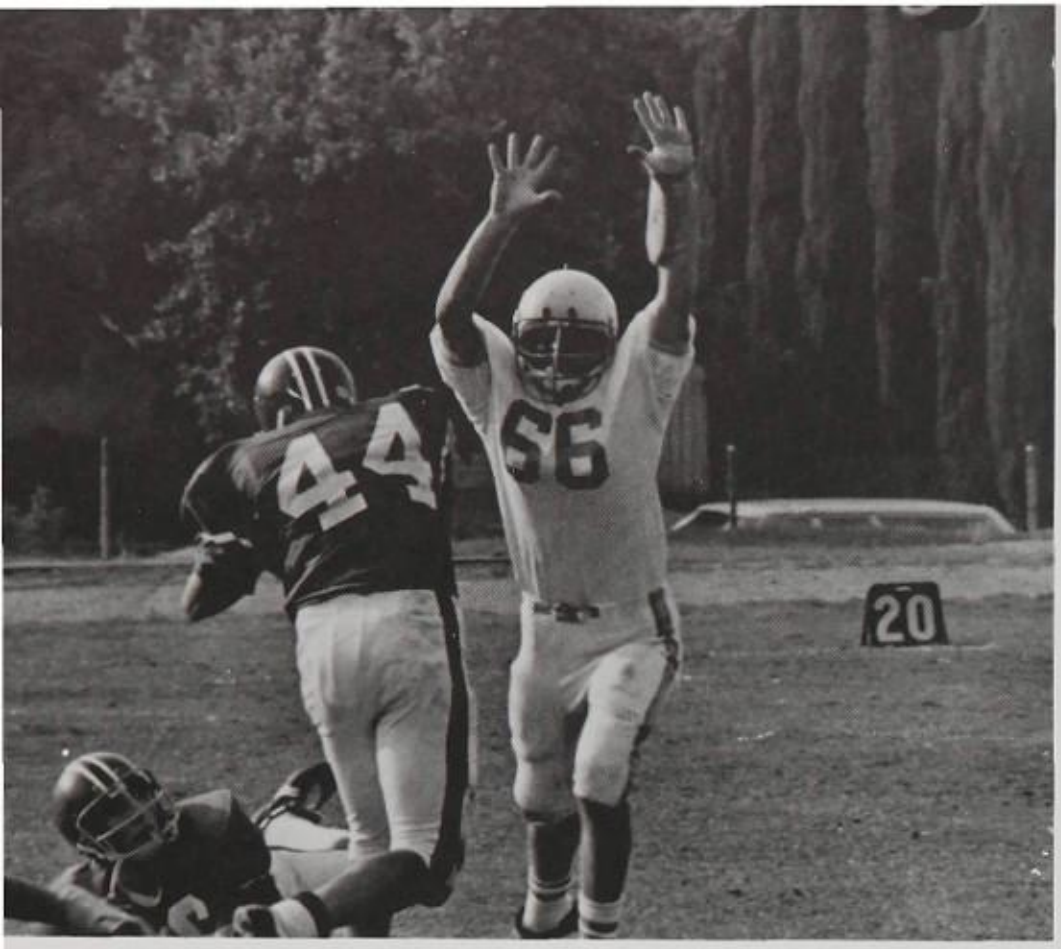


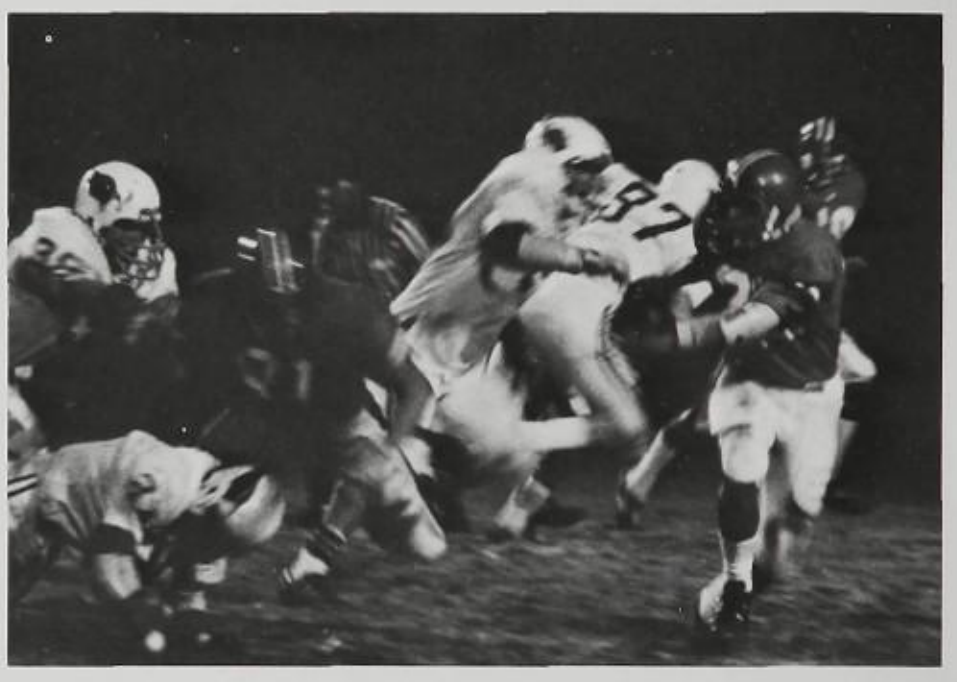
(top row) Coach Hinman, Halliburton, Miller, Trainer, Beck, Hohl, Thompson, Uhlmann, Scott, Clifford, Moore, Davis, Cohen, Dillman, Morgan, Symonds, Coach Thran, Coach Ward. (bottom row) Fletcher, Ferm, Singleton, Moss, Schuur, Mitchel, Paul, Oswald, Pawlak, Mampalam, Davies, Rand, Riach, Erwin.

The Varsity Football team's season started off well. The coaches were pleased with the effort and spirit during "Hell Week." This attitude was a major factor in the team's first game, a 12-0 victory over Pater Noster. In the second game, a lack of mental preparation caused a 21-0 loss to a mediocre St. Joseph's team. The team brooded over this loss during the week, and demolished Moorpark 35-0. Menlo High traveled down from San Francisco the next week. Their team arrived at school on a Friday morning, and everyone at Harvard felt obliged to inform the members of our team that they were huge, as if we were unwilling to notice that ourselves. We were used to playing against very large people, so their size did not affect the outcome of the game, which Harvard won 36-0. Tom Trainer was elected Valley player of the week based on his performance in this game.

Team spirit was very high going into league, largely because of our 3-1 preseason record. Harvard lost the first game to a tough Leuzinger team 14-0. El Segundo defeated us in the next game 20-0. The team was a little discouraged after this game and it showed against our next opponent, Lennox. The Lennox quarterback virtually tore our defense apart in leading his team to a 59-0 victory. This game was undoubtedly the low point of our season, and probably the most embarassing moment of our lives. The following week, Harvard faced a comparatively weak Redondo team, but still lost, 21-0. In the last game of the season, against league champion Lawndale, the Harvard offense began to move, but unfortunately not until the second half of the game, when it was already too late. Lawndale won the game 35-14.

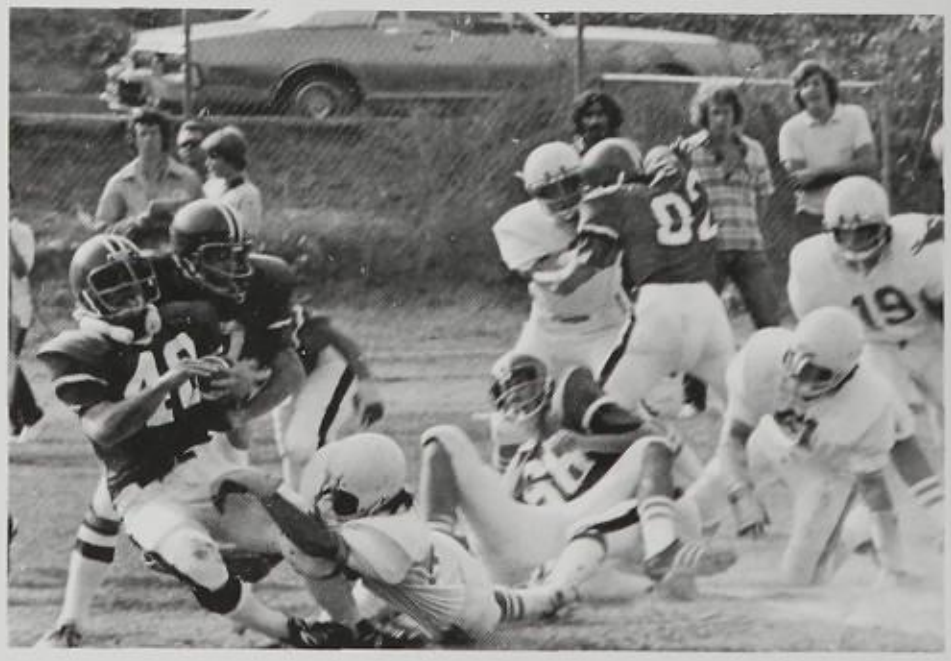


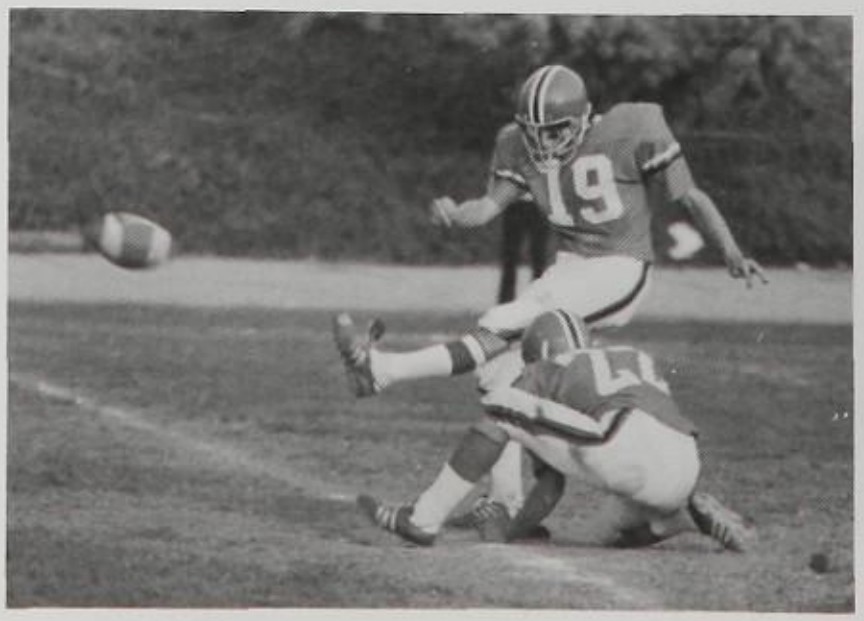




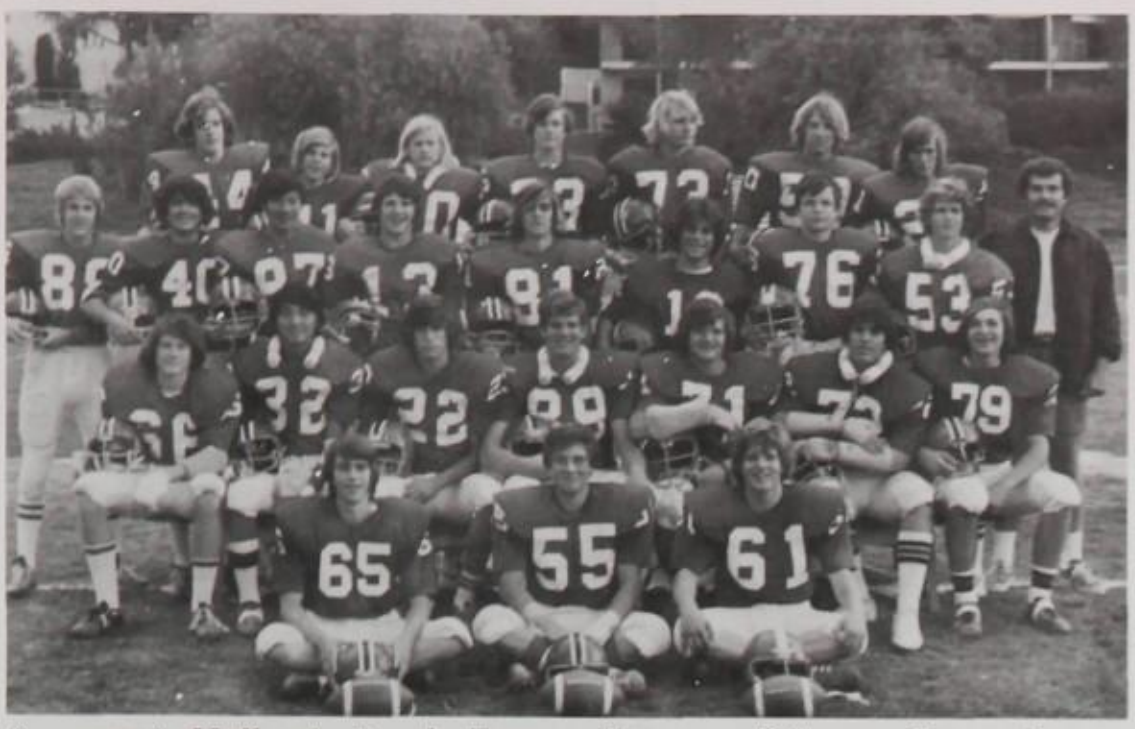
One of the goals of the team was to prove that Harvard could be competitive in the Pioneer League. The team was unable to prove this, and so the question remains unanswered. One thing that everyone on the team agrees on is that our coaches, Thran, Hinman, and Ward, are the best. Their enthusiasm, sense of humor, and good coaching made a tough season really enjoyable for the team. Coach Thran kept us out of trouble, Coach Hinman helped us with our questions, problems and inhibitions, and Coach Ward kept us laughing throughout the season.

One criterion that is used to measure how successful a team's season was is the team's record. With a 3-6 record overall, and an 0-5 League record, by this criterion the Harvard Varsity Football Team had a fairly poor season. Two far more important criteria are how much the members of the team enjoyed the season, and how much they learned. Everyone on the team had a great time throughout the season, largely due to the efforts of the coaches, but partly due to the fact that football is enjoyable in itself. This season we learned a great deal about self-discipline and working with other people to achieve a common goal. We now feel that one learns a lot about himself after losing a game because of the self-examination that always follows a loss. This season was an enjoyable learning experience, and so, based on the only two reasonable criteria for measuring the success of a season, the 1974 Varsity Football season was a successful one.

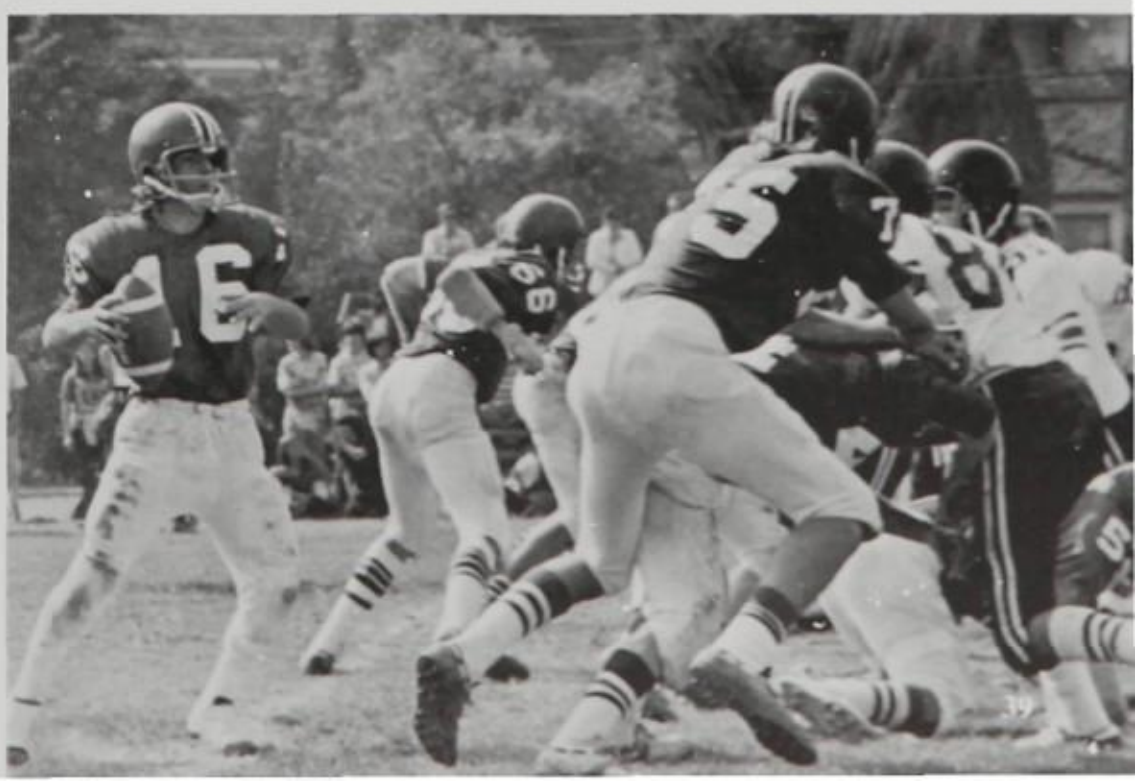


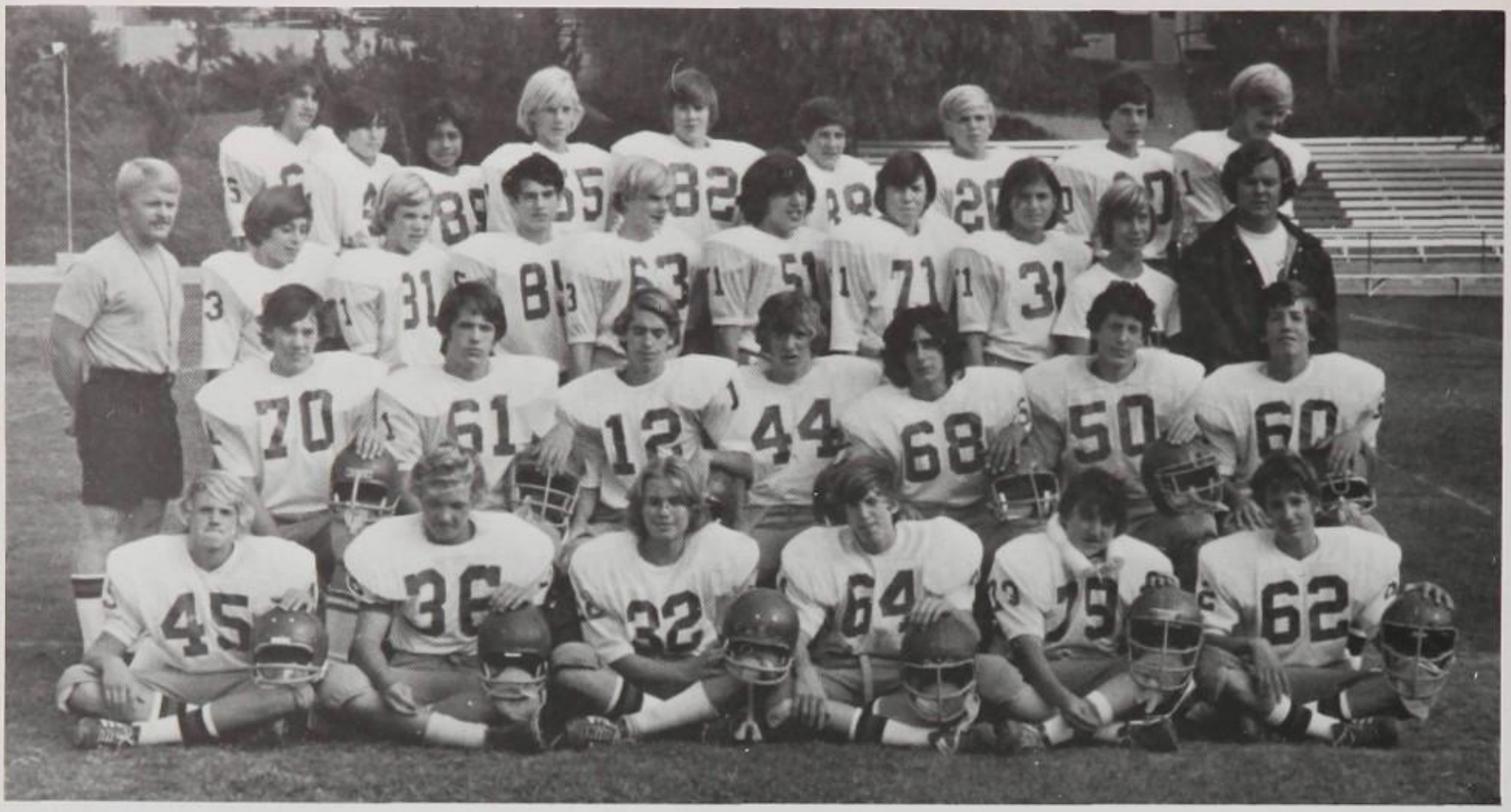


Sophomore Football



(top row) Holland, Read, Farrer, Dorgan, Ditman, Zaro, Jones. (standing) Farr, Barrett, Mow, Thabit, Pappas, Fisher, Williams. Shafran, Coach Goodman. (seated) Ford, Kim, Bagnard, Chumbook, Aberg, Bercovici, Swanson. (bottom row) Hoffman, Flintoft, Burnap.





(top row) Steinberg, Miracle, Kanaar, Lau, Fruin, Cantwell, Sirianni, Neville (second row) Coach Newbo, Cazier, Griffiths, Sullivan, Howard, Jungschaeffer, Westhem, Bunzel, Maass, Coach Gingell (third row) Swick, Braun, Maloney, Maskett, Somes, Uhlmann, Singleton (bottom row) Landon, Kelly, Brunson, Crouch, Bercovici, Bell.

Freshman Football

Cross Country

From the incandescent and smoggy days in late August to the brisk and inclement days of early November the Harvard Cross Country team had gone through a season full of victories and full of defeats. It was a season that can be accepted as somewhat successful but there still remains the nagging fact that the team lost about as many meets as it won.

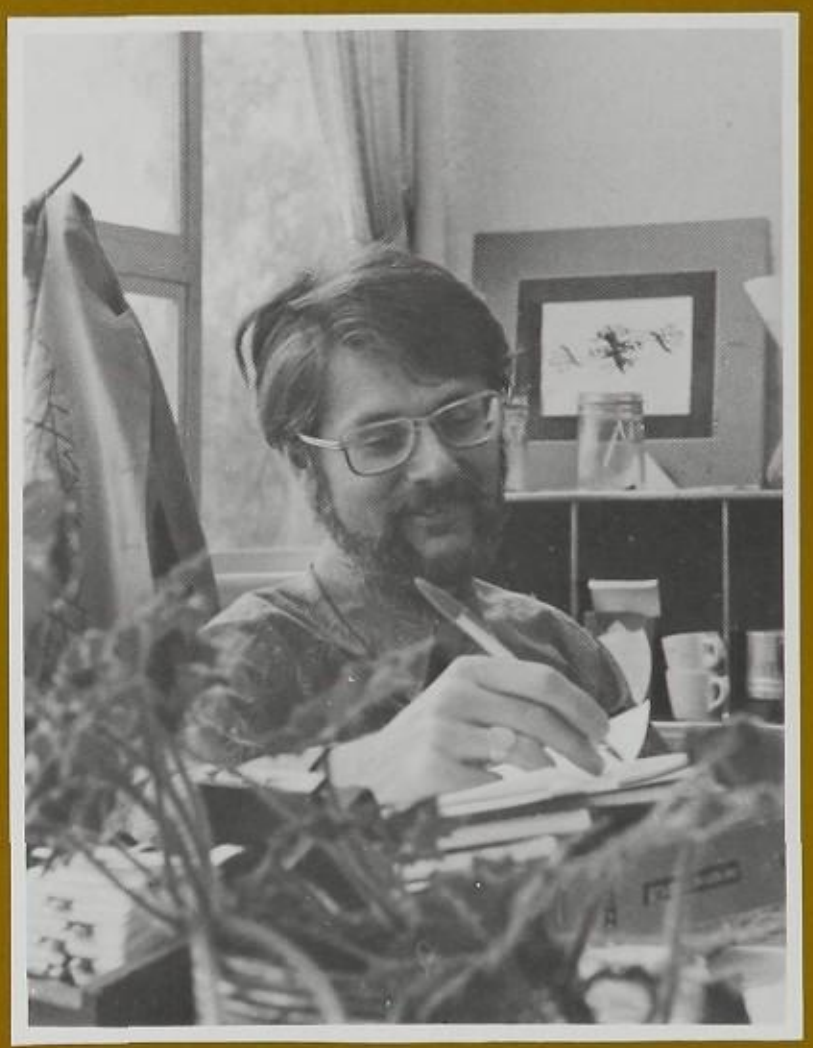
Caffey, Scharfe, Lippman, Frankman, Marx, Coach Jones, Maddox, Escher, King, Weintraub, Jerrams, Skouras, Sanders, Coach Berk. (absent) Bell, Richman.

Cross Country is a sport that is quite unique from all others. You never read about it in newspapers nor are there any professional Cross Country teams. There are neither crowds nor cheerleaders at the meets. It is only you and the other thirteen runners. Loneliness envelopes each runner. So where does the runner get his glory and satisfaction? It all must come from himself. Deep inside a runner knows when he has fulfilled his maximum potential. No one ever said Cross Country was easy and perhaps this is why so few go out for the team. The agony of running up and down the hills is torturous. The many four-forties that the team runs each day are filled with pain. Is this what most people would call the fun of athletics? They would most likely laugh and say no. Yet, people still run Cross Country. There seems to be a feeling of accomplishment, the love of competition, and the willingness to accept the maximal challenge. The excitement of crossing the finish line knowing that you have given your all is reward enough for the true Cross Country competitor. It does take a special person to run Cross Country and each Harvard runner is special indeed. In this sense the whole team is very special. After each meet no matter whether the team won or lost there was always the same feeling of unity. After the victory against Centennial and the defeat to El Segundo the same feeling of oneness was still there. Evidencing the constructive team spirit there was always encouragement along with criticism. The members of the team cared greatly for each other and this counts more so really than winning itself.

No, this year's Cross Country team did not win every meet, nor were they expected to, but each runner was a winner within himself and counts himself lucky to have participated.

science

John P. Clark
B.A. U.C. Riverside
Dean of the Faculty
Chairman of Science Department



In the first physics class I taught at Harvard, in 1962-63, I had a student who was undeniably having quite a difficult time in the course. In fact, his grade going into the final had accelerated into the "D" level (not exactly "college recommending"). On the day of the final exam, he strode confidently into the room, took his seat with the others, and tackled his test with an unusual air of assurance. After the test, as he left the room, he stopped briefly at my desk, smiled, shook my hand, and handed me an unmistakably "bottle-shaped" package, saying, "Sir, I've certainly enjoyed taking your course this year!"

Being a naive, fairly new teacher, I was too unaccustomed to the wiles of students to recognize a classic, straightforward, unassailable, unmitigated *bribe* when I saw it. So, I went ahead and graded his test (which was a D+). Averaged with the rest of his grades, his yearly average was a D+, also. I handed in his grade and let it go at that. I rested in the blissful thought of how nice it was that a student of mine, who had done so poorly in my course, still thought so highly of me and my teaching as to end the year by giving me a bottle of my favorite gin!

It was several years later that I discovered (from yet another student) what utter disbelief and consternation I had engendered in my physics student by not having "properly responded" to his offering. The humor of the incident is compounded in that this same student, following an excellent showing in college, returned to Harvard as a teacher for a year or two, and the both of us subsequently went out to dinner and had a good laugh about his previous transgression - over a gin martini, of course! Needless to say, I picked up the tab, this time.

Since recorded history, I think it would be correct to say that students have always been playing tricks on teachers.

Some of the common pranks have been thumb tacks on the seat, chewing gum in keyholes, etc. I will never forget about twenty years ago, there was one faculty member that was continually being harassed. You name the trick and it was certainly played on him. On this particular morning, he really had an experience to top all pranks. When he opened his room to start the day, would you believe standing there in the middle of the room was an old nag of a horse.

From my experience, this has to be the epitomy of all devilment.

Mervin H. Miller
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Thirty-one years

Richard L. Humphrey
B.S. U.C.L.A.
M. Div. Fuller Theological Seminary
M.S. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Seven Years

In my opinion, a large part of education is a serious struggle on the part of the student. Although not without humor, the process is one of "straining the brain." People, questions, concepts and ideas more difficult or complex than before must be encountered. If only work is attempted which can be done easily without strain, little progress toward maturity and wholeness of personality will be achieved.

To me, interesting people are those who have a variety, richness, and depth in their lives created by many successful educational experiences.

James B. Koslow
B.A. Hiram College
Five Years

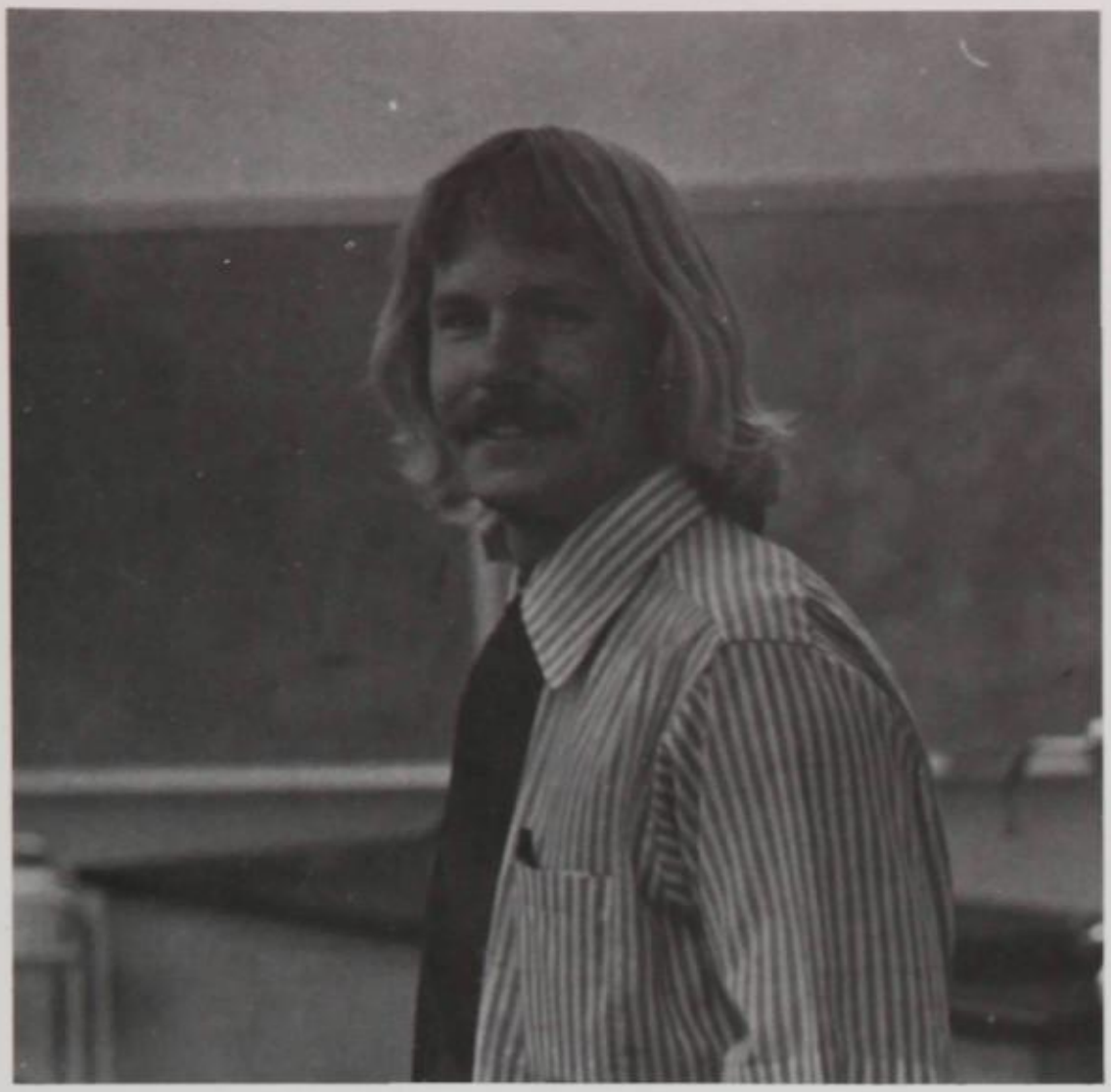
We had a miserable trip across the country. Patty was five months pregnant, looked eight, and the heat, both outside the trip and here, was almost unbearable for her. The day before we had found a really nice apartment after three very discouraging days. This morning we went to school and met my new "boss", John Clark. He even took us to lunch at the "Cock and Bull" Restaurant. Things were looking better so we invited him for lunch at our apartment the next day.

I was going to check how our plans were progressing but I forgot that we didn't have a phone, so at the appointed time I confidently rang our doorbell. As soon as Patty opened the door, I knew immediately that lightning had struck our plans to impress the "boss". Everything had gone wrong. Our furniture from Boston that was promised at 9:00 am had yet to arrive until "at the earliest 4:30" was in the middle of the living room with newspapers all around. Just as we stepped in, our little dog, Baron, so excited to see someone new, jumped up on John and accidently used his leg as a fire hydrant.

Since we had just moved in the night before and Patty had waited for the movers all morning, she wasn't able to shop. So, there we were, on the floor, John with drenched pants eating the only thing Patty could fined - peanut butter and jelly sandwiches served on paper napkins. Some first impression !!!

Eva S. Clark
B.A. Wellesley
M.A. Cornell
Two Years

Since I share a very common last name with the distinguished chairman of the Harvard Science Department, John Clark, I have often been amused by the conclusions drawn by some Harvard students that "Mr. and Mrs." Clark must be married to each other. My first physics class at Harvard was not so naive and understood perfectly well that there was only a professional relationship between us. When I introduced a UCLA physics professor as another Dr. Clark, they took it in stride and it was then a source of amusement to them to discover much later that they had met my husband but had not realized the relationship.



Michael Leigh
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Two Years

so busy with learning
    i would spend all my days
always working and slaving
    my head in a haze.

tired of reading,
    of writing and arithmetic too,
waiting for the time
    that school would be through.

upon finishing school
    i was profession bound,
to Harvard i went,
    it was teaching i'd found.

i thought i was done
    with that learning kind of stuff,
but lo and behold,
    i hadn't learned enough.

how ironic it is
    to keep right on learning,
while to get away from it all
    i had always been yearning.

having taught here awhile,
    learning's not really so bad,
in fact i quite like it,
    a great experience have i had.

no longer am i learning
    only for me,
i'm helping others to learn
    that's as good a purpose as i can see.

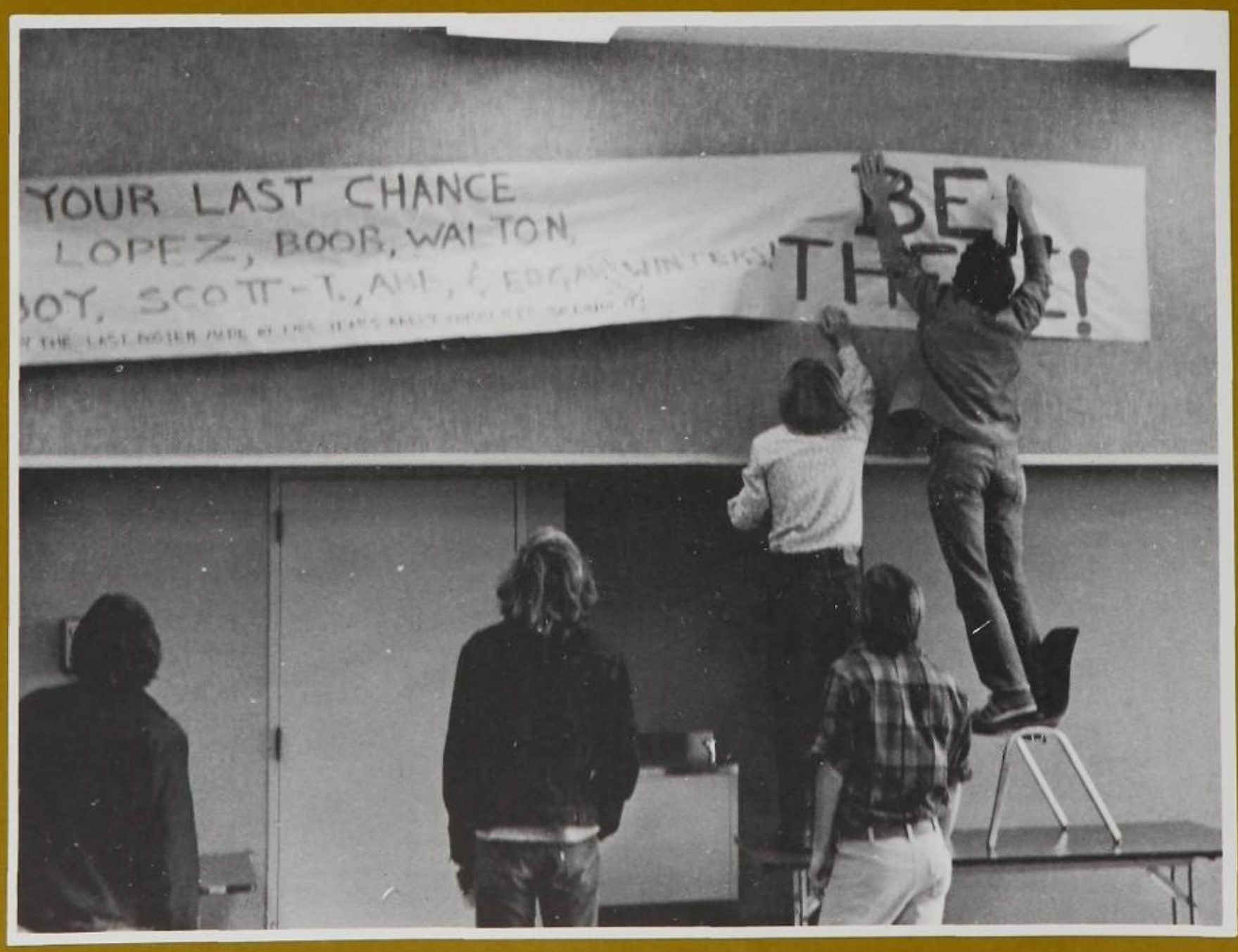
i thank everyone
    for helping me out,
i'll remember you all,
    without a doubt.

Robin L. Zawacki
B.S. Chicago
M.S. U.C.L.A.
Ph.D. candidate U.C.L.A.
One Year

"Ask of Nature
an intelligent question, and she will give
you an intelligent answer."

A. Szent-Gyorgyi, Nobel Laureate and
Biophysicist Extraordinaire.

Clubs



Rally Committee

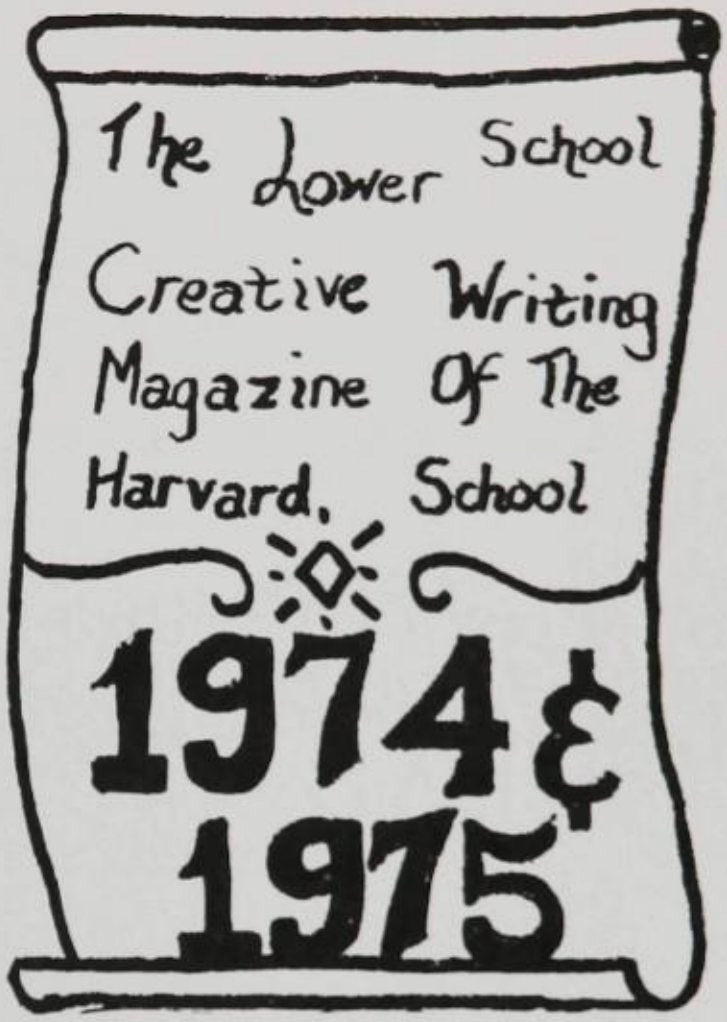
Glee Club

Kaleidoscope

Choir

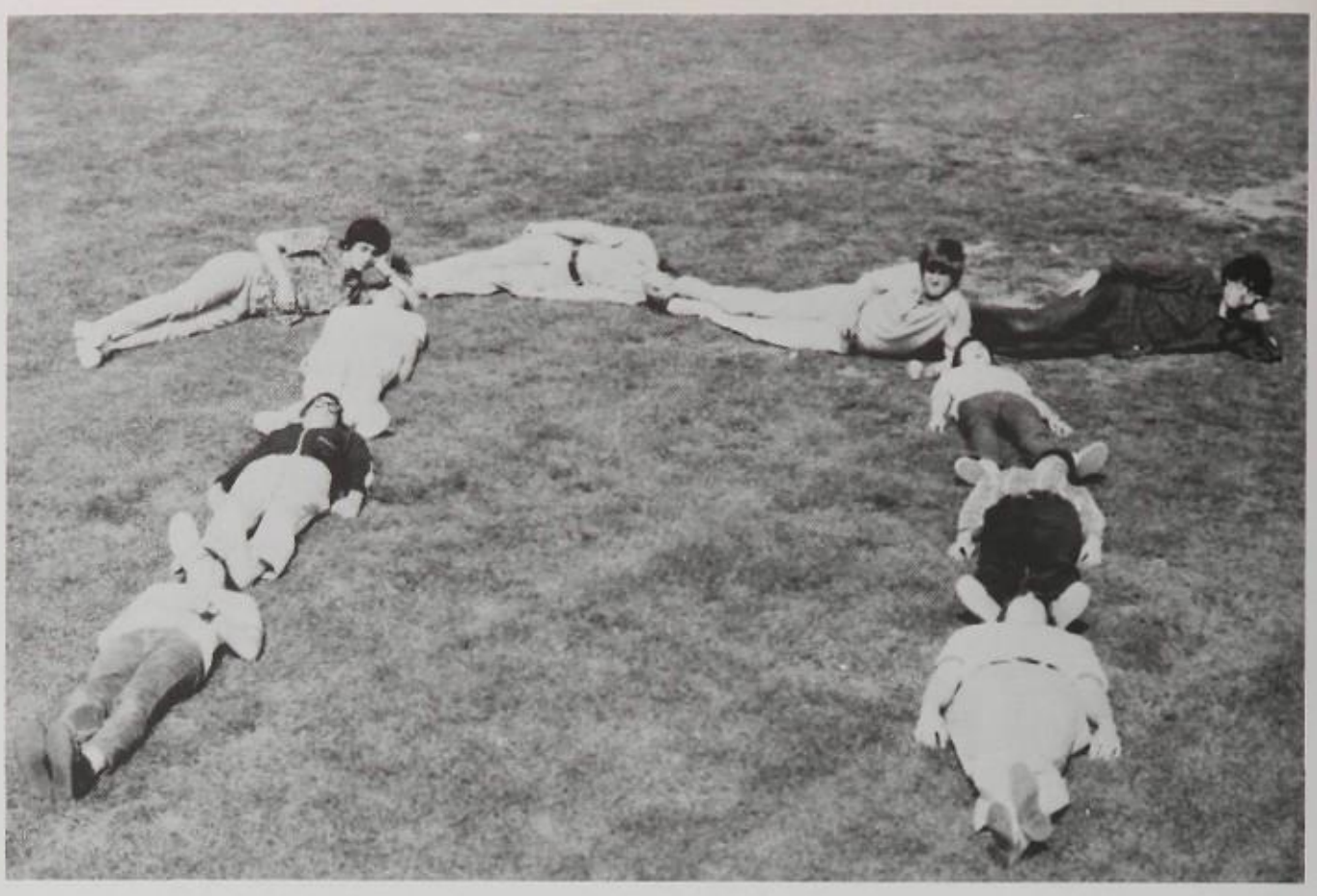
Madrigal Chorus

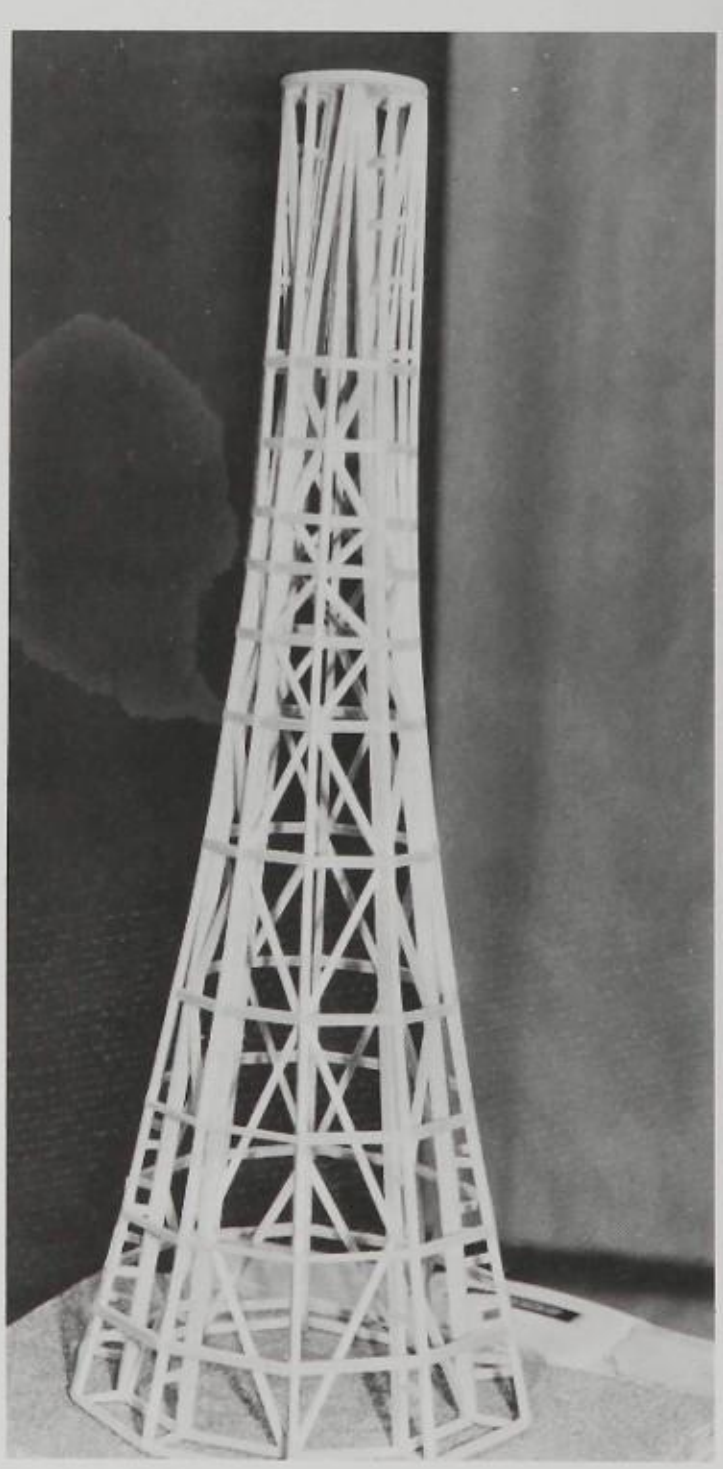
KALEIDOSCOPE



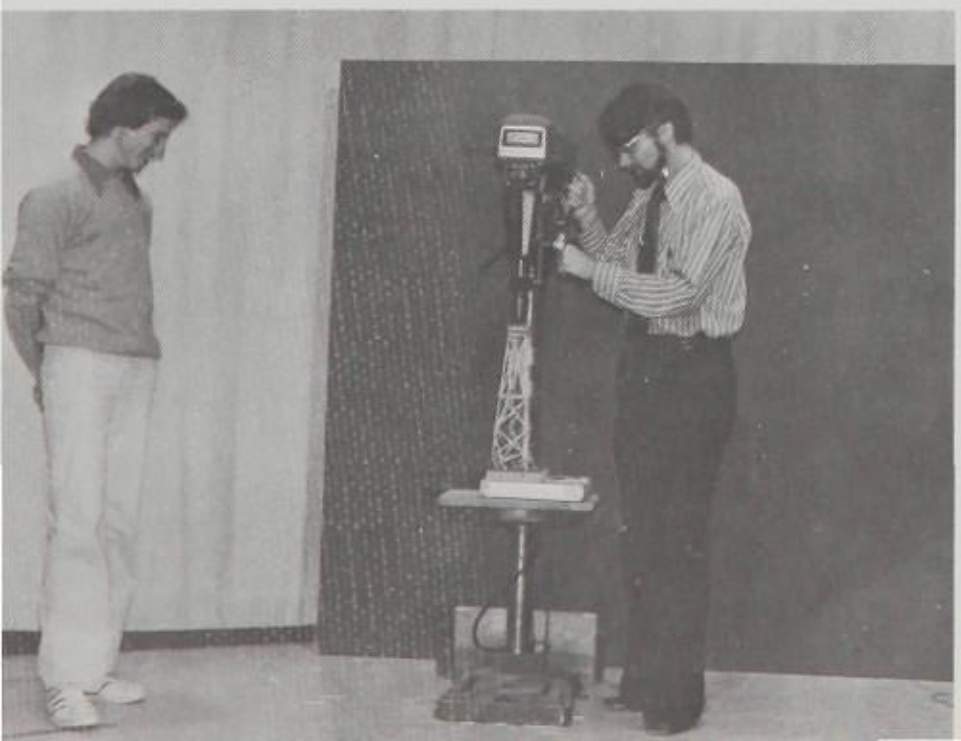
Kaleidoscope **is the Lower School creative writing magazine. It represents the best work of nearly every seventh and eighth grade boy. The writings contained within it are products of classroom-stimulated assignments following the study of various literary forms. It has attempted to represent as many authors as space would allow.**

Math Team





Tower Building



Frisbee

Skateboarding

Student Government

Throughout our educational experience, we are repeatedly told that the right to freely elect representatives in government is the foundation upon which the structure of democracy firmly rests, and that the absence of this right can only lead to tyrrany, dictatorship, and opression. By the time we begin our careers at Harvard, most of us accept this noble belief with such dogmatic certitude that we fail to grasp the real significance behind it. This failure on our part to fully appreciate and understand such a fundamental concept through the process of questioning and reason has rendered student government at Harvard all but an empty ritual of popularity contests once a year followed by inconclusive, and primarily unproductive meetings of the "Council."

Last year's Prefects, led by Greg Meyers, and rounded out with John Zaro, Dave Halliburton, Scott Rand, Bill Hohl, Bert Bernheim, and Mike Segal, were perhaps one of the most enthusiastic groups Harvard has yet acquired. Yet their creativity and motivation were soon stiffled by a factor becoming all too common in our school. Contrary to popular belief, the stiffling factor was not and will never be the administration; indeed, they encourage as much as possible concern, activism, and originality on the part of the student leaders. Unfortunatly, the major barrier is the student body itself, a phenomenon to which most of us have unconciously blinded ourselves. Anyone who attempts to organize activities at Harvard soon becomes shocked by the apathy with which he is confronted; that ego-centric attitude which seems to pervade the student body.

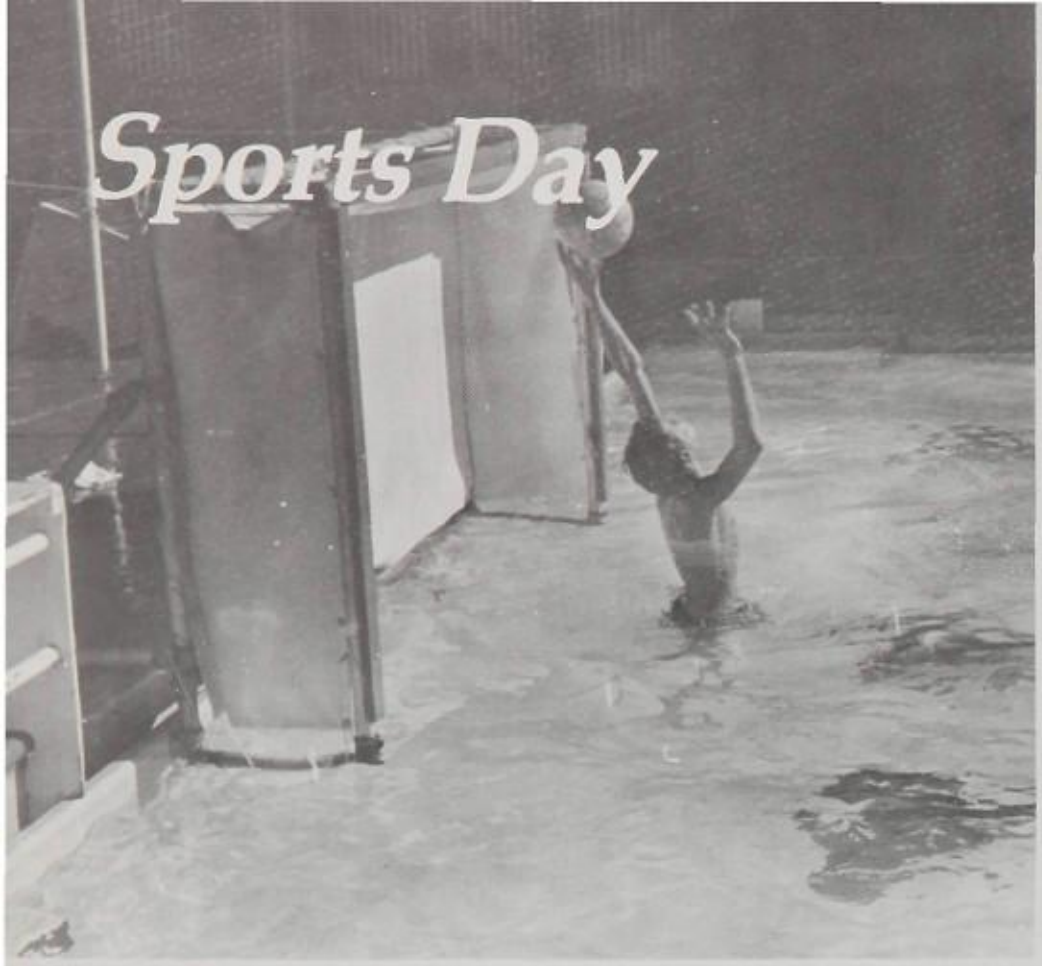
Admittedly, there were the Sports Days, Costume Balls, and other projects which manifested true dedication and effort on the parts of their organizers. Yet no lasting contribution was made; nothing that really affected our beliefs or education.

Perhaps the apathy is due to Harvard's "completeness;" there is very little which we do not have at this school. Yet, such a position leads one to ask why, if we have so much, do Harvard students not share with those less fortunate?

This would be a legitimate function of government at our school, yet those who have attempted to organize such efforts have bounced off a wall of indifference, not erected by the administration, but rather by the students. Those of us who have attempted such endeavors are the better for it, for such an experience helped us to recognize those same characteristics within ourselves. Yet government is none the better.

Jefferson once wrote that government derives its powers from the governed. If this is so, then students at Harvard are indeed getting proper representation in a council that has become merely realistic. Only if we take the time to look at student government sincerely, creatively, and selflessly, can the body truly be given meaning.

Sports Day



When the prefects of the class of 1975 took office a special day was expected of them. In the past special days had been arranged by the prefects. There had been an "Ethics Day" and an "Election '72 Day." What could this year's representatives give us? How could they top their predecessors and come up with an even more stimulating day? Their answer: Sports Day!

According to the mastermind of the project, Greg Meyers, the purpose of Sports Day was to involve the whole school in a single project, catering to the interests of all. Those who showed up were able to participate in such diverse sports as "Password" and "Bombardment!" Each Prefect led his own team (Zulu's Warriors) to add a bit of competitiveness to the whole thing. From the first roll of the dice in backgammon to the last desperation pass in flag football the competition was fierce.

As in all of these special days, much important knowledge was passed on to all. The reason why the Harvard basketball team was doomed to such a sparkling season was made apparent when one of its stars was annihilated by one of the shorter Harvard civilians in a one-on-one basketball contest. It was found that as soon as a teacher is given a whistle and told to referee complex sports he invariably is overwhelmed by his newfound power. Some Harvard students almost passed away in "Shark" — the most [illegible] the swimming games sponsored.

It seemed that a good time was had by all. Whose team won? Nobody's really sure — who cares anyway?

BBS Unorganizations

In past years at Harvard one of the main concerns of the students has been the apparent apathy that has slowly infiltrated the school. Many have decried the lack of school spirit, but when you look closely you can see that this is not true. In just the past two years Harvard students (in particular the class of 1975) have started three unofficial, unsanctioned, unorganizations.

The most widely publicized has been the Kazoo Band. It was formed by a concerned group of students who felt that Harvard needed some sort of a marching band. When it was discovered that no one really had any musical talent the project was almost abandoned. But everybody could hum! Thus the Kazoo Band was formed.

Another undertaking was the short-lived "Paper." Started in amiable opposition to the "Coldwater Pipeline," "The Paper" strove for a higher quality of journalism and a more representative view of the school. Some thought it was indeed better than the "Pipeline." Others thought it was the most outrageous garbage to hit the school in seventy-five years. (It is rumored that one teacher wanted the entire staff of "The Paper" shot at sunrise.) In any case, "The Paper" represented the ability of the students to start their own projects on a large monetary scale and in that sense it was successful.

This school year has seen the addition of what inevitably will become a Harvard tradition: the Sambo's club. This activity was initiated by a group of seniors who found that they did not have too many classes or simply did not want to attend too many classes. As a result this group constantly met at Sambo's for coffee, breakfast, or whatever. Before anyone knew what happened a tradition was born. More students joined the group (including some juniors) until the crowd at Sambo's looked like a more representative class meeting than the official one every Thursday morning.

Monday

Artemis

Sambo's

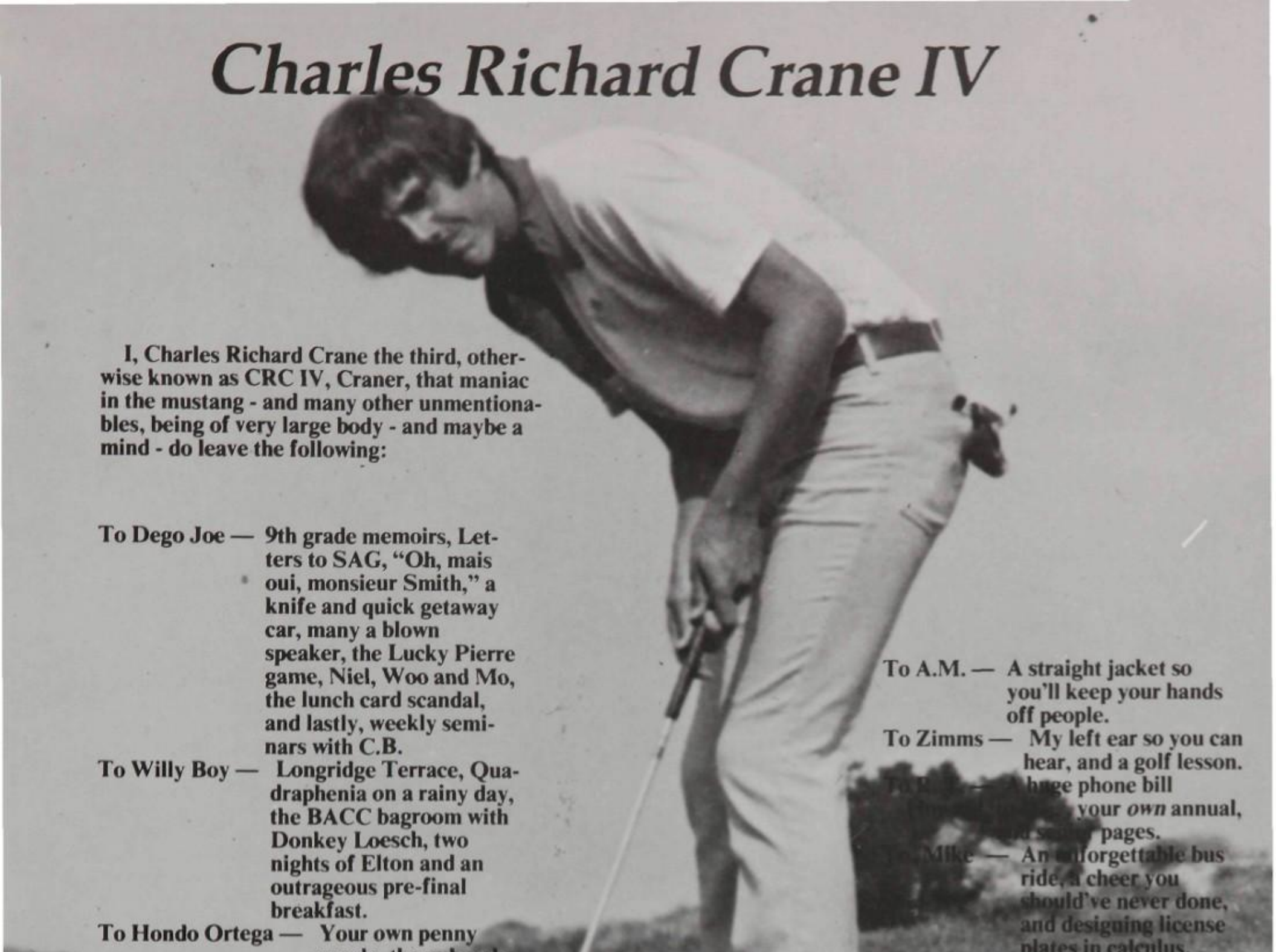
The Sambo's club, more commonly known as the "out to lunch bunch," is a club relatively unknown to underclassmen, and likewise (thank goodness) to faculty and administration. The club meets regularly; five days a week, any and all periods of the school day. At first, the visit to Sambo's was considered a pastime, but as Senioritis eventually set in, it became a lot more like "schooltime."

The club was originally started by two seniors, Scott Garber and Tracy Thorpe. New recruits were continually brought in, eventually resulting in an army of Sambo's-goers. With the introduction of a ten percent discount on all items, still more seniors made the short hop to Sambo's. As a result, a lasting friendship was established with the manager, Al, and most of his staff. Often the "gang" would help rearrange furniture, prepare coffee, and bus tables, but more often than not, the group would just relax and enjoy themselves.

On monday morning, when things are going slow, one can tromp into the back room at Sambo's for some relaxation and a good wake-up cup of coffee. Many seniors found that they no longer slept through their morning classes.

Although the excitement of leaving school illegally as a junor has gone, many seniors have found refuge in the back room at Sambo's. Good company, fine food, and great coffee make Sambo's a seniors paradise. We only hope that the future senior class will enjoy it as much as we did.

Charles Richard Crane IV



I, Charles Richard Crane the third, otherwise known as CRC IV, Craner, that maniac in the mustang - and many other unmentionables, being of very large body - and maybe a mind - do leave the following:

To Dego Joe — 9th grade memoirs, Letters to SAG, "Oh, mais oui, monsieur Smith," a knife and quick getaway car, many a blown speaker, the Lucky Pierre game, Niel, Woo and Mo, the lunch card scandal, and lastly, weekly seminars with C.B.

To Willy Boy — Longridge Terrace, Quadraphenia on a rainy day, the BACC bagroom with Donkey Loesch, two nights of Elton and an outrageous pre-final breakfast.

To Hondo Ortega — Your own penny arcade, the unbreakable ditch record, and the Doc's.

To Hook — Ten dollars, Ben Hogans, the Langendorf 2000, and "what kind of car today?"

To Pablo Ray — Your own alphabet and language, and Ben Hogans.

To Moses — A trampoline, and a beer with a CO_2 gun — need I say more.

To Giggles — A toll-free hotline to Vegas, "what's the spread today?" and a unforgettable mimc of Ed.

To Mike S. — eight months of "I'll give you your lab book on Monday."

To A.M. — A straight jacket so you'll keep your hands off people.

To Zimms — My left ear so you can hear, and a golf lesson.

[illegible] — A huge phone bill [illegible] your *own* annual, [illegible] pages.

[illegible] Mike — An unforgettable bus ride, a cheer you should've never done, and designing license plates in calculus.

To sbeck — Only three more years, and "where are you going this weekend?"

To my Riders — Roecker

And lastly, a special thanks to Father Gill, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Clark, Mr. Bullion, and Uncle Art Gibson, and especially a thanks to my parents without whose patience and billfold I would've never made it.

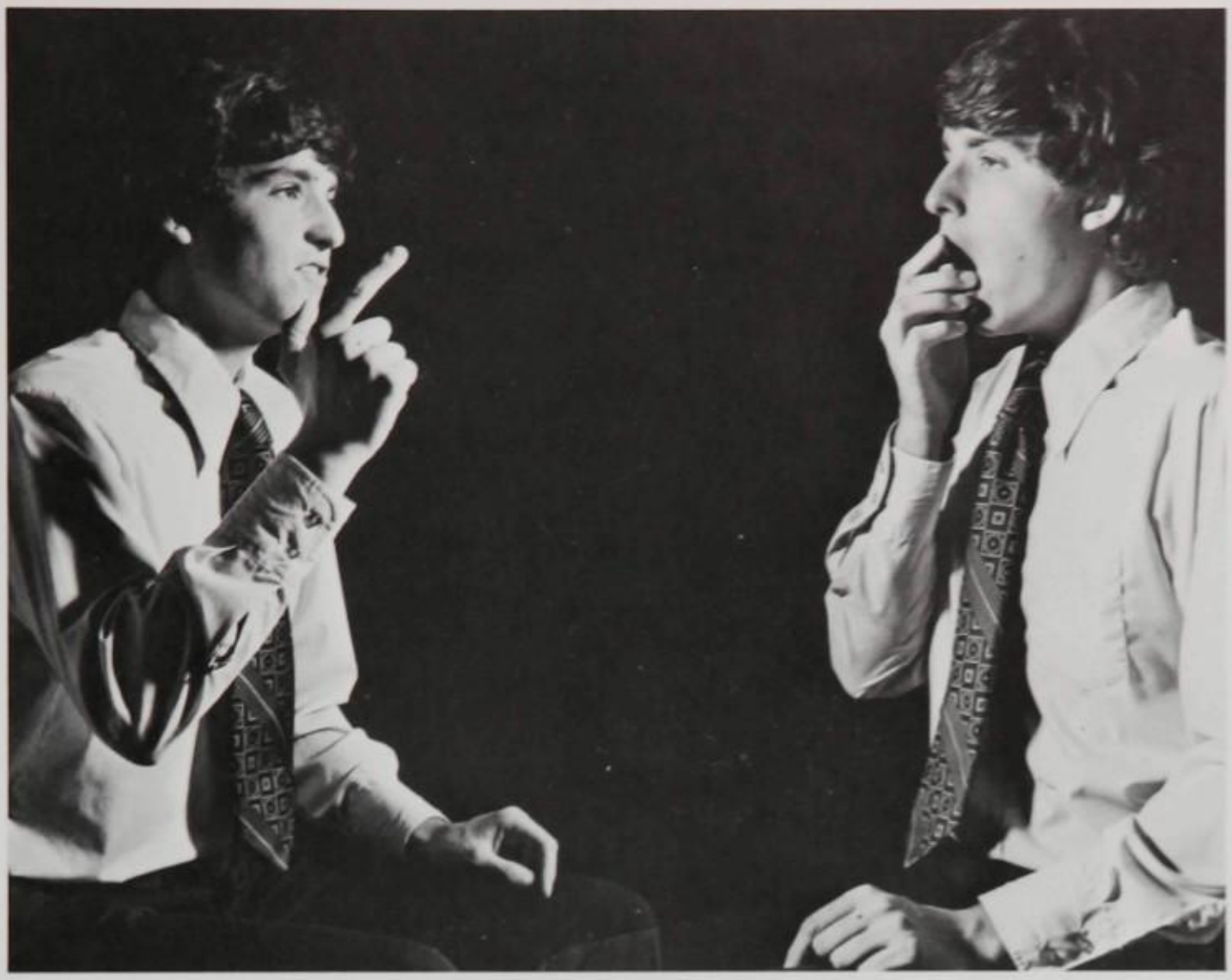
What thou seest, that thou beest."
- Plato

William Somers Driver

I hereby leave the following: To Steve O. - a shave from a rope tow, Mayfair Market Raid, $20 dollar evenings, and three years of friendship; To Jay M. - A new brother, watery soup, Van Nuy Rock, a big brown bag, not making it over the porch, leaving you with the shovel, and appreciation for teaching me how to ski. To Peter H. - Red long underwear; To Paul M. - a wild bumper pool game, and forgetting snow skiis; To Mr. Winetrobe - 20 minutes for one mere recommendation letter; To Ray K. - "How much is it worth to you?", seven tenths of a second, Back Bay memories, bet on 1320, and Adventure. To Charlie S. - Saucer sliding at 3:00 A.M.; To Brian M. - an appetizing Alka-Seltzer, and boom dodging in Newport Bay; To Richard O. - Cougar against Cougar; To Randy H. - Lot's of ski racing, warning of Newhalls mysterious red light; To Grant A. - A haircut; To Dave N. — 5¢ a point in gin rummy and a frog voice at Elton John concert; To Chuck U. - thank you for your many parties.

I give sincere thanks to: Mr. McGrew, Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Hill, Mr. Wilson, Mr. McGarvey, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Ryan, Melanie M., and my family; For the understanding that you gave me, for teaching me, and preparing me for whatever lies ahead.
Thank You

Greg Gamsky



POWELL
MARKET
AQUATIC PARK
MARITIME MUSEUM
HYDE
BEACH
308
I stop
at the
St. Francis

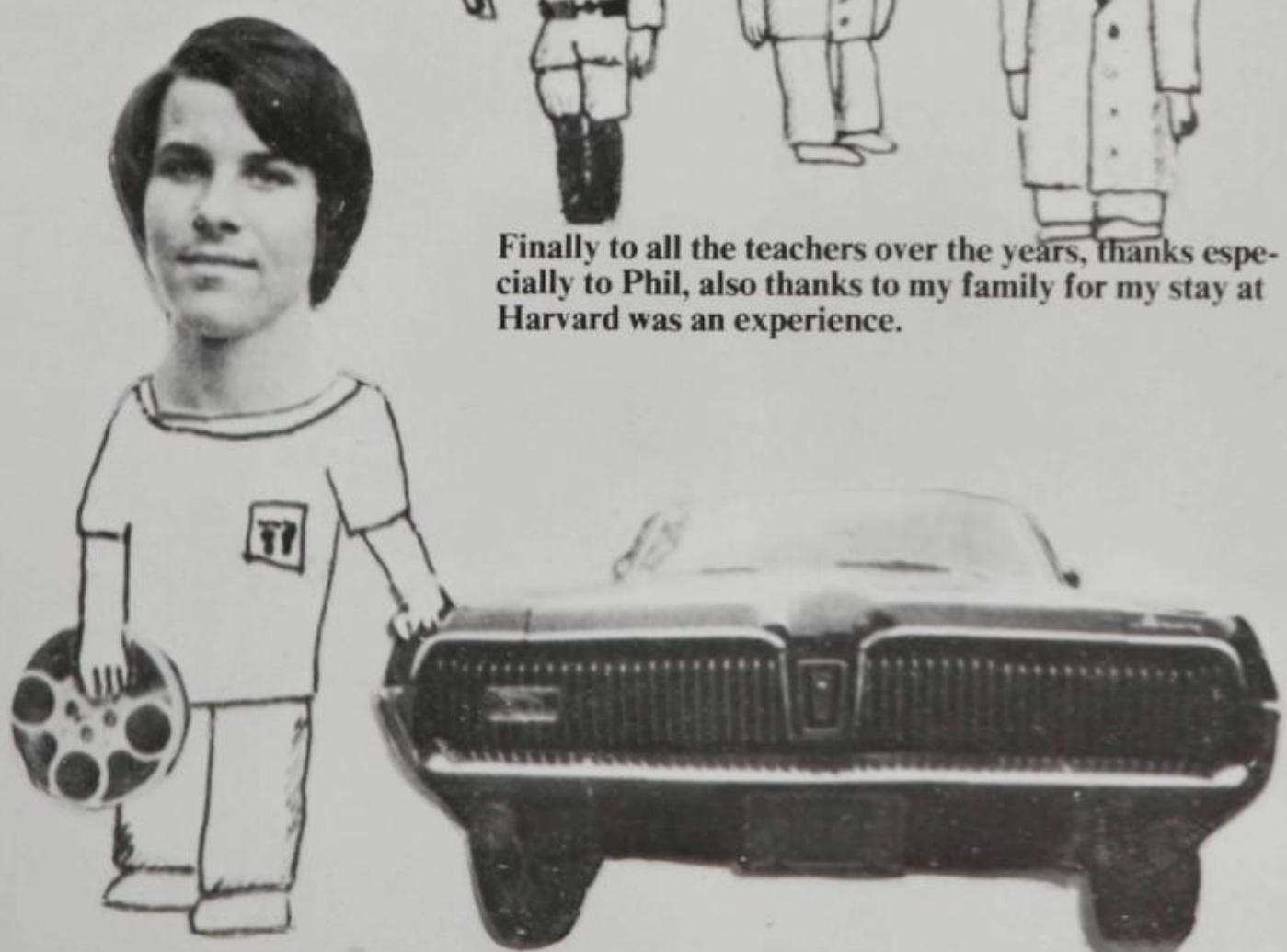
Scott A. Garber Esq., III

I leave the following to:

Pearl, Harvey's till morning, Mr. Mellow, Burts, Homegrown, langes, B.J., Keno, The Wheel, 25 drinks, 15,000 Dubes together M&K. Tracy, Sambos coffee chips, 57 chevy's, bear claws, Boris, Charlie, Rich, National Sanitary Supply, the Dirty Sock for the Chips, another 10,000 dubes, and much happiness and luck. To Schmo, ten traffic tickets, mammoth lift lines, a paper weight so you might not be such a light-weight, 1000 girls, a head from David Bowie and 1 free ski lesson. Be good! Mr. Ozawa, a lot less head aches and many thanks for your support! To Ian, Muhammad Ali, and $100 gift certificate good at the hospital of your choice. To Mary and Cathy, a bike built for two so you will only be half as tired on those late night rides, thus fresh and ready! To Annette, a new personality. To Mary, two new sisters. To Steve TA, schtuck at Dad's and thursday night BB. To Randy, Mammoth Mountain, 1 trap, bare claws, Marlboros, lighters. And to my parents, my deep love and respect that through all times will live in me forever.

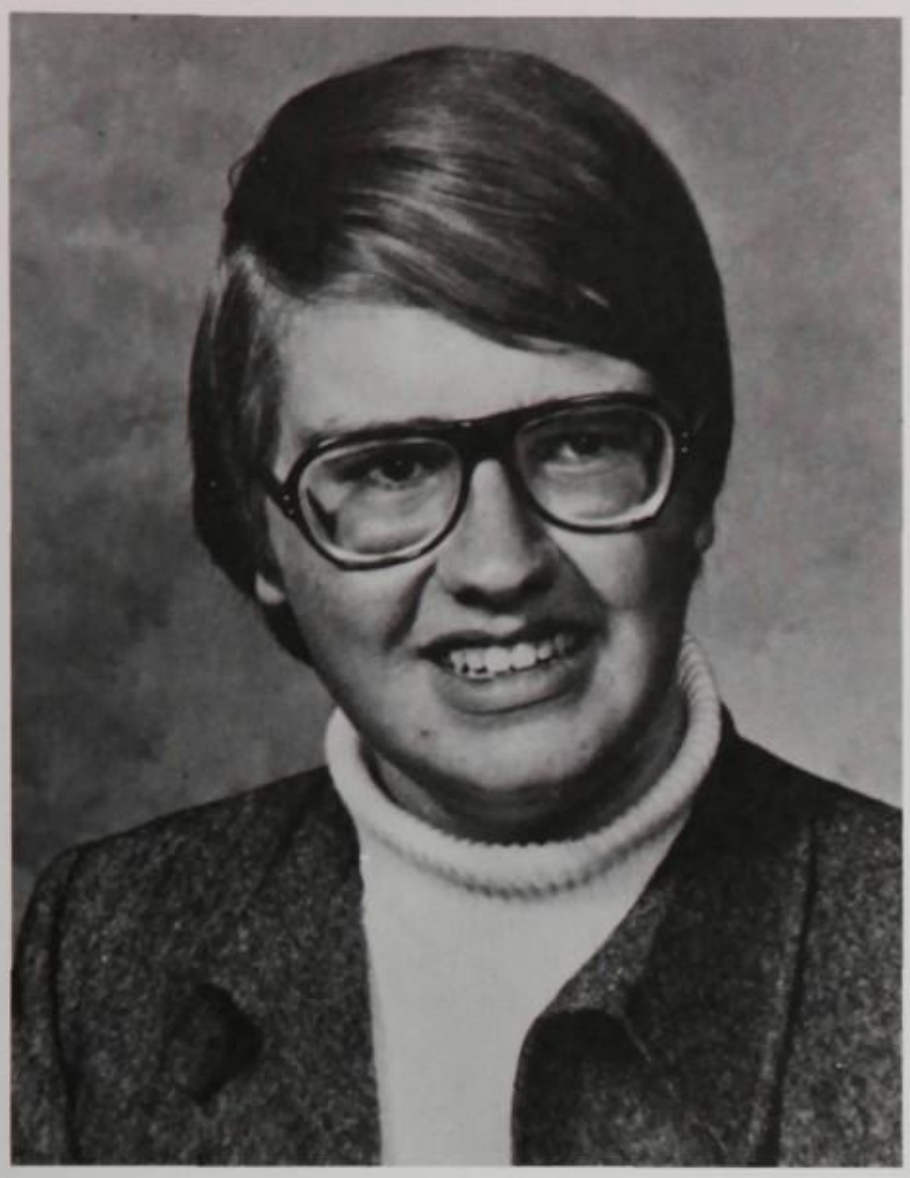
Larry Gay

To my friends, I must leave these few things. To Mike (Markel), The Marx Brothers, a Due Dova, trips, a dose bitten the hope that one day you may get a car, and mostly an 8000 page book of jokes and puns. To Carl, more power, many more heated TBP discussions, "I'm so impressed," "FILM CREW!", plus our friends at Pali. To Vundaschmit, ze drags, a promotion to Obergruppen Fuhrer SS a new lick mobile (with extras) and many more interrogations.



Finally to all the teachers over the years, thanks especially to Phil, also thanks to my family for my stay at Harvard was an experience.

Jeff Gold



James Hicks

Quo non ascendam?

Now that I leave Harvard, I would like to express my thanks to all who helped me during my stay. To Mr. Hughes, my deep gratitude for all the help given me during the 7th grade and the encouragement during the 11th. Fr. Gill, thanks for the 19th century and your friendship. Thank you for helping me bend the rules a little bit, Mr. Berrisford. Mr. Woods, thank you for all of the help you gave me. And my apologies to Mr. Ameer for trying to overload the scheduling computer every year. Looking back over my tenure, at the mandatory classes, the gym classes that I couldn't get out of, the food in the cafeteria, and the rules against card playing, I realize that maybe this wasn't such a bad school after all.

P.S. To Jim, Randy, Bill, Matt, John, Jamie and the rest of the class of 1976:

See you!

The true test of civilization is . . . the kind of man that the country turns out.

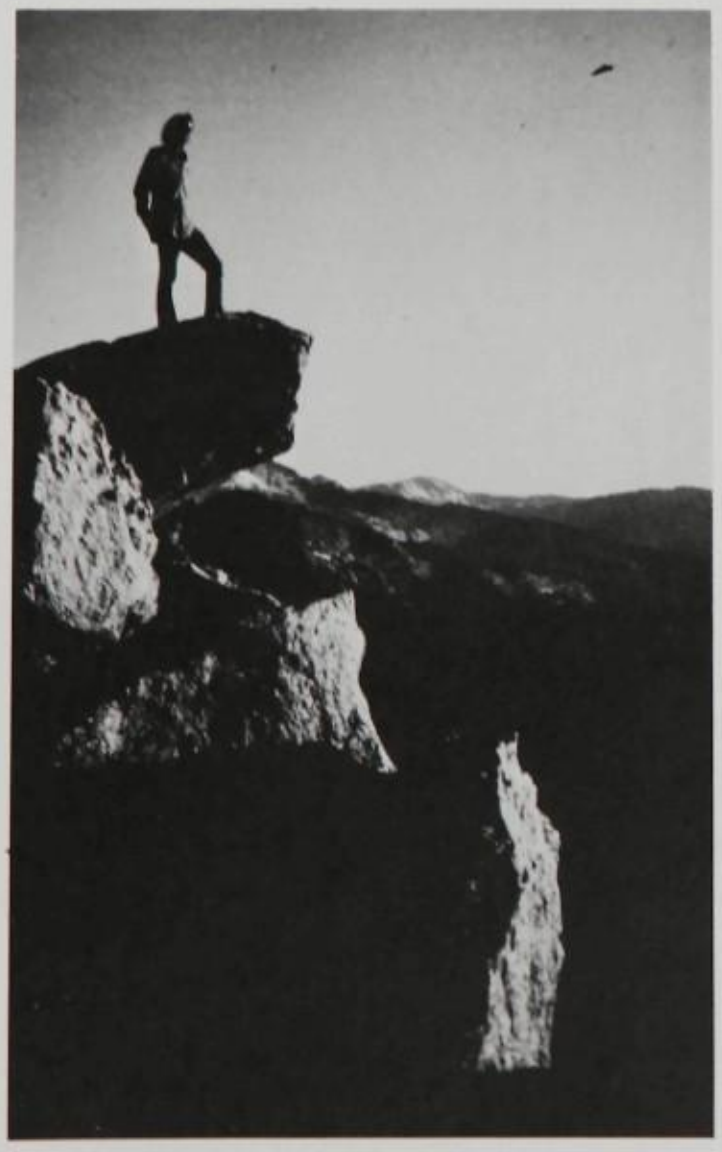
Emerson

"Hold fast to dreams
for if dreams die
Life is a broken winged bird
that cannot fly."

Rand Steven Kaplan

James Robert Maddox Jr.

I, Jay Maddox, being of questionable reputation and evanescent manifestations, do hereby drop the following items on the following heads:
MORGAN: sweetly scented fingers, NEGATIVE . . . PRIMITIVE . . . YOU DO NOT COMPUTE!!
SUBULL: lights, camera, and not action; a totally Harvard anything.
CHUCKLES: "MISTER MADDOX, WHATCHA UP TO?"
STEPHANIE: a sly escape at Stanford.
HEYLER-O: A convertible van with three on the tree, four on the floor, and five on the door; corking and dorkeling!!
BRIAN: a toe fetish.
P. JONES: "are you sick?" apologies to Mr. Chamberlain; all your Capris.
ARID: a rock with no cracks; a pot with no sides.
LESLIE: a lifetime supply of smokering holes; my cat.
ORGY: go-carting with A. Jennings; History class.
TO CAROL S.: A Bob Dylan haircut; the hot creek . . .
MITCH: Houseplant fertilizer; the A.A
LAPASTA: J. C. Superbluex-stictch; integrate . . .
RUTTER: a personality
BYK: (guess whose voice is changing?!!)



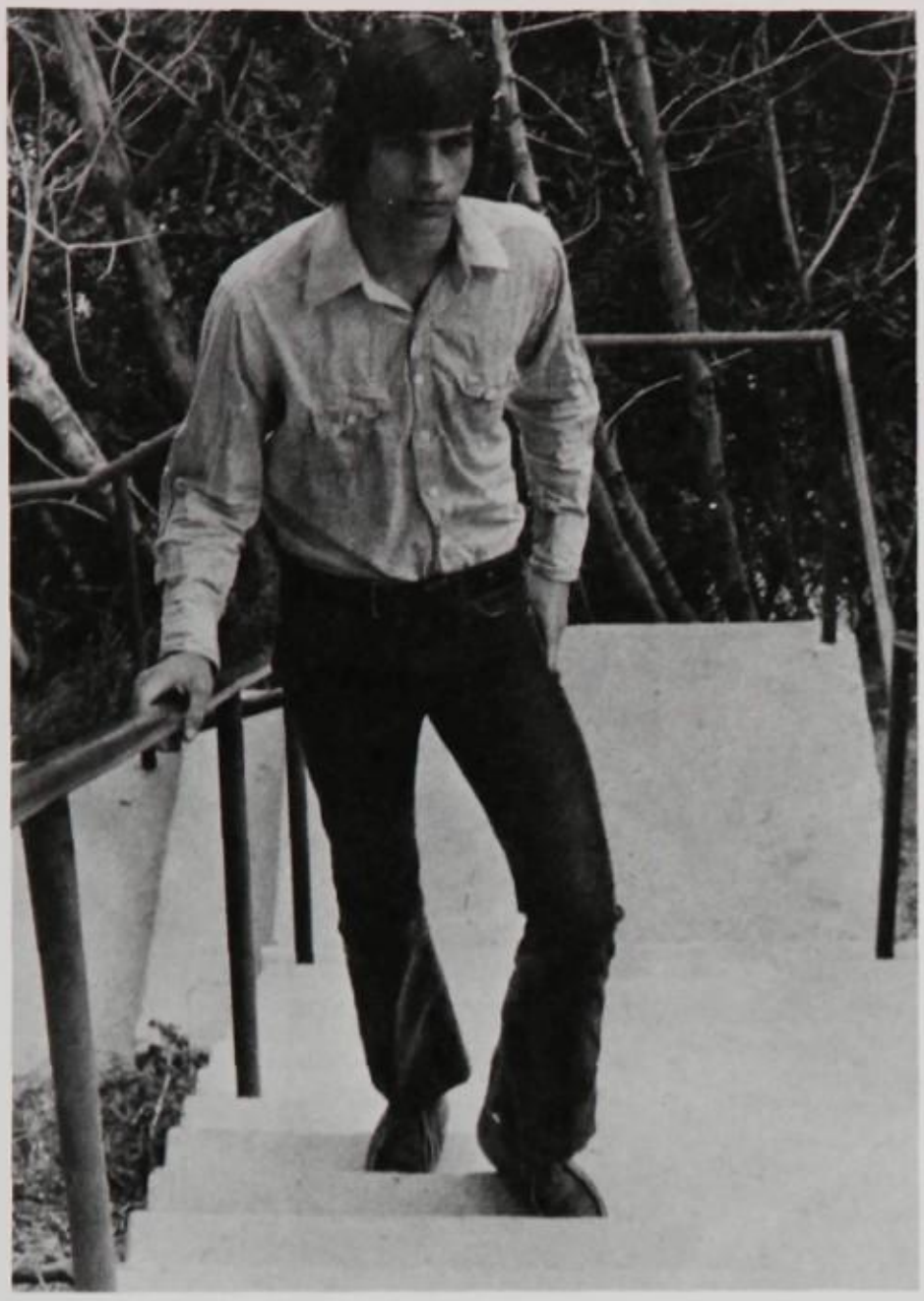
FRED THE FANGED CYCLOPS: your incredibly bad luck and incredibly poor taste; "Hey! Wait a sec'!"
TRACY: a cinematographic impression of L.L. playing in a tidepool; a new mustang with a portable dispenser and impenetrable top.
GARBER: his laugh;
HALDEMANNY: MADDOXY!!
DRIVER: my in and out of snow ability; your chic little $5000 ego trip; a foil plated backpack with a target on it for the sake of vanity; Disneyland and Juniper Hills.
TUFFY: a large helping of seaweed at the Mars Hotel.
To Mr. Hoeper, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Ozawa, Mr. Bullion, Mr. McGrew, Mr. Berk, everyone else, my parents, and my cat, Thanks.

Guy McCarter

High;

I, Guy McCarter do hereby leave thanks to those who have made my life the confusing but enjoyable mess that it is. This includes many people, too many to go in to at this time. Besides, you know who you are. I would, however, like to leave special thanks to my mother and father for putting up with me and keeping me going; to Mr. Ozawa for appreciating me.

Bigh



Thomas Craig Mitchell

I, Thomas Craig Mitchell, referred to as Mitch, Dingo, Fish, Wheels, M.P.V., and Iron-man, leave the following.:

Pablo — S.C. tweety birds, Sambos, and gnat noop.
Grant — 40 gallons helado, the Power Wagon, plus $250.
Ayres — A haircut (you long hair)
Al Henry — Next year's senior class to keep you rich.
Houseplant — A "A" on her biology achievement test, a new name, valuables, M.P.V. of the C.F.I.
Chipster — my sister (she forgives you)
Fred — "I don't want to join the army. Thursday I saw da da da . . . Sunday after supper I da da da . . . "
Munch — a few inches, Mel Brooks, "Who threw that snail?"
Scooter — Ksspindle Fibers
Maddox — a nic fit
Fischer — 86% of the juniors, 73% of the seniors, 12% of the freshmen, now broken down further, 38% of . . .

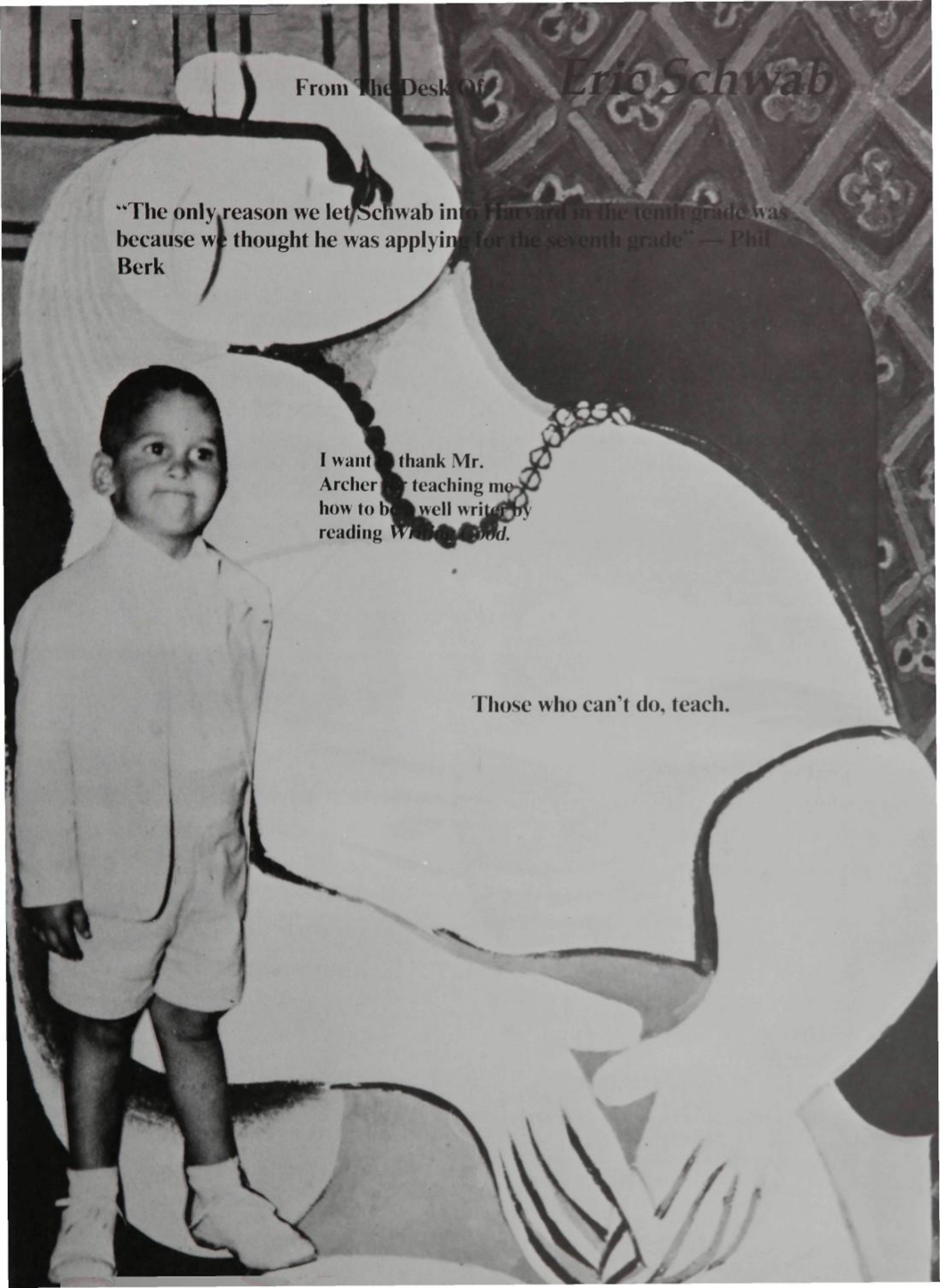
Special Thanks to my parents and grandma who made my years at Harvard possible.

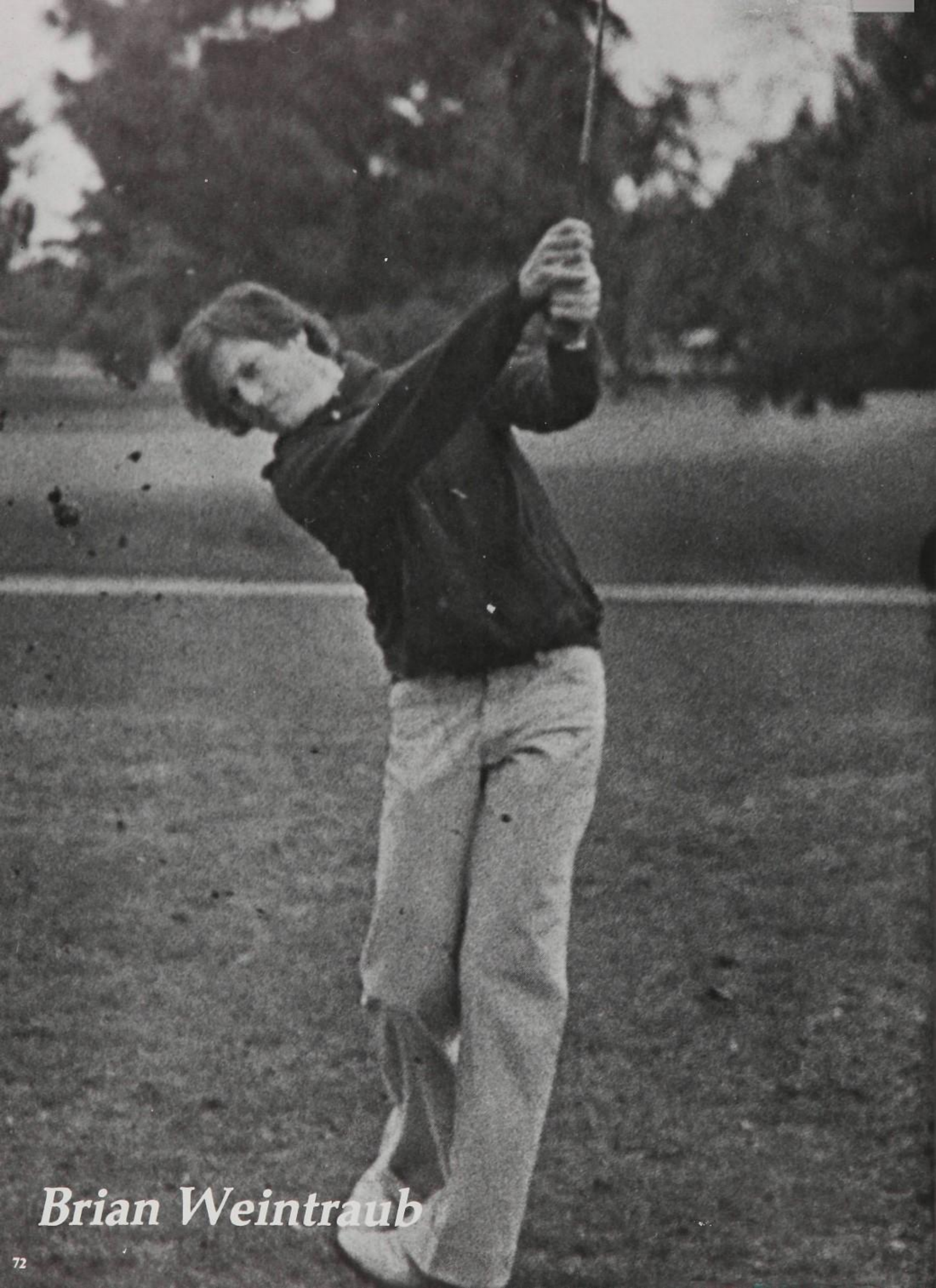
Steve Ortega

In my tenure at Harvard: I thingk i hav learned sumpthun, at least I hope . . .
To the following people I leave:

To Jay: I leave a shoebox for his universe
To Randy: I leave the mayorship of "Roo city"
To Chuckles: I leave a 180 on Montana
To Paul: I leave a date with GOOBER a lifetime guarantee on his Mickey Mouse watch. And a new pair of Silverglass, brought to him personally by the Monkeyman.
To Bill: I leave a locked ski rack.

To Chuck C: a free pinball game with Ted and an Elton John Beenie.
To Willie: I leave Kerry S. and a 10% discount on my skiis
To Zimmer: I leave UCLA, Spanish and one more year of suffering
To Ty: an egg, and a free wax job after the parking lot race
And to Karen: I leave all my love and happiness, now and always
To Harvard: I LEAVE.


From The Desk Of Eric Schwab
"The only reason we let Schwab into Harvard in the tenth grade was because we thought he was applying for the seventh grade" — Phil Berk
I want to thank Mr. Archer for teaching me how to be a well writer by reading *Wuthering Heights.*
Those who can't do, teach.



Brian Weintraub

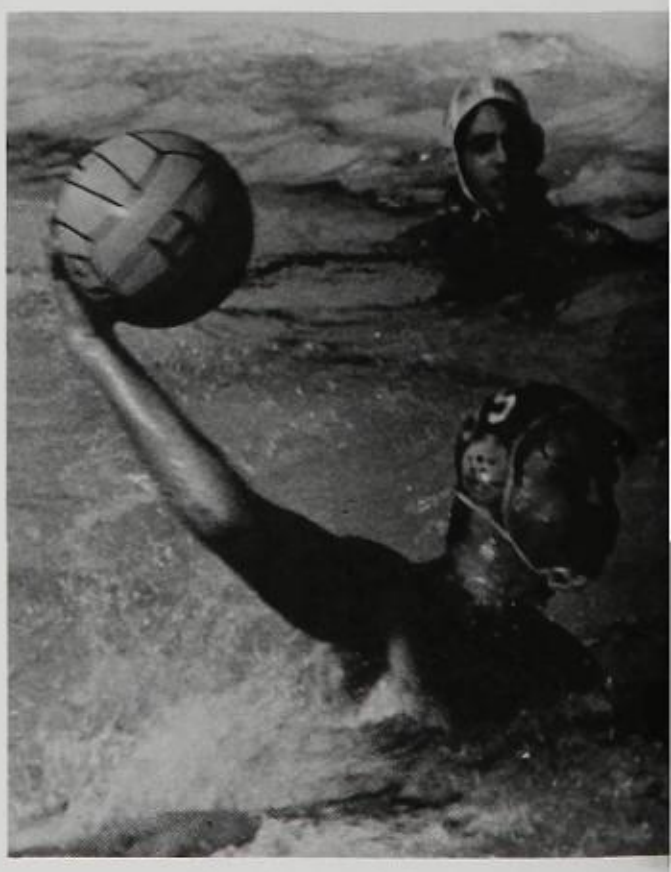
Stephen Edward Wunderlich

auf Wiedersehen!

14

23

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT
USE POOL WITHOUT
28
22
36
26
30
27
24


3

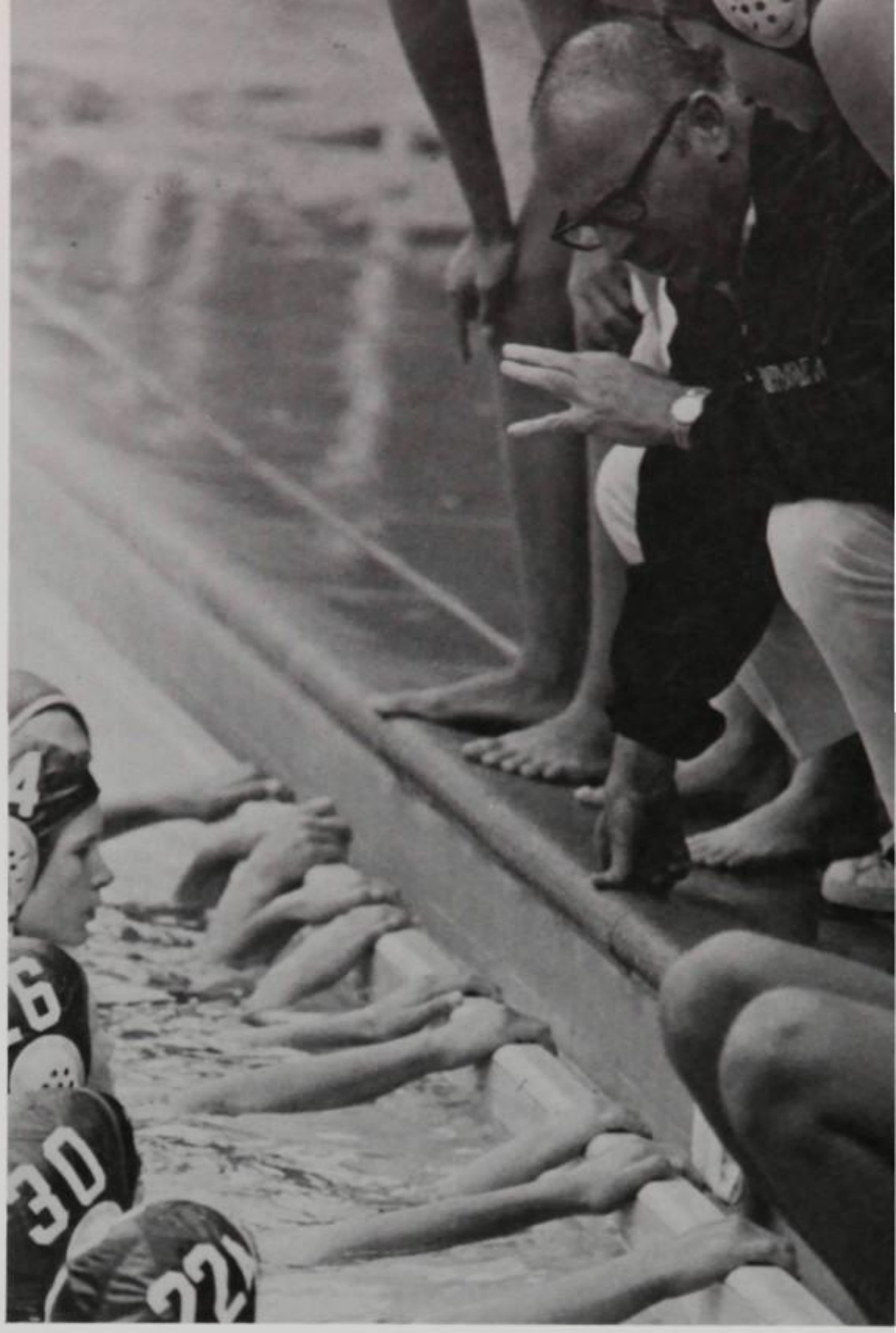
3

Varsity Water Polo

(standing) Meyers, Adamson, Fischer, Gamsky, "League M.V.P." Mitchell, Segal, Maytum Alperin, Coach Stewart. (sitting) Lund, Howard, Healy, Miller, Caine (absent) C. Maytum, Parks, Maloney.

Junior Varsity Water Polo

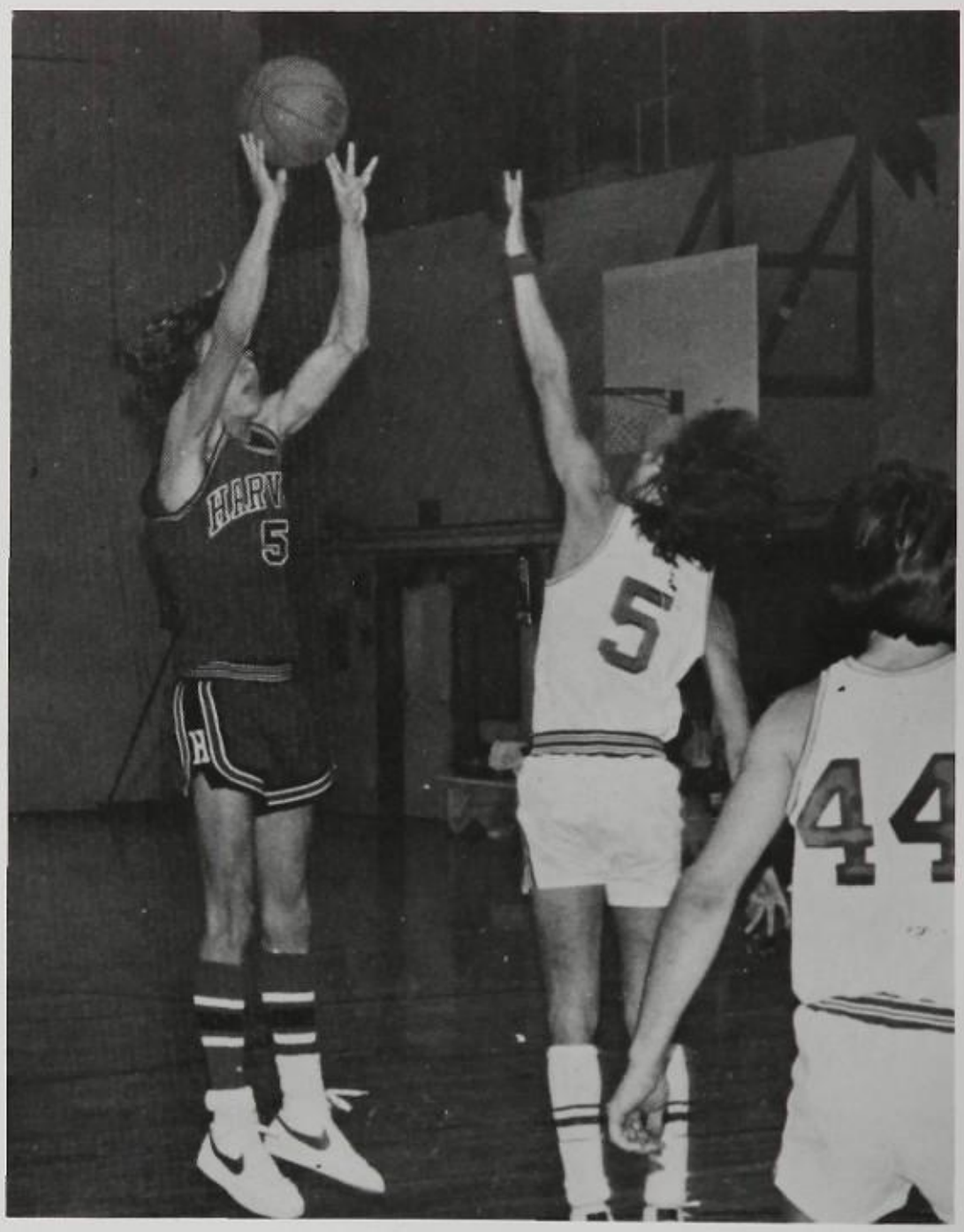
(top row) Coach Wilson, Sims Ulich, Castle, Mellinthin. (middle row) Taglianetti, Horwitz, Crawford, Wright. (bottom row) Ames, Kirkeby, Palmer, Griffiths.

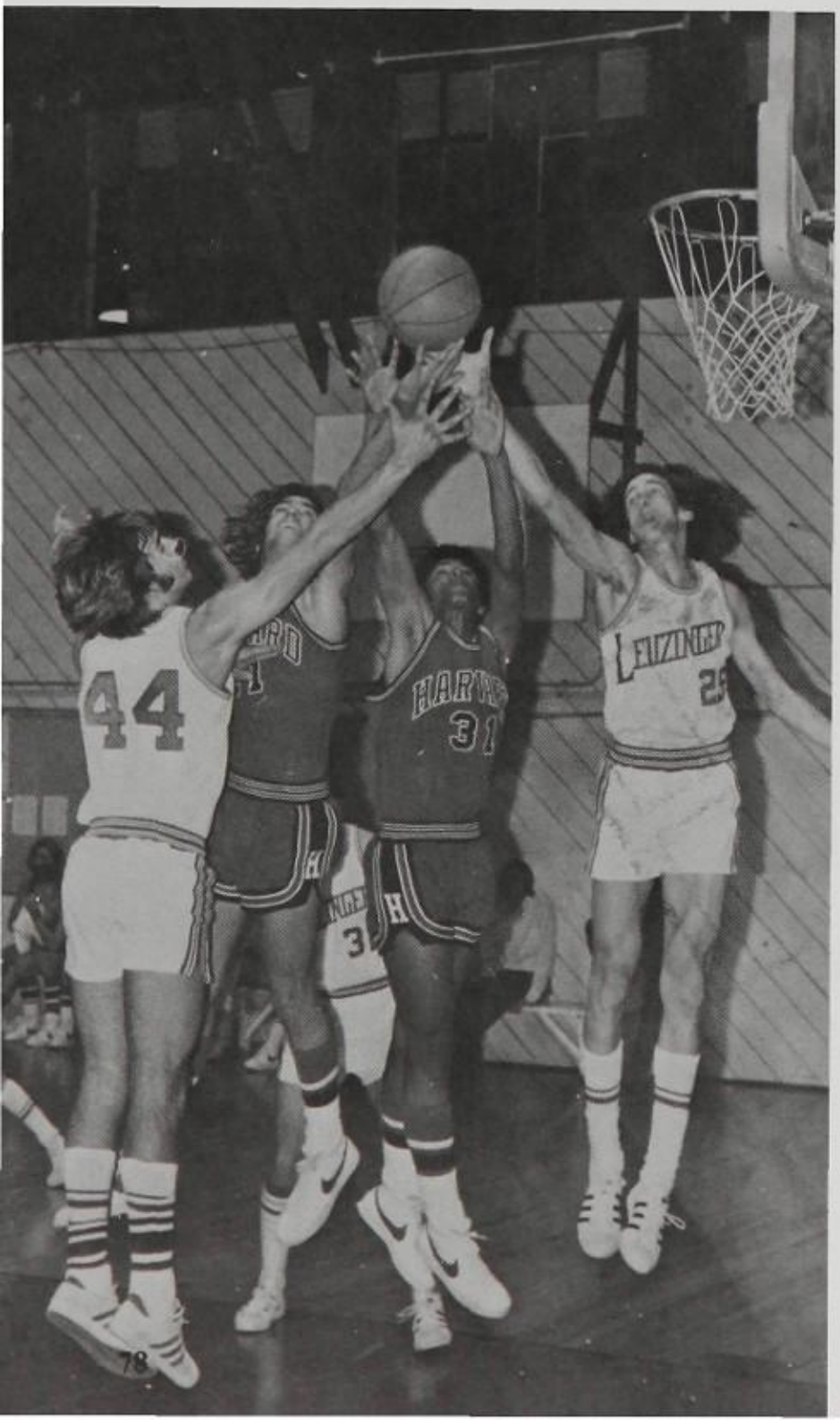


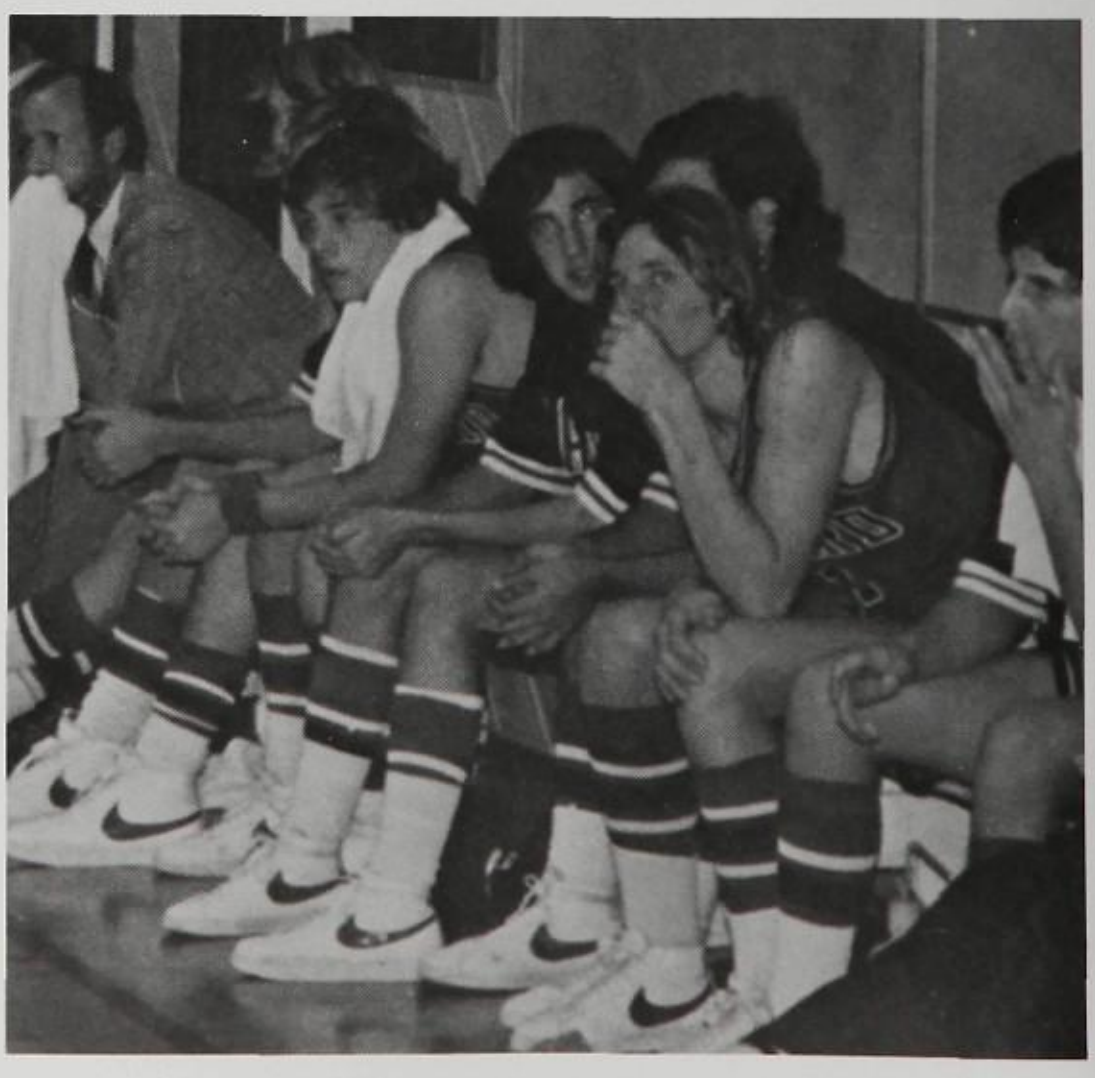
Frosh-Soph Water Polo

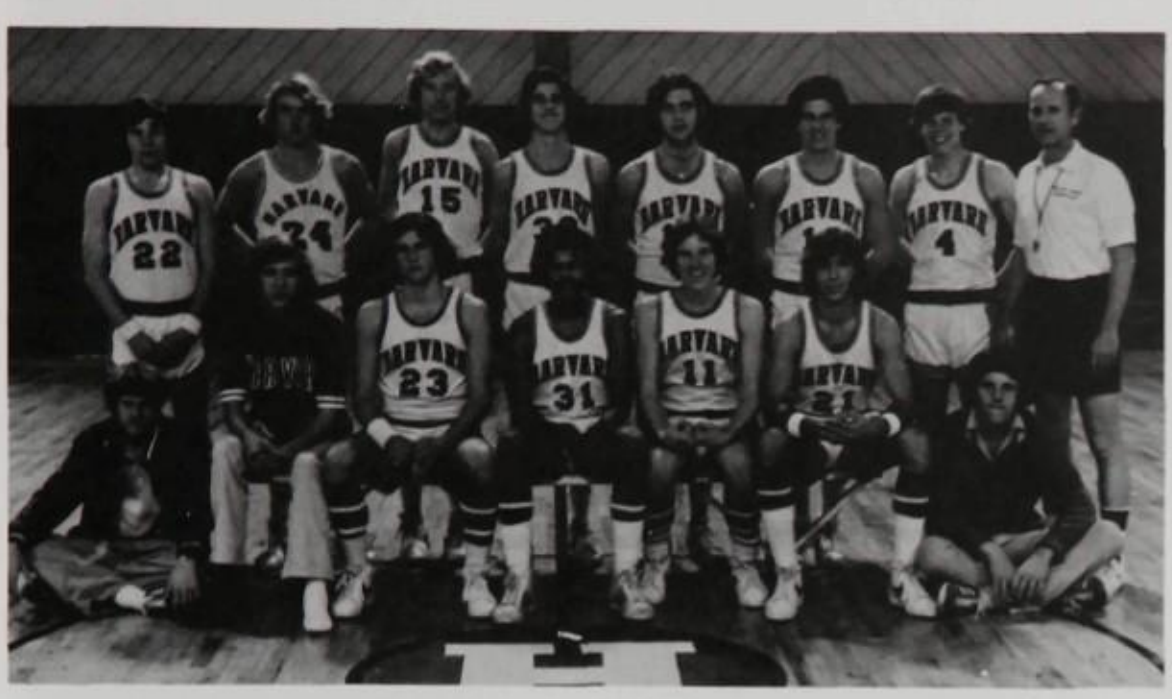
(top row) Coach Wilson, Stuart, Salmore, Youngdahl, Andrews, Corley, Coach Stewart. (middle row) Poplawski, Kuhns, Huggins, Girard, Adams, Grasska, Markes. (bottom row) West, Leach, Pasnau, Wander, Meyers, Cutler, Ahmanson.

Varsity Basketball



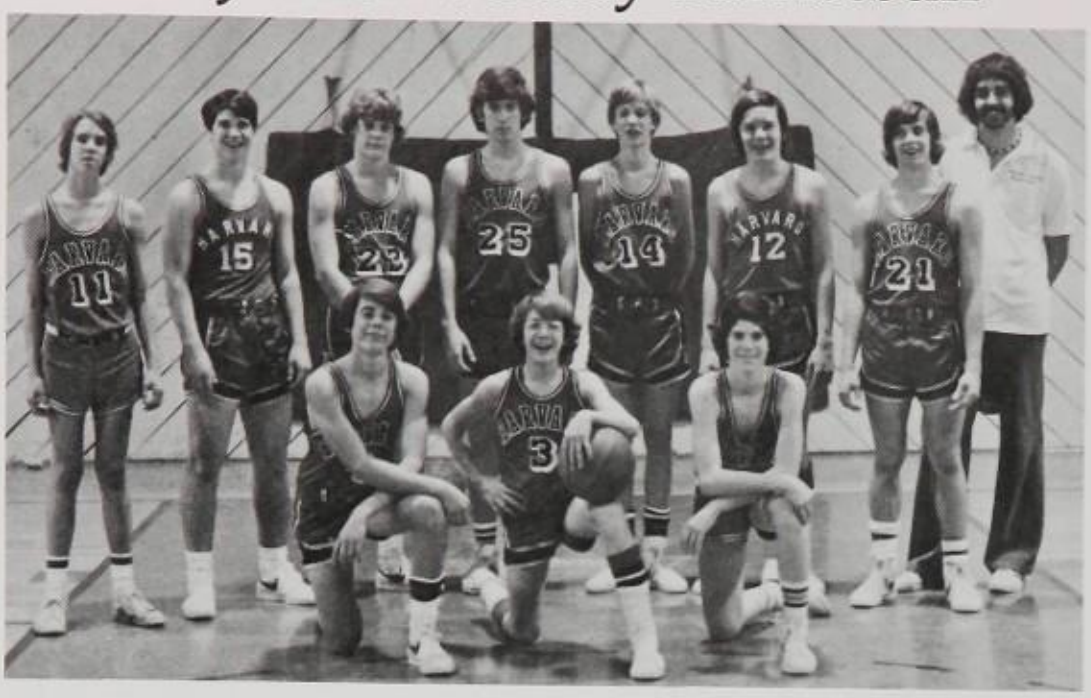


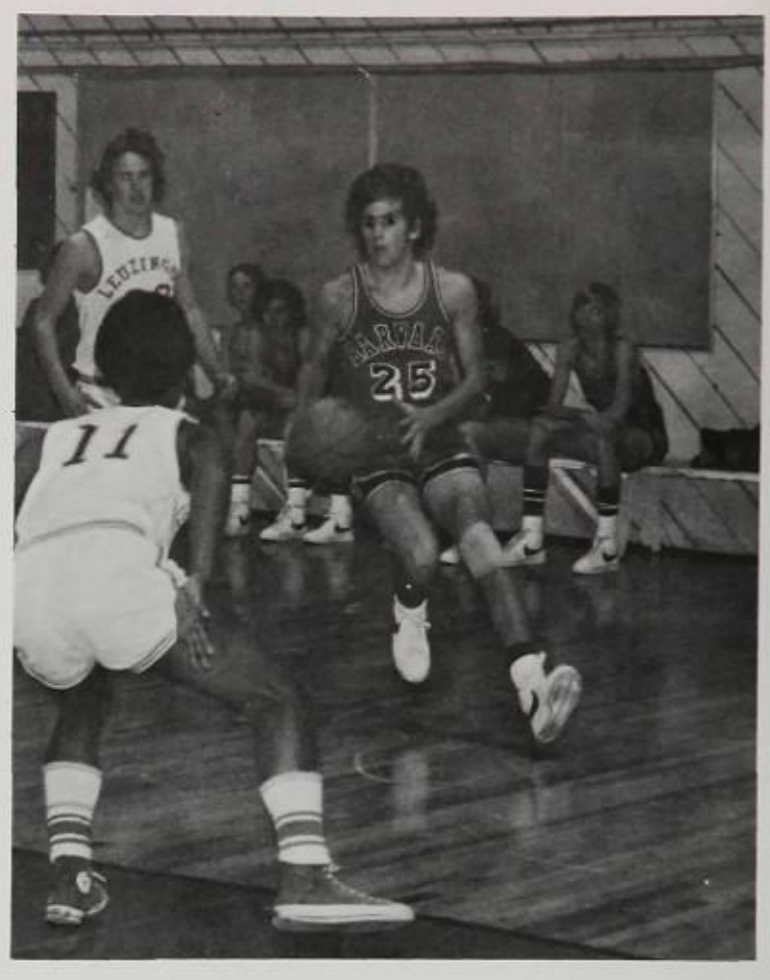




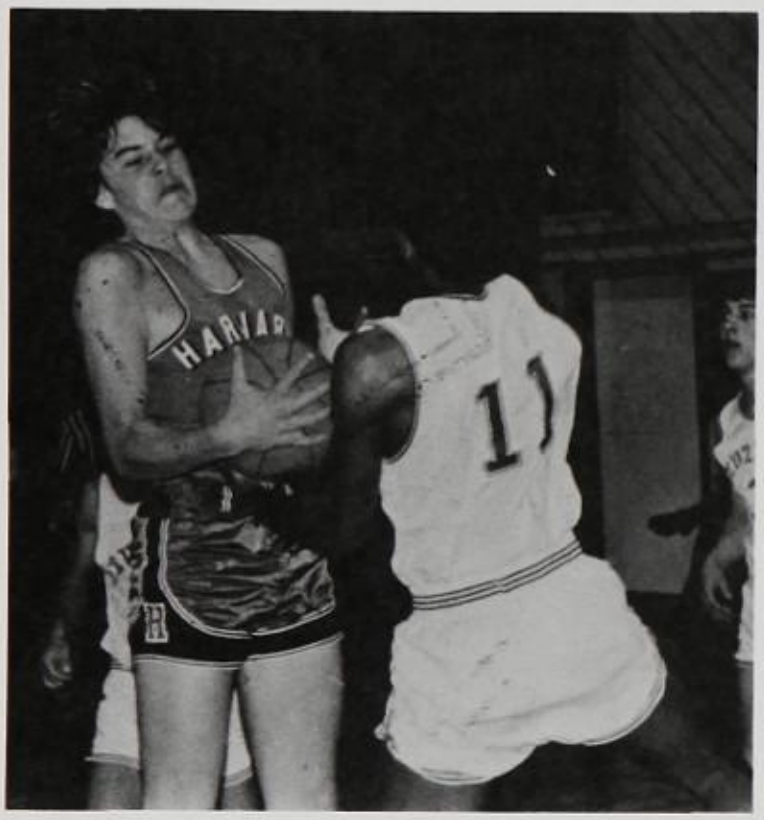
(top) Riach, Thompson, Elliott, Winters, Lipschutz, Browne, Rand, Coach Giles. (bottom) Reich, Dickinson, Fomon, Williams, Loughran, LoPresti.

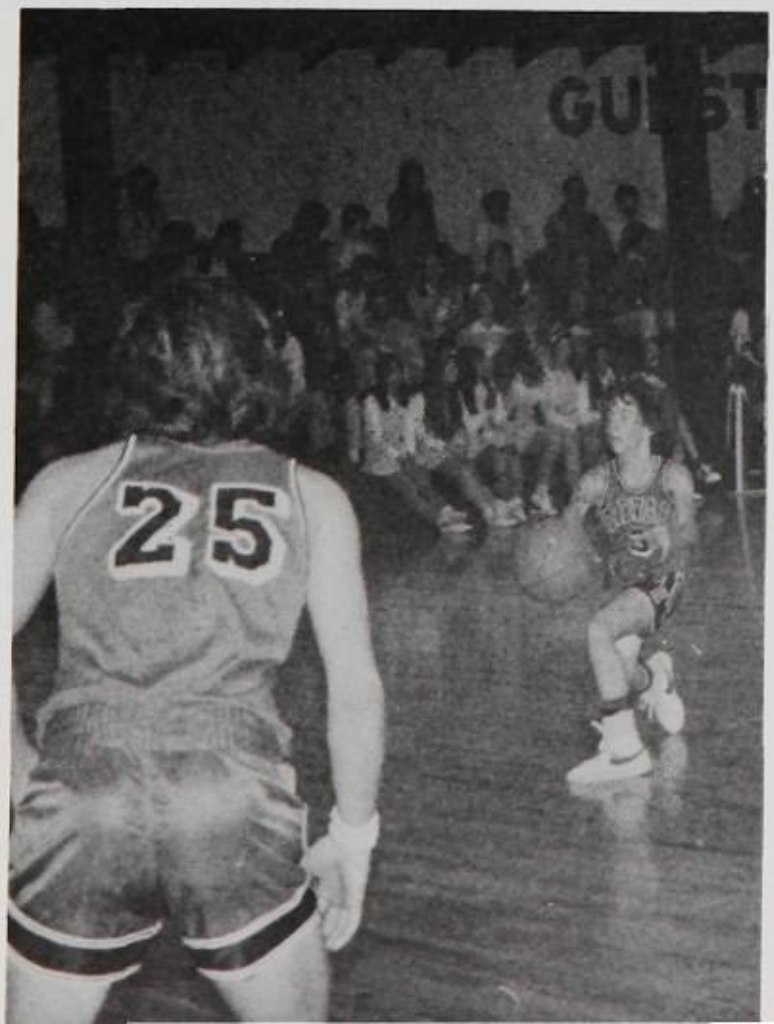
Junior Varsity Basketball





(top) Elder, Thabbit, Carroll, Bagnard, Porter, Moss, Pappas, Coach LoPresti. (bottom) Cazier, Castellano, Paplowski.





(top) Wiggins, Kim, Ford, Yam, Wright, Williams, Coach Hinman.
(bottom) Flintoft, Josephs, Heyman, Moriarty.

Sophomore

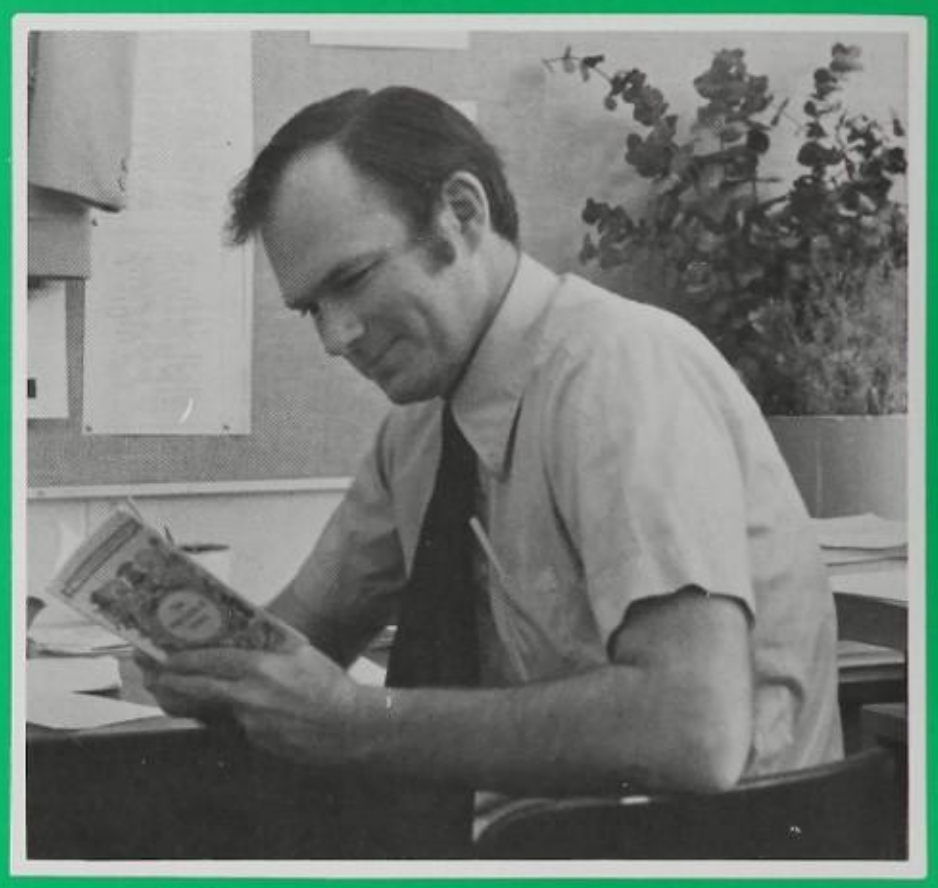
Freshman

(top) Eichler, Maloney, Corley, Barnes, Slatkin, Blackman. (middle) Coach Winetrobe, Brunson, Weintraub, Youngdahl, Andrews, Masket, Moses, Kelly. (bottom) Cohen, Neville, Chew, Fruin, Shumway, Aronson.

english

Robert E. Archer
Chairman of English Department
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.S.C.
Seven Years

"I enjoy reading, of course, but my work during recent years hasn't supplied many opportunities for the studious life."
Conway
The Lost Horizon



"I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side."
Romeo and Juliet

"the things you say"
Mrs. Moore, are we doing anything *important* today?
When is it due?

Are you coming to our game?
Why are we doing this?

Are you kidding?
I don't get it!

Will you help me? This is the cafeteria!
Lousy! Lousy! Lousy!

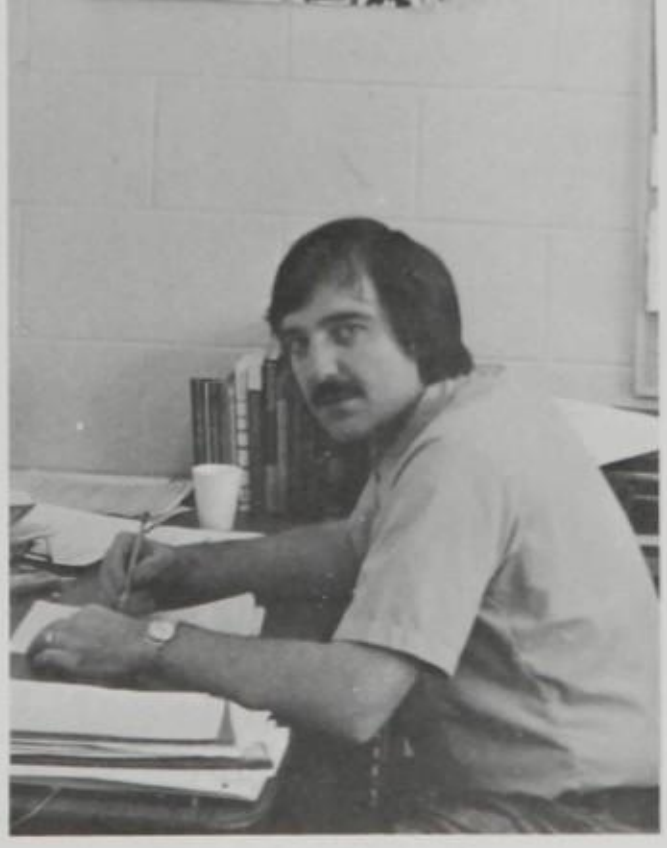
Have you graded them yet?
Mamm, this is unfair!
Have a nice day, Mrs. Moore!

Katherine Anne Moore
B.A. Wellesley
M.A. Stanford
Five Years

Philip Holmes
B.A. U.S.C.
M.A. Duke
Eight Years

Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you would make of me: you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops . . . Why do you think that I am easier to be played on, than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Hamlet, Act III, scene I



" 'Trust your personal power,' he said in my ear. 'That's all one has in this whole mysterious world.' "

Journey to Ixtlan, Carlos Castaneda

Susan Dietz
B.A. Cornell
M.A. Pennsylvania
Ph.D. Pennsylvania
One Year

Joy Diskin
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. C.S.U.L.A.
Two Years

Education is . . . hanging around until you've caught on.

Robert Frost

New opinions are alway suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common.

John Locke

I am only one,
But still I am one,
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do
the something that I can do.

E.E. Hale

Janet Gardner
A.B. U.C. Davis
M.A. Stanford
One Year

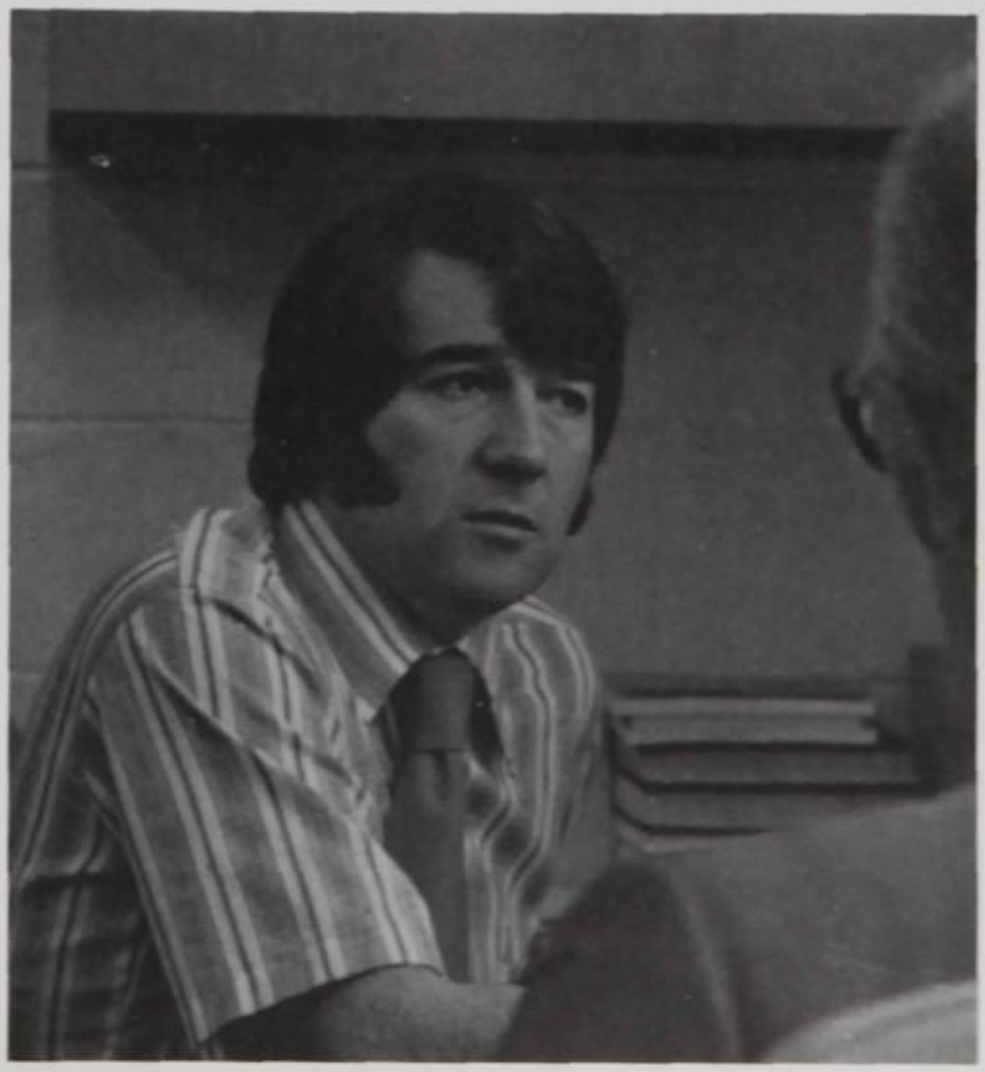
"A man of knowledge is one who has followed truthfully the hardships of learning. A man who has, without rushing or without faltering, gone as far as he can in unraveling the secrets of power and knowledge."
don Juan

"Falstaff: Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad without seeming so.
Henry IV Part I

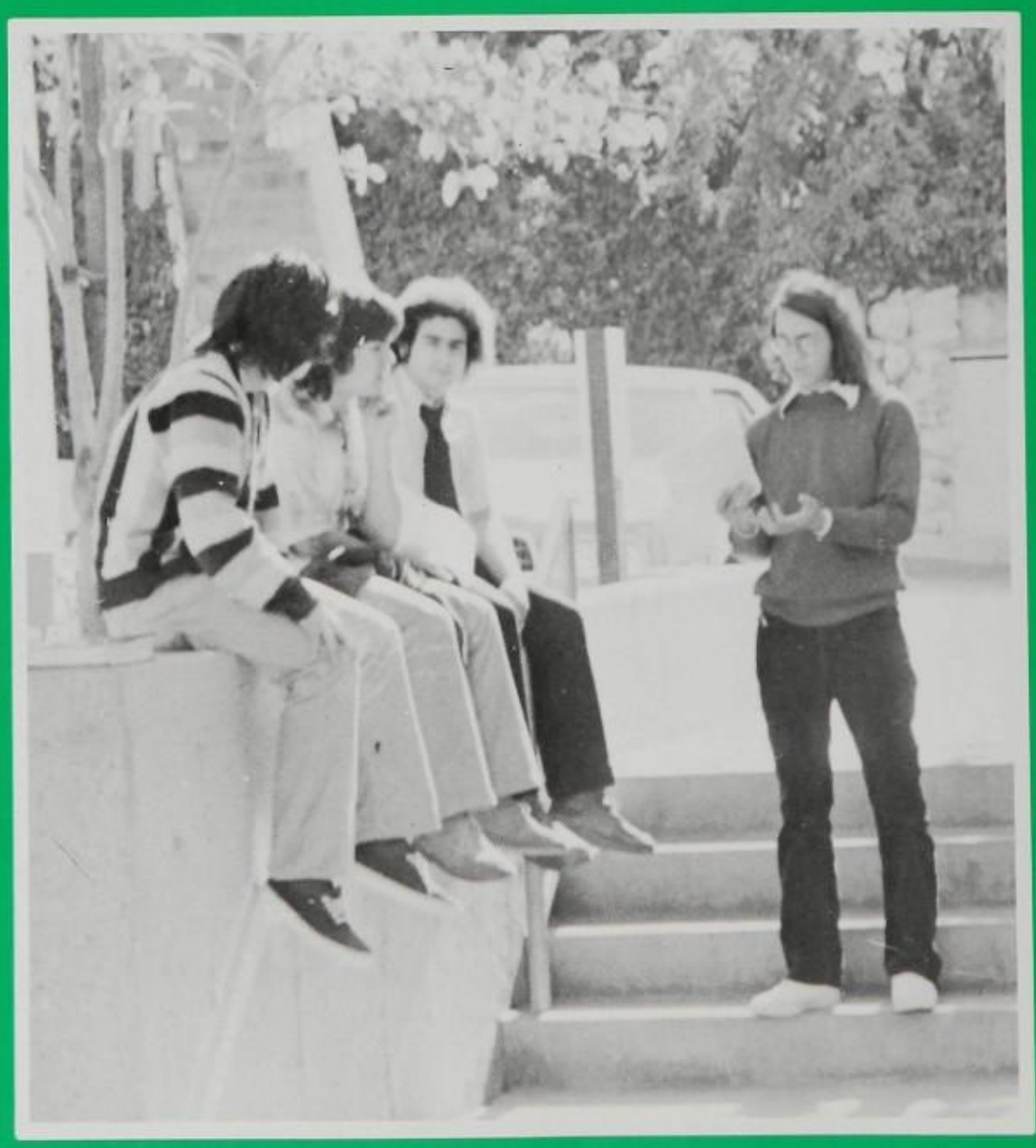
Harold L. Richardson
B.A. Stanford
One Year

T. Patrick Hill
B.D. Pontifical Lateran University
B.A. Cambridge
M.A. Cambridge
Dip. Ed. Cambridge
One Year

"There is a thought that stops thought. That is the only thought that ought to be stopped."
G.K. Chesterton



Juniors



Jeff Adler
Jeff Anderman
Bill Bennett
Dave Bennett
Bryan Boone
Aric Browne

Kevin Caffey
Andy Caine
Jim Carroll
Mark Carroll
Rick Caruso
Brian Castle

Scott Christopher
Pat Cohen
Jon Cooksey
Bennet Davis
Doug Dickinson
Jeff Dillman

John Dunbar
Bill Elder
Doug Erwin
Chris Escher
Kyle Fauntleroy
John Fenwick

Bob Fomon
Dave Frankl

Hans Fredericks
Skip Gillette

Eddie Glantz
Wesley Groves

Dave Haddad
Mike Healy

Mike Herbert
Steve Hinds

Josh Holland
Jon Hookstratten
Greg Horwitz
John Howard
Jim Isaacs

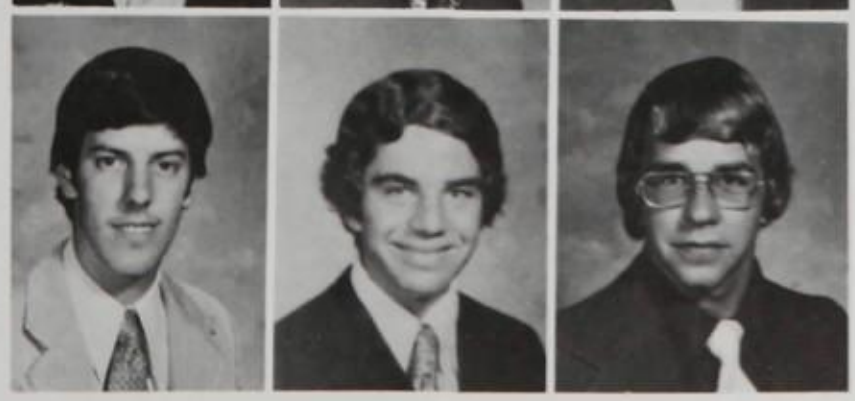
Vince Jefferds
Ken Kaiser
Matt Kayden
Adam Kessler
Wes King

Glenn Kirkeby
Mike Kirkwood
Dan Kopman
Neal Leonard
Doug Levinson

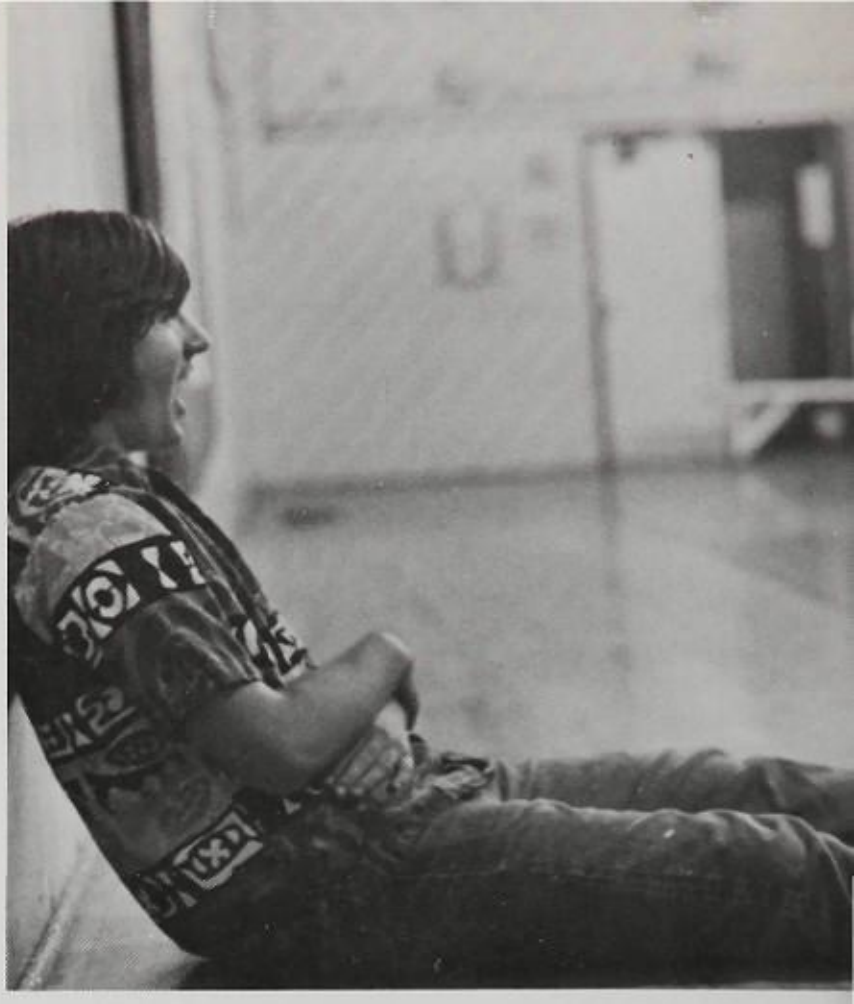
Tony Lomax
Ken Loughran
Jamie MacDougall
Brian Maddox
David Mael

Bob Maloney
Tom Mampalam
Bob Marsalli

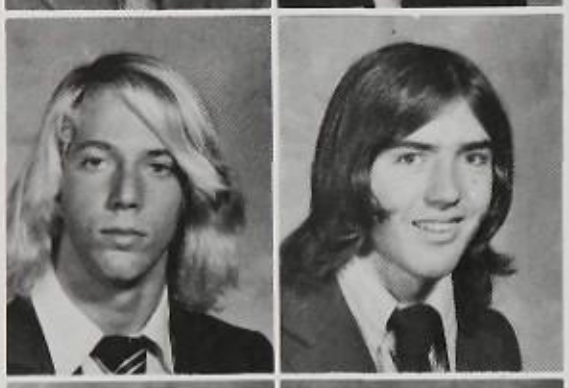
Eric Marx
Chuck Maytum
Mike Meryash



Matt Mettler
John Meyer
Randy Miller

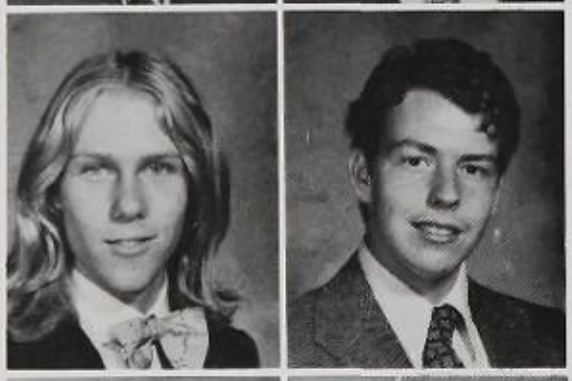


Mark Millman
Clay Mitchel

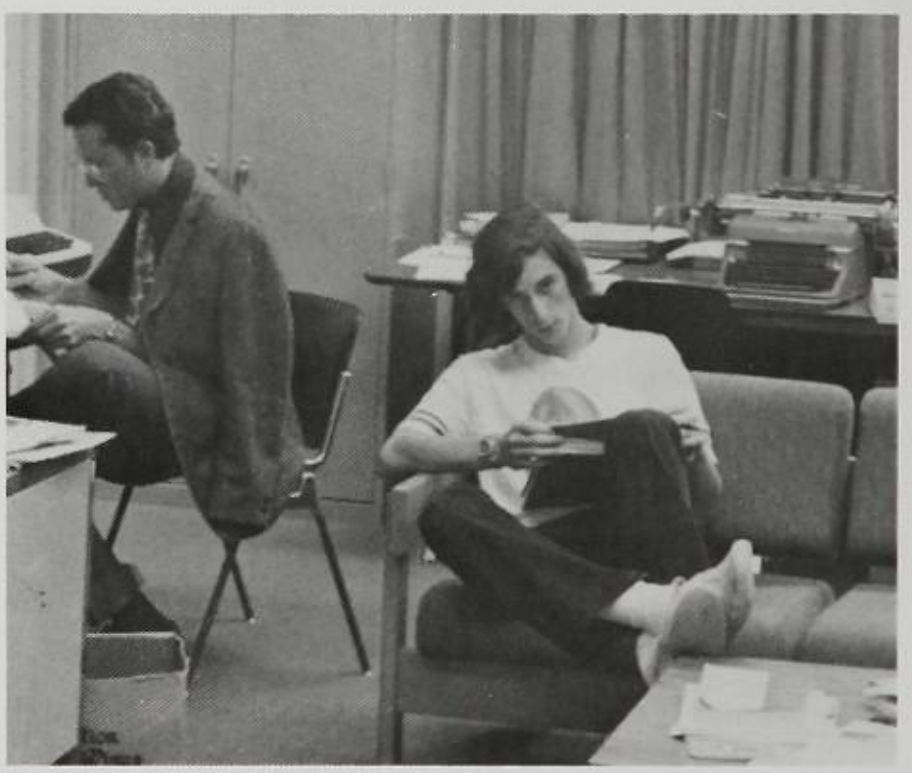


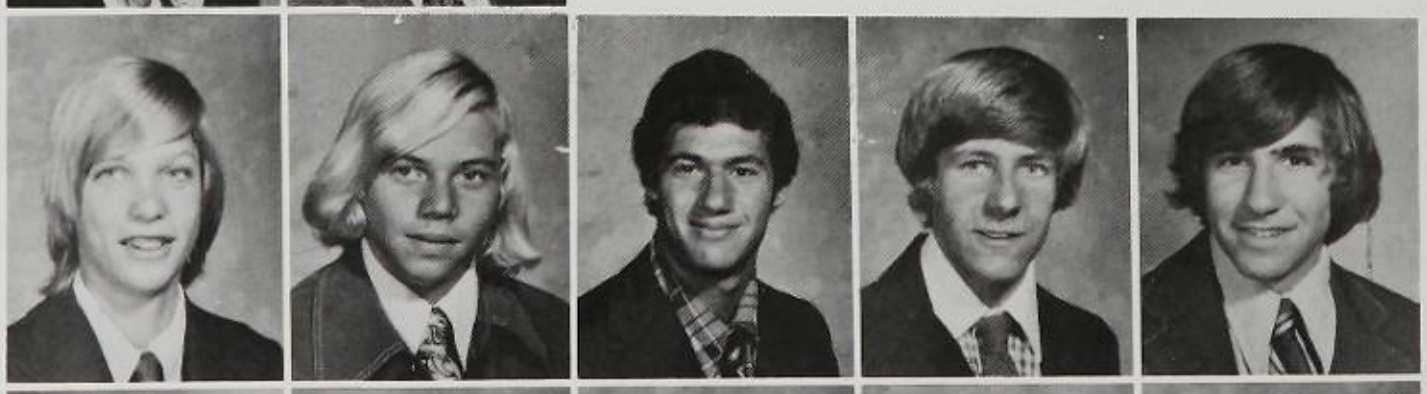
Mike Mitchell
John Morland

Dave Nelson
Steve Paul

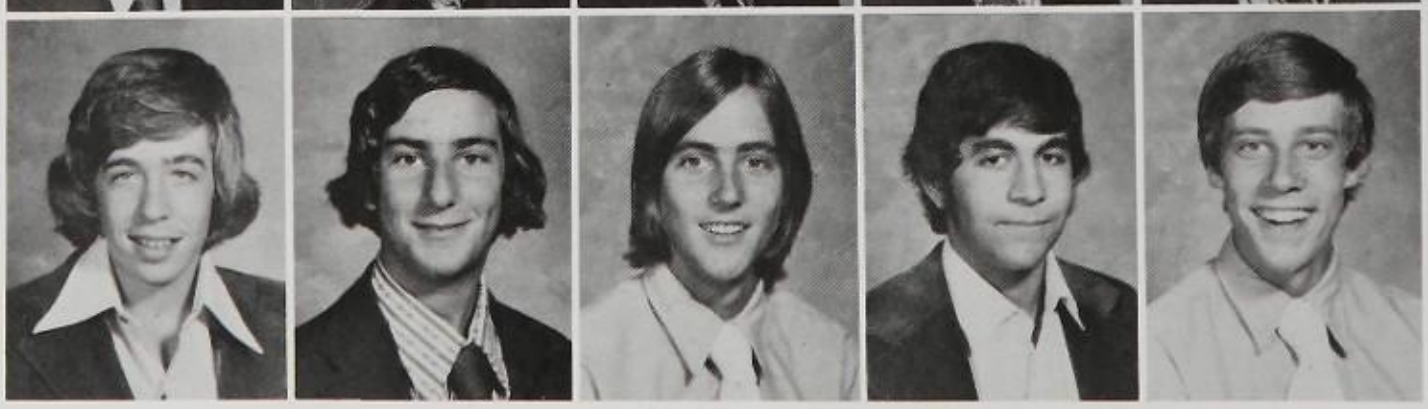


Terry Payne
Bill Plants





Greg Porter
Ron Radstrom
Steve Rayman
Bill Reich
Jim René



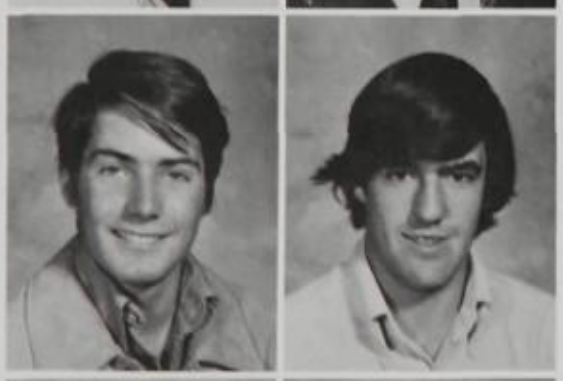
Dave Rheinstein
Jay Rosenberg
Ted Rutter
Mike Samuelian
Joachim Scharfe

Eric Schuur
Zachary Sharp
Bill Sims

Charles Stack
Jeff Stern
Jeff Symonds

Richard Tashma
Ted Thompson
Brad Thorson
Tom Trainer
John Ungerleider

Willis Urick
Ian Wayne



Lionel Whitman
Chris Wood

Bill Zimmerman
Darryl Zimmerman

JUNIORS — Not Shown
Greg Banks
Rick Ferm
Robert Kleiman
Eric Lund
Daniel McCabe
Ron Reagan
Jerrold Tognazzini
Randy Williams

COLDWATER PIPELINE

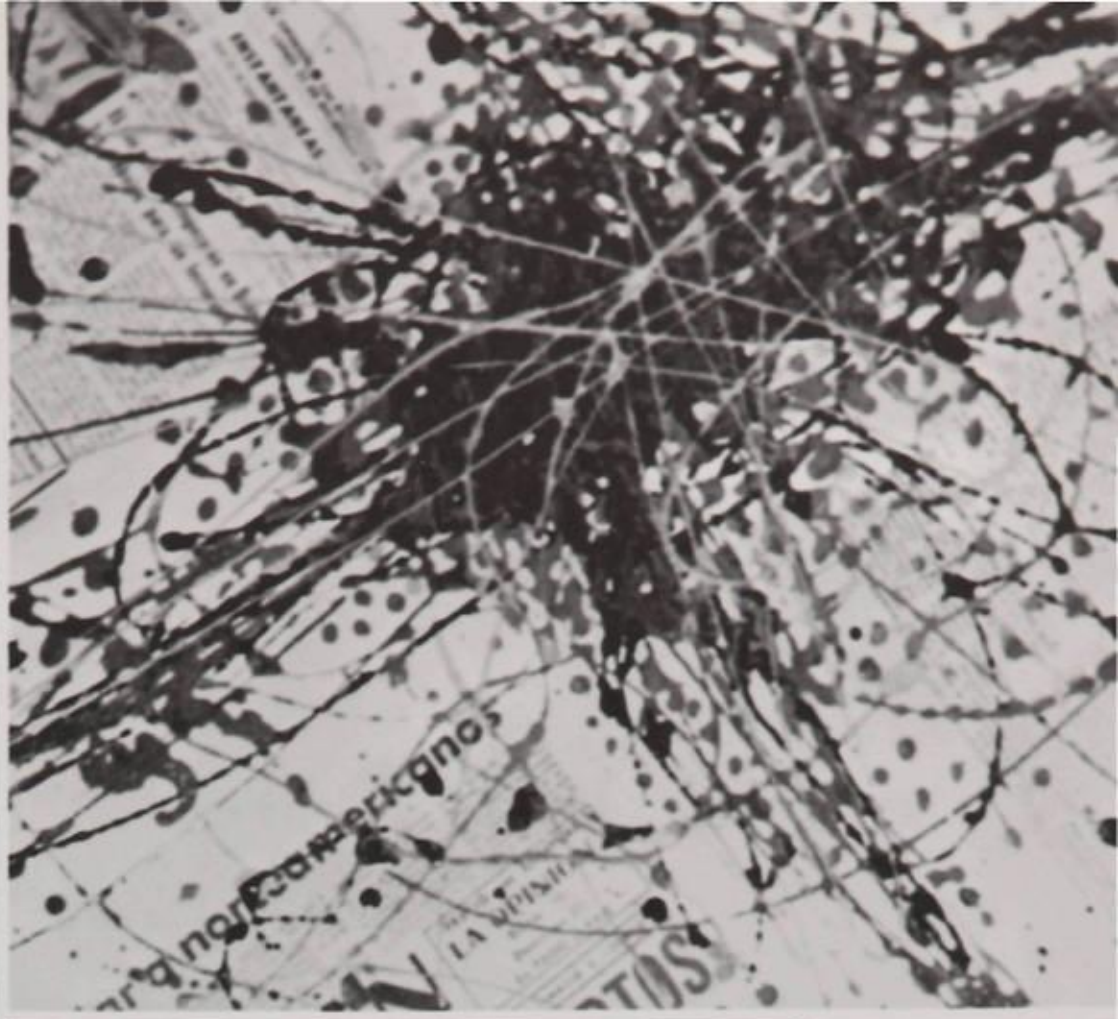
Editor-in-Chief: Tom Carroll
Editorial Board: Bill Hohl, Bruce Falstein, Steve Winters, Steve Moss, Mike Kerr, Mark Lipshutz, Scott Thompson, John Morland, Greg Banks, Chris Escher, Jeff Stern, John Ungerleider, Neal Leonard.

Tom Carroll and the other members of the Editorial Board have attempted to make this paper an interesting and vital part of the school. However, in the past year there has been much criticism of the paper by members of the administration, members of the faculty, and members of the student body. I believe that the primary cause of this large volume of criticism is the tremendous disparity between the various conceptualizations of the role of the school paper at Harvard. The members of the administration, the faculty, the student body, and the staff of the paper all seem to view the role of the paper in a different way. There are also vast differences of opinion within these sub-groups.

One member of the faculty that I spoke to believes that the primary functon of the school paper is to inform and entertain. He said editorials should be used sparingly, and only when direct communication with the administration has failed. Another member of the faculty expressed concern over the fact that the name of the paper had been changed without the previous knowledge of the faculty or the student body. He said something to the effect that the paper does not belong to any particular group of individuals in any particular year, but rather to the school as a whole. Mr. Berrisford told me that he thinks that the paper should emphasize the positive aspects of the school while informing the student body about past and future events. I personally agree with his philosophy about the Harvard paper, but it could also be said that his philosophy is based on the fact that his job creates a vested interest in a positive paper. In general, after talking to both students and faculty, I conclude that most people at the school believe that the paper should inform and entertain instead of editorializing so much.

I can't help but agree with this opinion. I have two major criticisms of the recent issue of the Pipeline. This is also self-criticism because I have been a member of the Editorial Board since it was conceived. My first criticism is that in recent issues many "factual" articles became indistinguishable from editorials. There is no place for this mixture of purposes in a first-class paper. Secondly, I feel that many of the editorials in recent issues have been poorly written and researched. Harvard is a school where there is easy access to any members of the administration. If anyone here has a problem, it is far better for him to discuss it with a member of the administration than to write immediately an editorial about it. In many cases, these people will find that the administrator will listen to their complaints and try to solve their problems. If this person has discussed his problem with an administrator, and he is still dissatisfied, then he should write an editorial which is fully researched and accurately and succinctly written. The role of a paper at a public school is different from the role of a paper at a school like Harvard. It is fine to become a cactus in the administrations' chair if that is the only way you can reach them. It is my personal opinion that an antagonistic "Voice of the People" type paper is an absurd idea at a school like Harvard.

— Bill Hohl



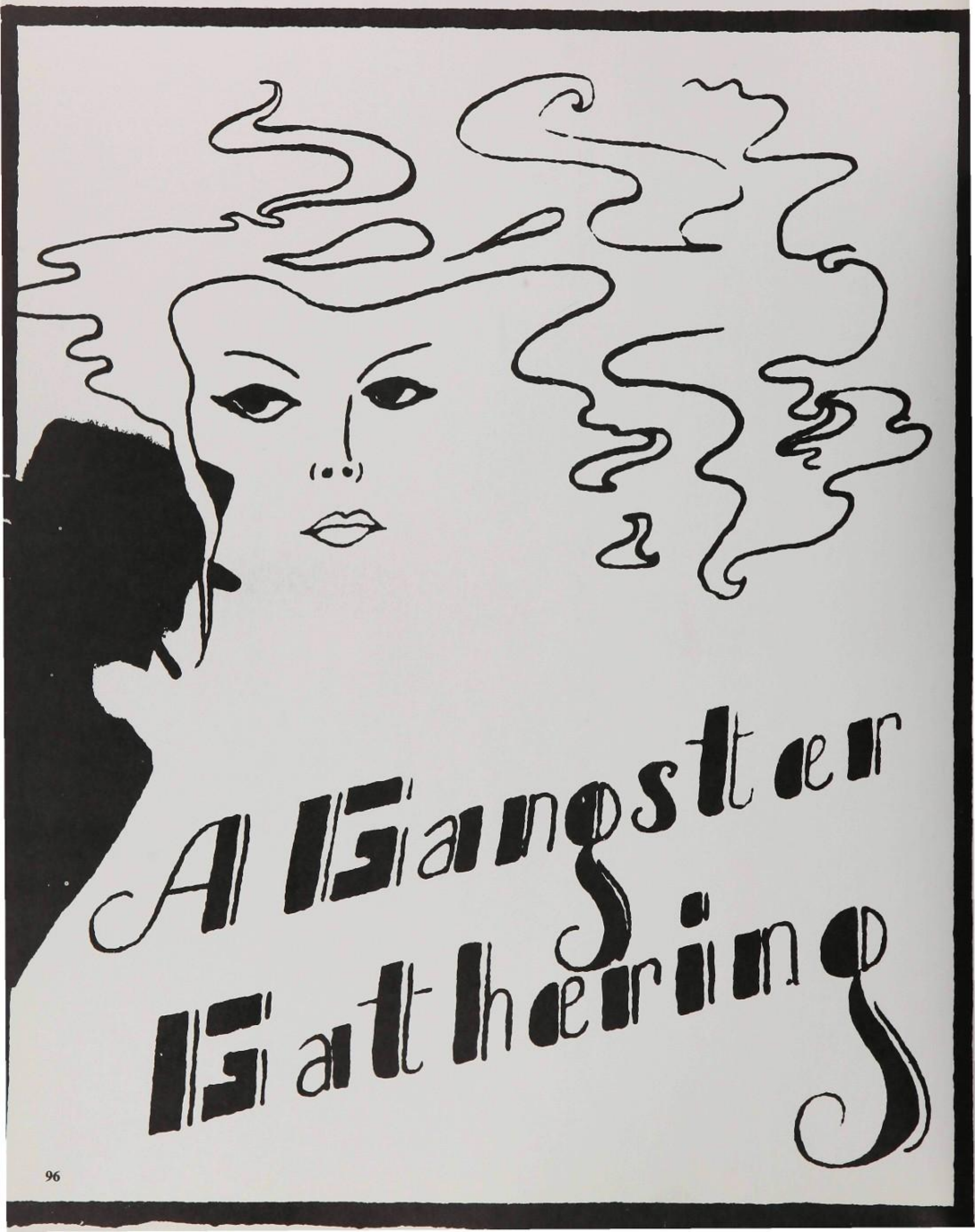
Abstract Art

Tuesday

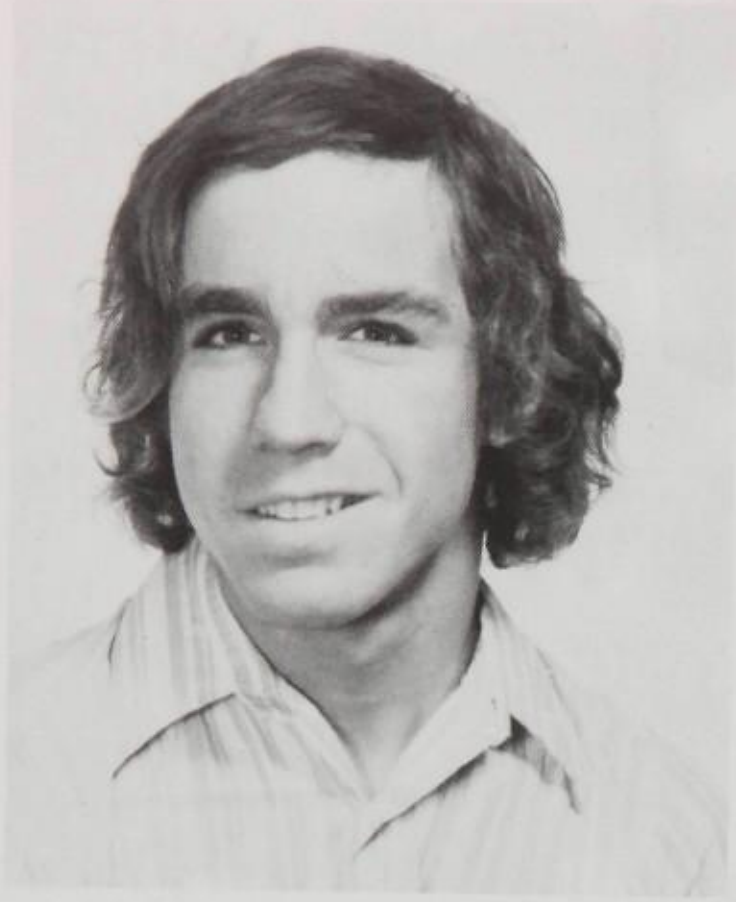
Ares

Ares, superior force,
Ares, chariot rider
Ares wears gold helmet,
Ares has mighty heart,
Ares, shield bearer,
Ares, gaurdian of the city,
Ares has armor of bronze,
Ares has powerful arms,
Ares never gets tired,
Ares, hard with spear,
Ares, rampart of Olympus,
Ares, father of Victory,
who herself delights in war,
Ares, helper of justice,
Ares overcomes other side,
Ares, leader of most just men,
Ares carries staff of manhood,
Ares turns his fiery bright cycle
among the Seven-signed tracks
of aether, where flaming charges
bear him forever
over the third orbit!
Hear me,
helper of mankind,
dispensor of youth's sweet courage,
beam down from up there
your gentle light
on our lives,
and your martial powers,
So that I can shake off
cruel cowardice
from my head,
and diminish that deceptive rush
of my spirit, and restrain
that shrill voice in my heart
that provokes me
to enter the chilling din of battle.
You, happy god,
give me courage,
let me linger
in the safe laws of peace,
and thus escape
from battles with enemies
and the fate of a violent death.

The Prom



Chuck Colby

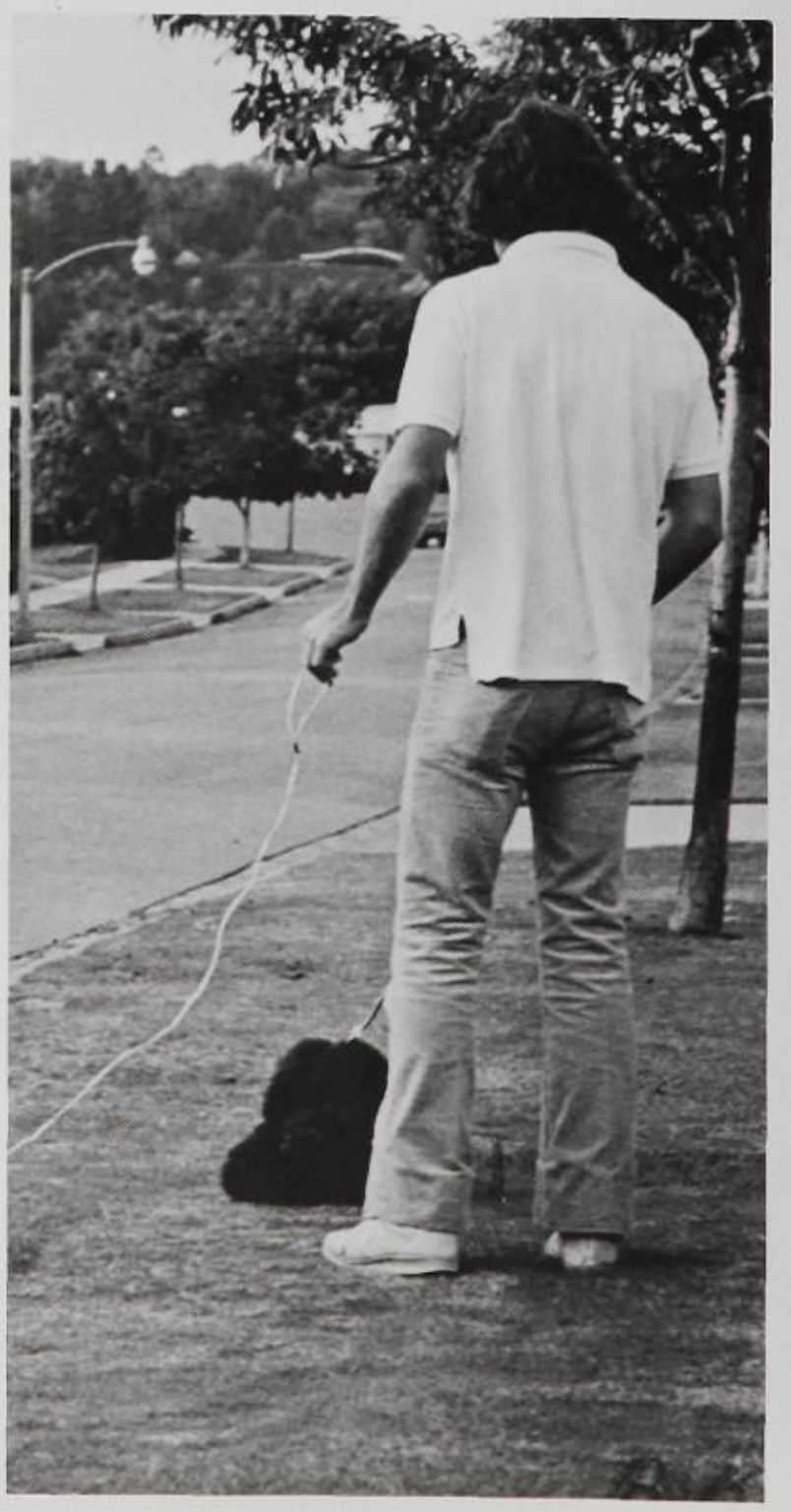


John Cruikshank

"those to whom the miseries of the world are misery, and will not let them Rest."

— Shakespeare

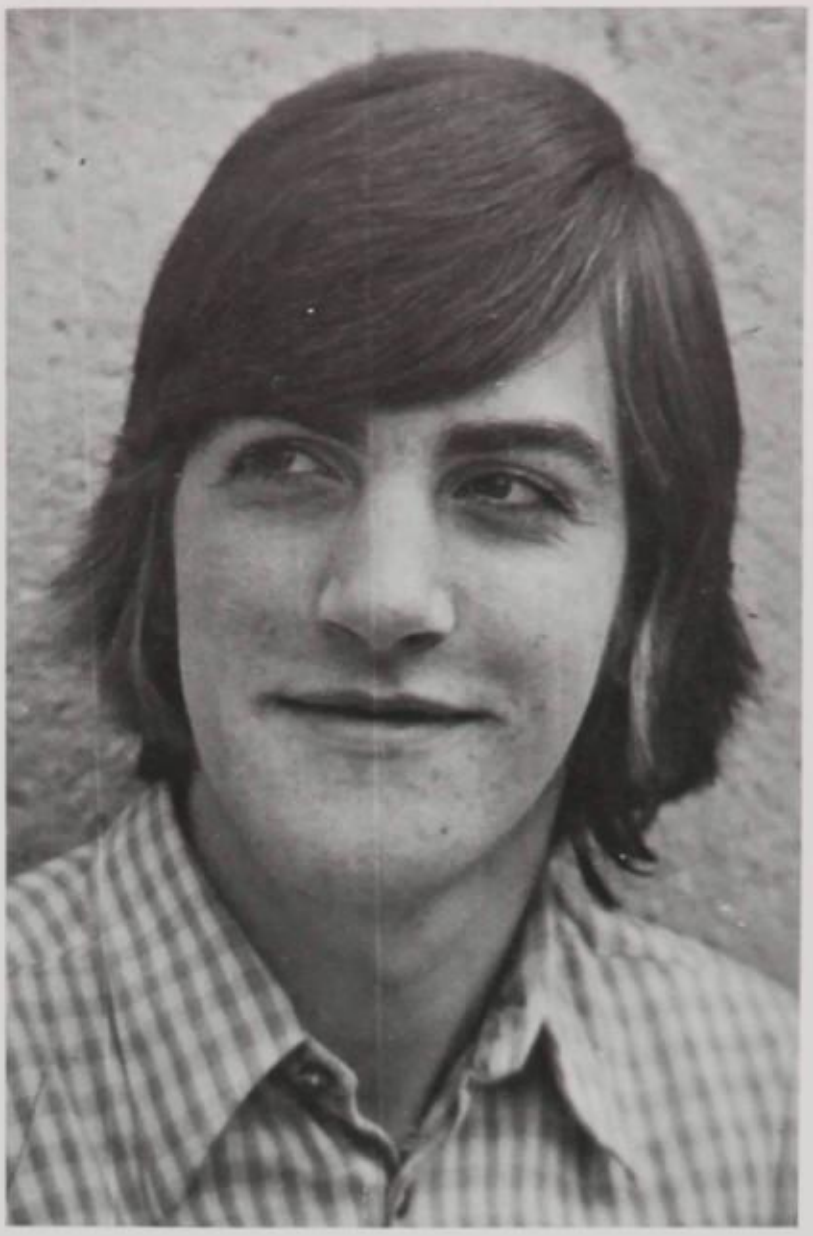
I, John Cruikshank, otherwise known as: Shank, Crank, Crook, Cranklehose, and Shankcovy, as well as a variety of unmetionables, do hereby leave behind these items to the following: to Charlie, oops, almost blew it. To Greg, those early morning trips over Coldwater behind that smokey hearse of yours. The significance of Mrs. Pregleman and that Lady with the bad eyes. To Jim, that cop that's still looking for us and that date of yours with that Blond Bomber. To Rand, Melanie, and all those wasted hours sitting around the cafeteria. To Jeff, a strong and lasting friendship. To Karsten and Robin, hope that you had a good time, and try to stay out of trouble. To Dave, sorry about that, but it was a great party! To James P., "Watch out for the other guy." To all the rest, good luck, take care of yourselves, and thanks for the good times. And to that select group of teachers, your understanding and thanks for helping me through it all To my brother Bill, good times, zamboni and BONG INC. Lastly, my deepest love and gratitude to those two who made this all possible — my parents . . . Bye!!

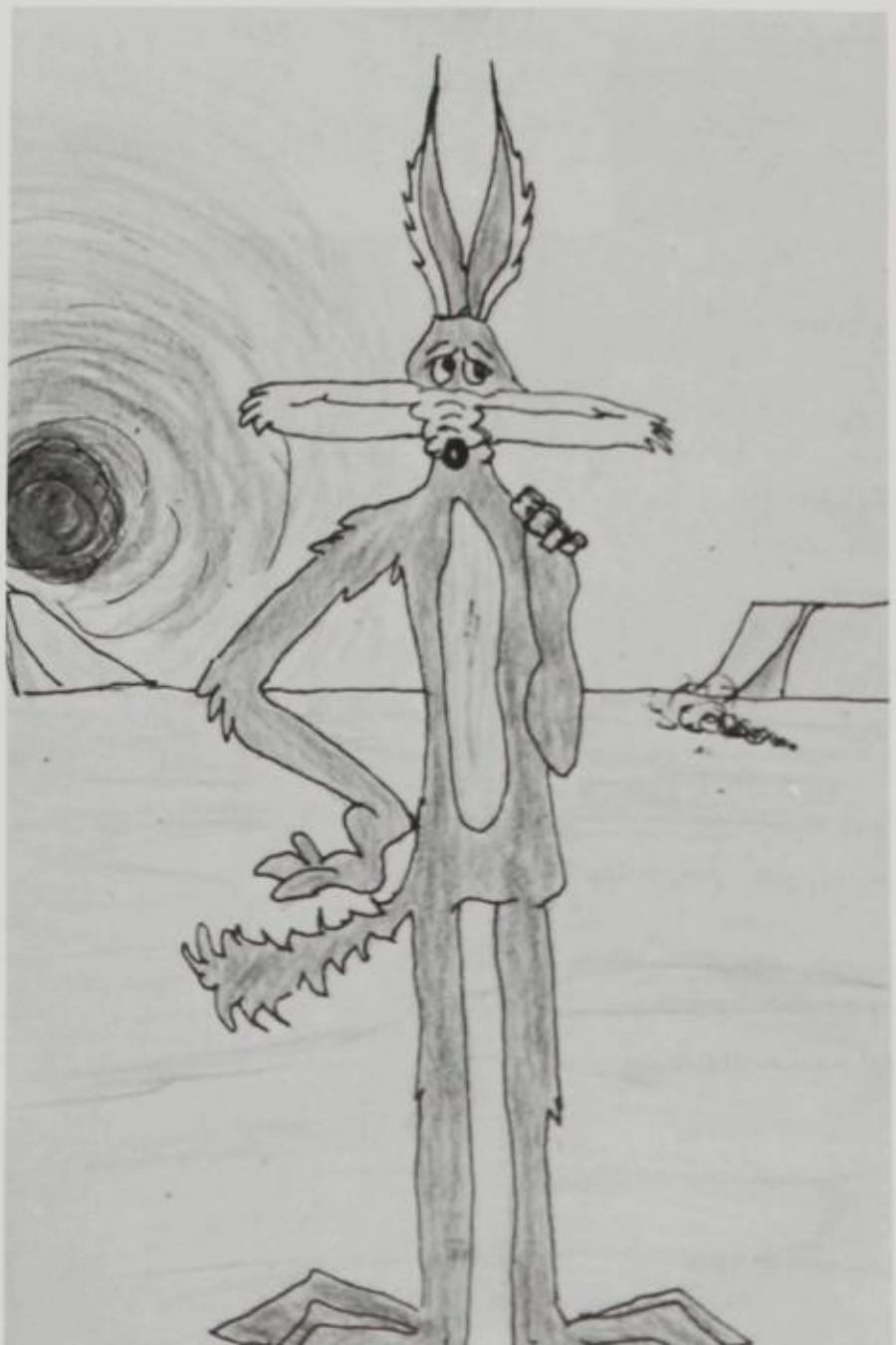


Carsten Dahl

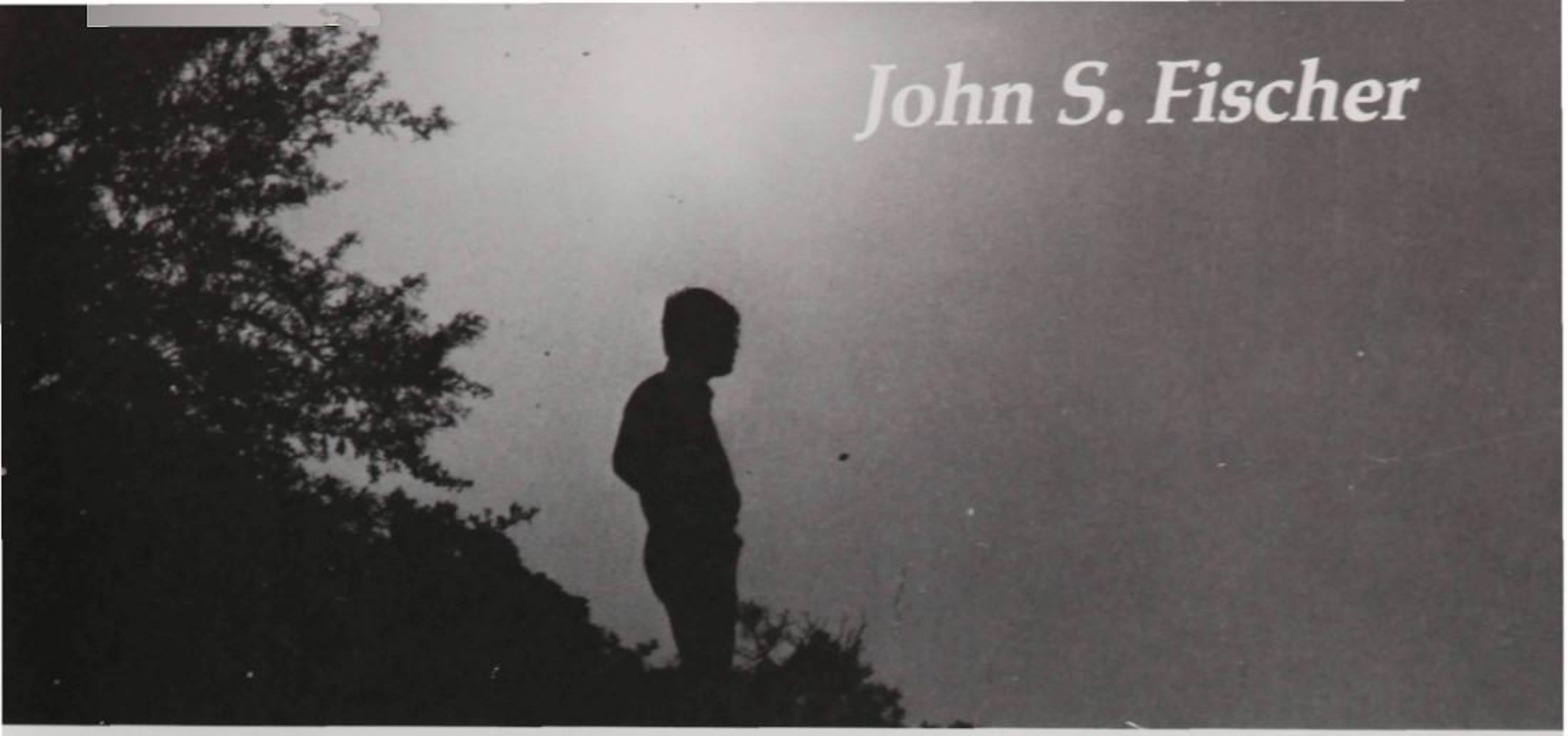
My American Family

My Danish Family





Gregg Elliott



John S. Fischer

I suppose that the conventional wisdom surrounding Harvard School's existence is that it furthers one's educational process. Education, what is it? Why is it? Education is but one means among many which promises to serve one's desires in the future. It is not, as some would have it, when properly pursued, a ticket to success and happiness. These abstract goals are the illusive sum of the great many things, not the least of which is education. One's education is but a long and sometimes frustrating step, where some of life's ground rules and variables are introduced, and should not be unduly dwelt upon. After all, life is the purpose of education, not the other way around.

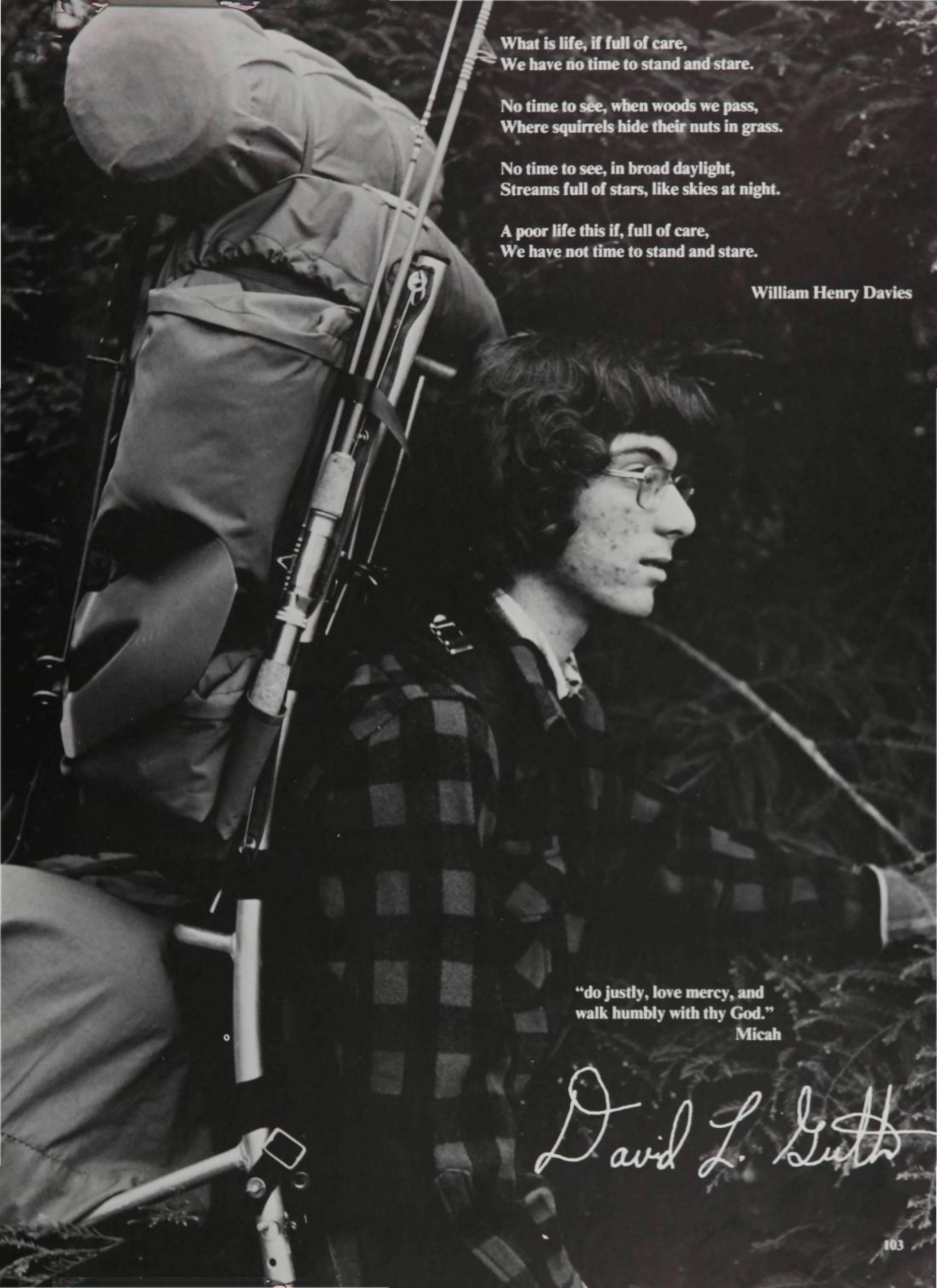
Education's most important service is to plant into the minds of students the seeds of change. These seeds, if properly cultivated, may grow and flourish, and will in turn succumb to even newer ideas, spawned by the old ones. To keep this cycle in motion is the true purpose and responsibility of Harvard School.

To all of my friends, especially Martin, Greg, Randy, John, and Kei, I would like to express a humble thank you, and leave you with a never-ending friendship. My sincere thanks go to all my teachers, particularly Fr. Gill, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Graziano, Mr. Martinez, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Rinnander, and Mr. Kawaguchi, who have helped to mold me into the individual I am today. Most of all, thanks to my parents, especially my mother, who has my undying admiration, respect, and love.

すみません

John S. Fischer

Russell Goodman



What is life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have not time to stand and stare.

William Henry Davies

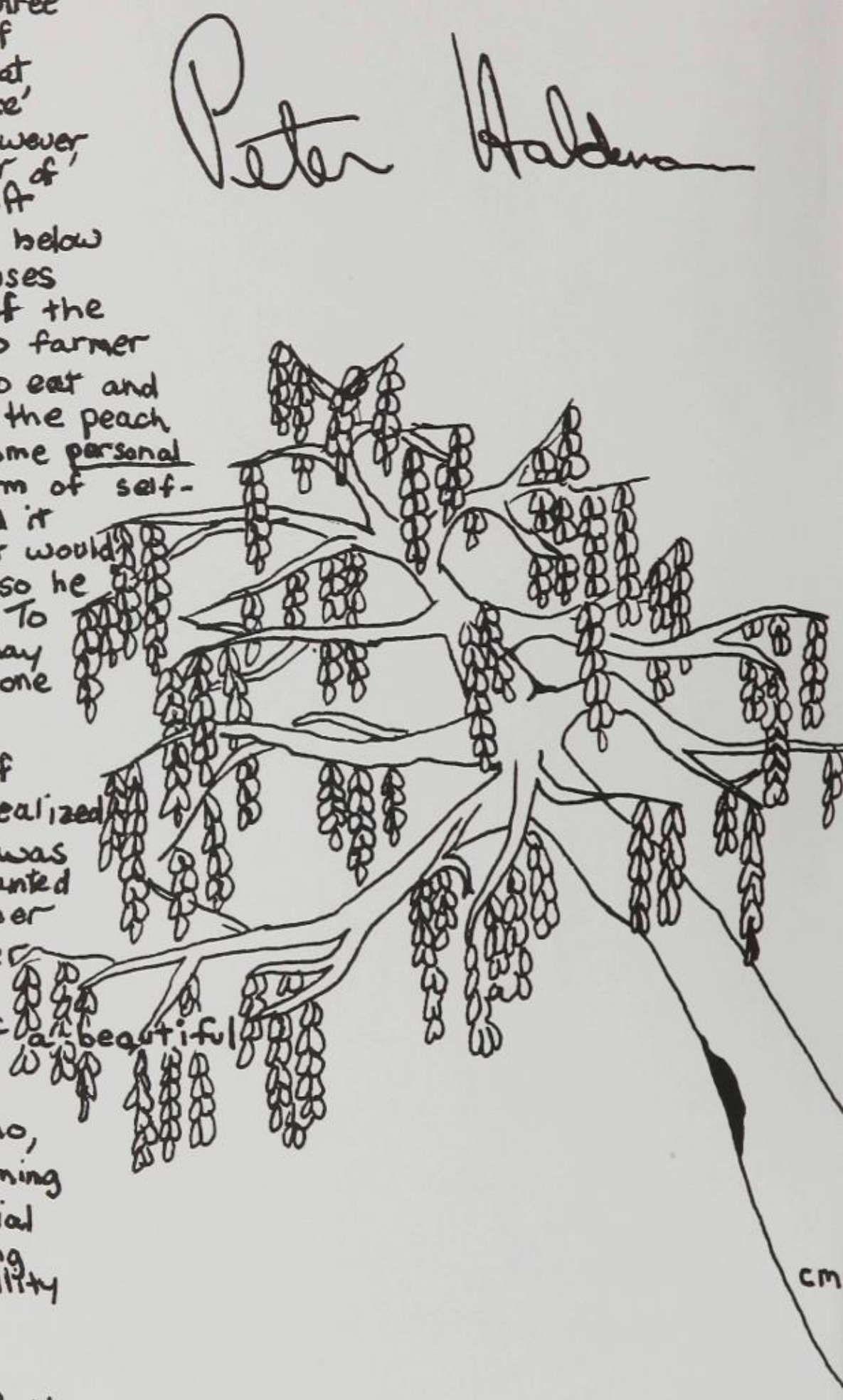
"do justly, love mercy, and
walk humbly with thy God."
Micah

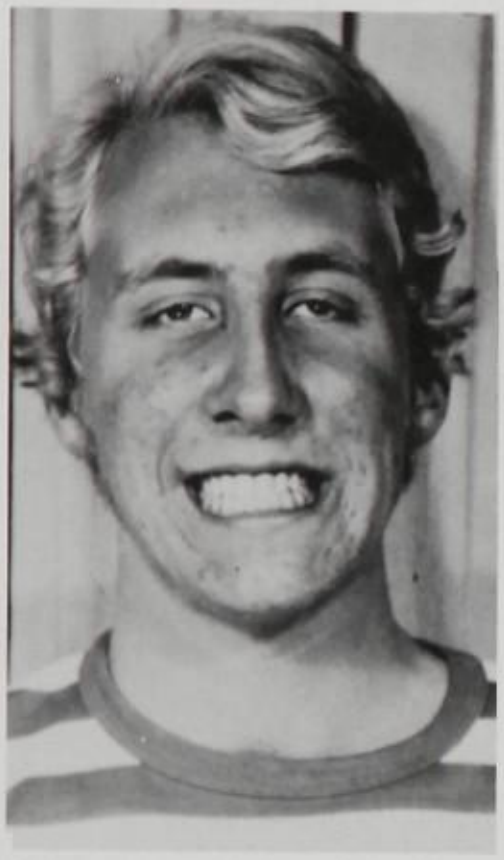
David L. Guth

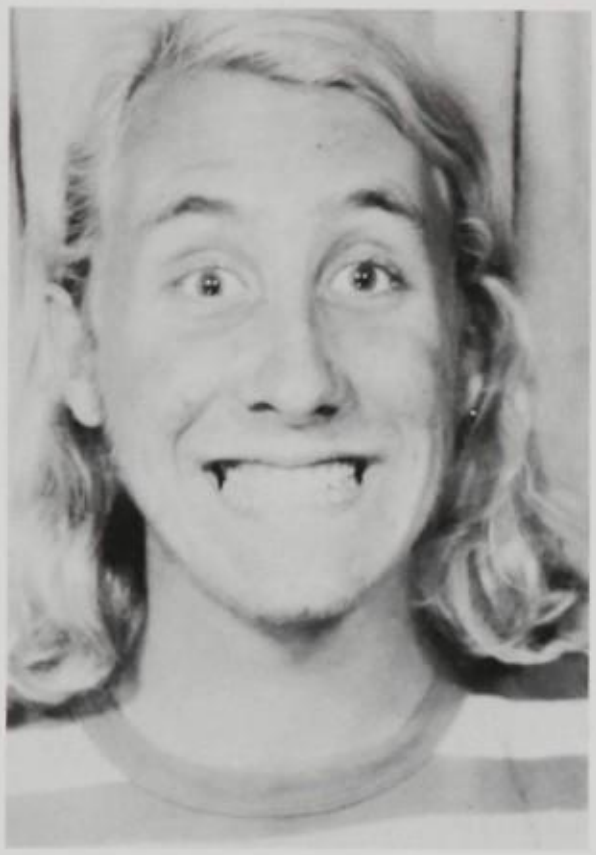
The old farmer's house was flanked on the left and right by two houses that were identical in appearance to his. All three also each rested on 2½ acres, or so, of land mostly occupied by small plots of wheat, barley, corn, lettuce, and other sustenance vegetation. The house on the right, however, was surrounded by a circular cluster of peach trees, and the house on the left had a lively garden of snap-dragons below the porch, both of which lent the houses a charm not exuded by the house of the old farmer in the middle. As the old farmer tended to his fields daily, in order to eat and survive, he could not help noticing the peach trees and snap-dragons. He, too, had some <u>personal</u> thing he had wanted to plant - some form of self-expression, so to speak, but was afraid it would fail to grow, or even worse, it would be laughed at by his neighbors, and so he stared at their achievements in envy. To get to the climax of the story, if I may be so bold, as the old farmer awoke one morning, his heart skipped a beat.

Shocked as he was at this sign of his failing health, the old farmer realized he had not long to live, and if he was ever going to sow what he had wanted to for so long, he would soon never have the chance. The OLD farmer died three months later, but only after <u>finally</u> enjoying the growth of a drooping-Okmanga tree, the company of his two neighbors - (who, before his death, were always coming OVER to pick and sniff its ambrosial leaves and comment on its "amazing development") and, lastly, the ability to write this tale.

— P. H.







BEFORE AFTER

J.Z. & C.B.

William Mason Hohl

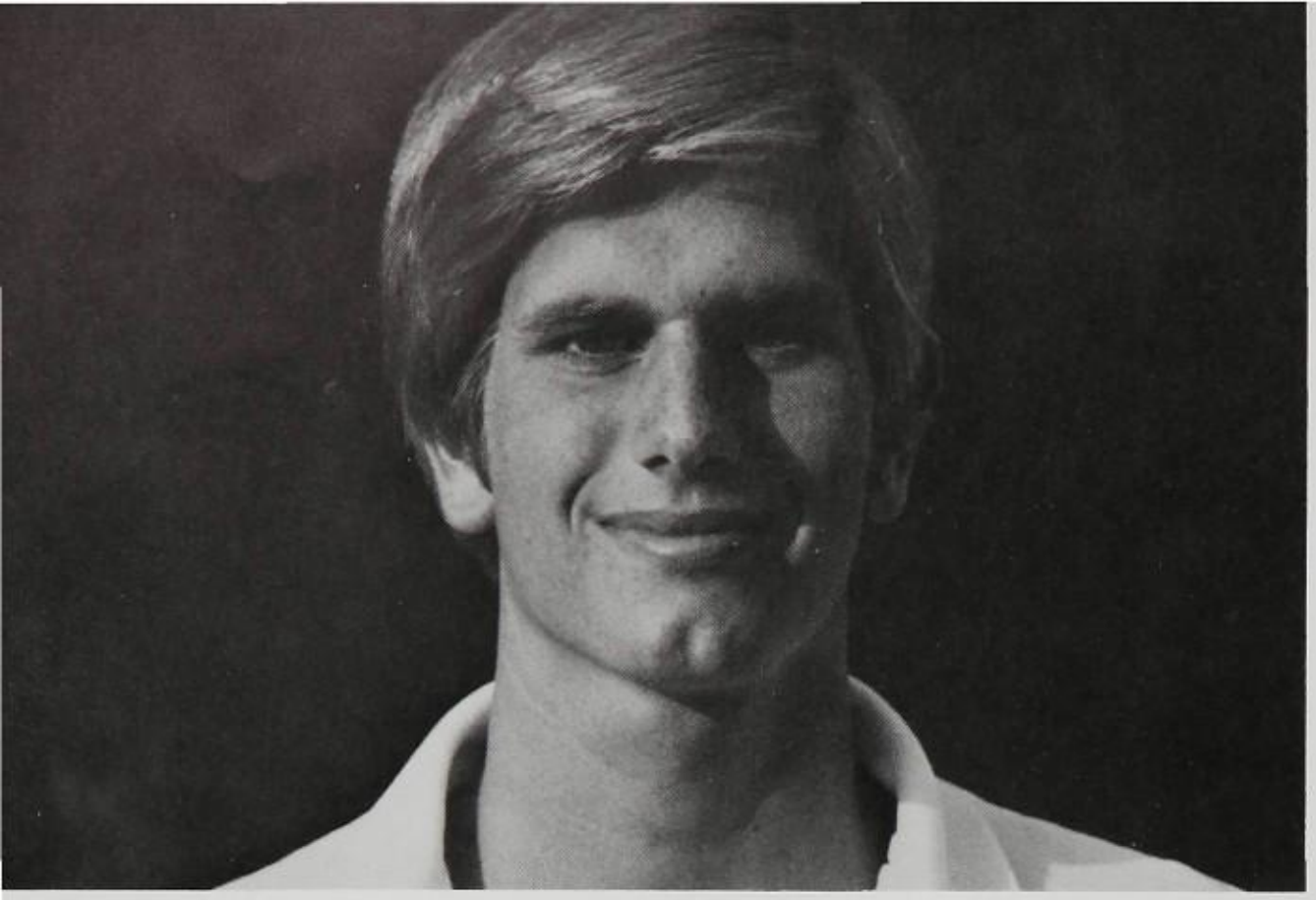
Magic Hair Growing Formula

Grow Your Own In Two Weeks!

To Mark: Henry Lester forever; BAR RUT; the realization that he is an exhibitionist; $2187; a M.O.L.S.A.N. award; continued Mitchells. To Ron: The knowledge that there is more than one Fish in the sea. To Jamie: R.B. and Swiss; shoe polish; Coach Allen. To Ralph: Our bathroom at the "Glory Hole," a beef Knish; a can of polish for the Heisman. To Dave: Columbo and a No. 2. To John Aniblo: "We'll get him some day," the success of B.A.N., Mrs. Moore as your defense attorney; the Wheez: an ounce of discretion. To George R. — good eating. To Thran: nine victory stogies: To Hinman: Questions, problems, and inhibitions to keep you busy: Many Thanks. To Berk: A three hour tape recording of airplanes, marching bands, and snoring; the knowledge that you could never have another class that could top ours; nightmares about Sanders and Cooper. To Mrs. Moore, Rocket Man, Mr. Miller, Mr. Clark, Larry Shriver, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Magusin, Mr. Michaud and Mr. Stewart: Thanks. To Mr. Ameer: Evel Knievel and Frank Cannon. To Mr. Berrisford: 600 John Zaro's. To Joe Ozawa: Special Thanks and good luck. To my parents: My love.

Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my potent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter
In sleep a king; but waking, no such matter.

— William Shakespeare



Martin John Maytum

Entered '69

Varsity Water Polo Tri-Captain

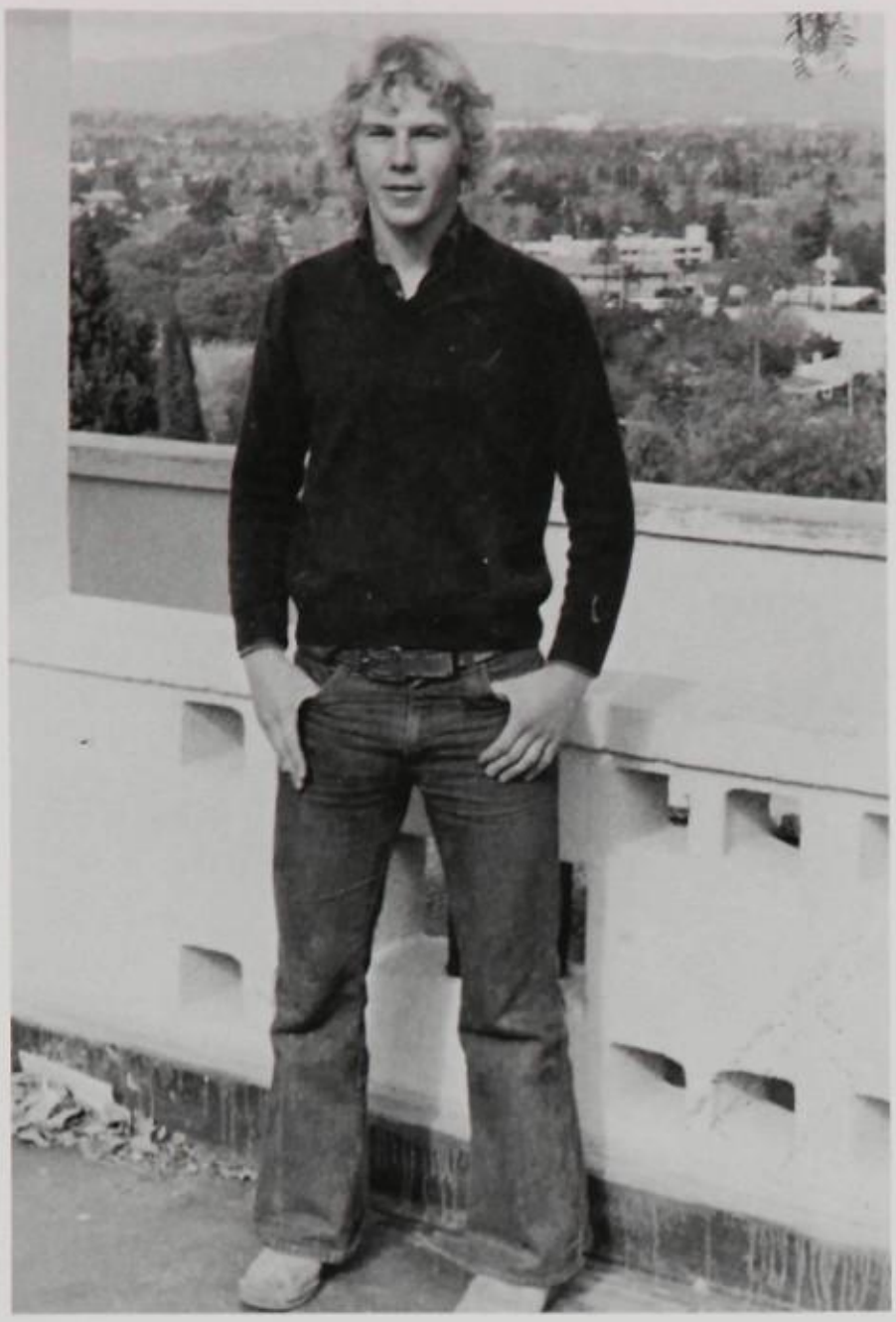
Varsity Swimming

Cum Laude

Student Council Secretary

Graduated '75

It's hard to find the words to say
To teachers and friends that have shown the way:
You can't describe the conversation,
the talks, the work, the consternation.
The best you can do is give your thanks
And hope that this will bridge the ranks,
'Cause we've gained more than facts for college;
We've found friends and help and knowledge.
So thank you Mr. McCleery for the Latin querks,
And Mr. Archer for Shakespeare's works;
Mr. Stewart for that great league kill,
And Father Gill for God's love and His will
Mr. Leigh, good luck with your teaching.
Mr. Berrisford, your thoughts are far reaching.
To Mr. Clark, a new frictionless puck;
To Mr. McCleery — BACULA — next time I'll duck.
To Robbie, a suicide on the rocks.
And to Mike, my half of the Globe theater to hock.
To John I leave a foreign bride,
A crummy movie, and an eighty mile per hour ride.
To Chuck (my brother) another year,
And again, to John some Kirin Beer.
To Greg I leave some Jiffy pop,
A night of Johnny Carson and a waiting cop.
To Bert, Paul, Pete, John, Dave, and the rest,
I leave my thanks and hope for the best.
Sincerely to each and all in our class —
The class of '75 that's really not so crass —
I leave my wishes for a great college year:
The parties, the people, (and all that you hear)
to all the teachers at Harvard School,
Thanks for all those skills and tools.
You have taught us the things we need to know,
Yet have added the friendship that eases the blow.
Lastly I come to the parents I know
Who've understood me, loved me, and helped me to grow —
I want to say — thank you — thanks for the time.
There isn't a word good enough that I can make rhyme
Thank you all so very much
For making my life the best I could ever possibly touch.



"If you stand, then stand,
If you sit, then sit,
But whatever you do,
Don't wobble."

Zeus

Robin D. Moore

Jeff Morton

Richard Edward Oswald II

HISTORY:
Entered 1969 green
Freshman Football 9
J.V. Football 9, 10
J.V. Soccer 9, 10
J.V. Volleyball 9
J.V. Baseball 11
Varsity Football 11, 12
President Waterskiing Club 12
Departed 1975 green

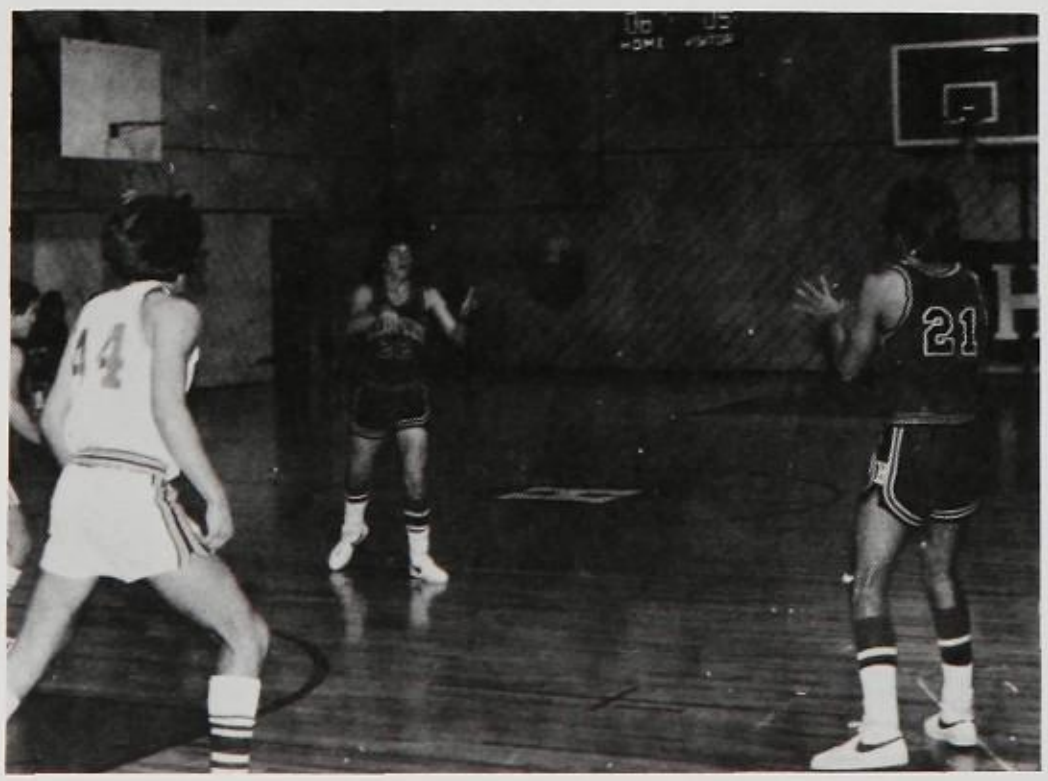
I, Richard Oswald II, being the fifth one through Harvard, and also known as Ozz do will the following items to the following people. To Mannon; California, the T.B. Ro Riach; the B.C. and big waves. To Elliott; a new car and UCLA B-Ball. To Davies; the ability to ride Hollywood at the T.B. To Hohl; Harvard Football. To Parks; Demolay and the Master Counsellor's job. To Pawlak; a race against my Vega. To Rabin; a certain bowling bet. To Singleton; my skateboard for the T.B. To Mathews; waterskiing, and a good knee. To Olch; a new radiator and short hair. To Karno; Demoplay basketball, and a house at Mammoth. To Rand; U.S.C. football and UCLA basketball. To Escher (Esch); my car pool. To Reinstein (Rhein Bay Bee); an apex of salubrity due to efficatiousness. To Carroll; surfing and Eric Anderson. To Mr. Hughes, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. McGrew, I leave a great deal of thanks and gratitude for helping me as they did to get through Harvard. To coaches Gingell, Thran, Goodman and Hinman, I leave the thanks and inspiration they gave me for football on and off the field. To my sister Marcia, I leave my great abilities. To my parents I leave a dear thanks for helping me to realize myself, for putting up with me, and for my six years at Harvard. To my wonderful Grandmother; my thanks for Dad.

Thomas Emerson Riach, Jr.

History
Fr. Football, 9
Var. Football, 11, 12
Fr. J.V. Basketball, 9, 10
Var. Basketball, 11, 12
J.V. Baseball, 9, 10, 11
Coldwater Pipeline Reporter, 11, 12
Graduation Committee, 12
CoEd Psychology Class, 12
Entered with high hopes, 71
Left somewhat letdown, 75

I, Tom Riach, known as "Boob," "Sludge," "Trow-boob," "Herman" and many other unmentionables do hereby leave the following unmentionables to the following "unmentionables":

To Gary M. — the "mighty" Saracens, "the Wishbone," "Adios Chet!", breakfast at El Cab, the Man, Big Boy, and the fact that you're a great friend no matter how far away you live! To Bill A. — "Fight On," Pauley, the BC, LDLC, Cricket, etc., the good days at Pilgrim, and the bad ones at Thatcher, Bud, and many more good times. To Woo — "Bueno!," Carl's Jr. screwdrivers, playing hockey with pool cues, 4th of july, a happy future for you. To Scottie — a car that doesn't break down every day, J^2 and B^2, the shutter, a chauffeur's cap, SC, and the "perfect" girl for you. To Charlie B. — the good old days, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Palm Springs, Motocross, my pops. To Dick — to always be clutch, a swelled head, Liz, All-CIF, the popcorn bowl. To Doctor — a nurse (like allo or J.C.) to assist you, the vibrator, the Butler, your wild outfits, your "Bachelor pad." To Jeff D. — the morning in Malibu, your sister, the letter of apology, "my sides ache!" To Sarane — "the Baroness," "uh . . . yah!," me, John F., wild goose chases, trips to Providence, long arguments, happy times (I think!) . . .



To Kyle — the fact that "Alvan is the greatest Texan!", Palm Springs, no more illness. To Moke, the fact that you *won't* "be out there next year," and you can " me." To The Juice — some running room, All-CIF, some height, a car of your own. To Brother — a "secret handshake," continuation of the "Brotherhood" and you are the "King." To Steve P. — "we are there," party at your house, All-league. To Tucker — burliness, Laura, All-CIF. To Lopez — a pulled muscle, All-League Songwriting prowess. To Neville, LDLC, "the Vice." To Bagnard, Pappas — "you are my no. 1 JV idols" To Lisa and Barbara — surprise birthday parties, much happiness, surfers. To Becky — an everlasting friendship. To Harvard — Co-education. Thanks to everyone here especially Mssrs. Berrisford, Ameer, McFadden, Winetrobe, Archer, and others who have helped me learn so much about life, and thanks so much to my parents for the great opportunities, and for putting up with me (quite a task itself). To all — goodbye and goodtimes!!!

GREATEST HITS

STAGE FRIGHT

Side 1

1. MON PETITE FLEUR
2. SATANIC DAYDREAM
3. TWINKS
4. SCHOOL'S OUT
5. A GOOD FRIEND

Side 2

6. MITZBA
7. SNAKE FLUTE IN D MAJOR
8. RIPPED OFF
9. WOLFMAN WILLIE SONG
10. GUAVA JELLY BELLY RUB

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:

DAVE SANDERS — guitar, vocals
MIKE KERR — guitar, vocals

JEFF GOLD — guitar; JEFF BELL — bass; RALPH DAVIS — piano;
MARK WILLIAMS — drums
GIGI GARNER — flute; STEVE MAIR — guitar; RICH MILLER — guitar
RON MOSS — bass (track 3); ANN BRUNER — lyrics (track 3)
JAN GARNER — vocals (track 5); MIKE McDONALD — guitar (track 5)
RON HOGGERT — lyrics (track 2)
Recording Engineer — TONY MILLER; overdub engineer — DAVE MAGEE
Mixing Engineer — TONY CARTER; Tape supplied by PHIL BERK, Scenario by PHIL "GO GETTEM" DIFRANCO; produced by MARILYN SANDERS; photography by BILL ALLEN; Head Rowdy — JOHN MAGEE;
Road Manager — ROBERT ARCHER
MITZBA inspired by RUTH IRVINE; MON PETITE FLEUR dedicated to DANIELLE BRECHNER; Album inspired by MR. ALICE COOPER; RON MOSS appears courtesy A and M RECORDS: Special thanks to MR.
BERRISFORD'S SPEECHWRITER
Recorded at HARVARD SCHOOL in North Hollywood

A Stage Fright Band Production ©1975

Tracy Thorpe

I, Tracy Thorpe, being of sound mind and body, wish to bequeath the following things to the following people:

To Scott I leave all of my old friends, and a large Baroni's Pizza. To Gary I leave a life-time membership to the Playboy Club; to Jay, a cup of Sambo's coffee; to Paul, a weekend in S.F. To Randy, 100 tapes; to Kym, a night in S.F. To Patty, a life sized poster of Randy. And last, but not least, I would like to give my most sincere thanks to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ozawa, and my parents for making these past six years possible — goodbye Harvard School!!!

Chuck Uhlmann

Come on in. The party is just starting. The beers are out back.

I, Chuck Uhlmann alias Sugar Bear, Yogi, Dr. Y, and other assorted things, do hereby bequeath the following memories: To Regan, I leave trash collecting, and Chuck C. To Paul, a fold-out of Eileen Preston and nights at the "Lu." To Boob, the W.F.L., the wishbone, and Jamie C. To Kyle, I leave Pepsi, cookies, and Nina. To Cliffo, I leave a bar of soap. To Mitch, gills, houseplants, and, "this is just jolly." To B. B. Rand, "Any fool can be a back, it takes an artist to be a lineman." To Dill, you're still M.V.P. To Gary A., Yosemite, Tarzanland, and "he's our token hippie." To Bo, three cases of Gatorade. To Wacko Wolf, three cases of TNT and Disneyland. To Steve M. and Bruce F. I leave the Led Zeppelin concert and the stairway to heaven. To Leroy, the San Diego Zoo and pink elephants. To Susie B., "I still respect you." To Jo Lo, platforms and both sequels of "The Godfather." To the Magee's, the hope that Kane Signer finishes his job. To Steve Marylander, the astrobodies of all the faculty. To Greg Meyers, A.A. and the fact that I know why you carry a briefcase. To Oz, a new go-cart. To Fred, I leave a hat. To Scott G., Jerry Cordova. To Randy, Puddy. To Tracy, Palm Springs! Many thanks to Mrs. Rebek, Jamie Winetrobe, Walt Stewart, Joel Colbert, Mr. Bowler, and Jon Rinnander.

To Mr. Hughes, many thanks and my eternal gratitude. To Doc Mob: There is no substitute for excellence.

To my brothers and sisters, my love and thanks for the help. To Mom and Dad: what can I say, my love, my respect, and I owe it all to you.

47
FWSA

Skiing

National Forensic League

In only five years, Harvard's speech and debate program has grown from only six students to over two hundred participating members. Harvard presently has the largest squad in the nation. There are two reasons for this great accomplishment. The first, and by far the most significant, is the work of Coach Tedd Woods. Mr. Woods is dedicated, enthusiastic, and interested in his students. For his efforts he has developed the number one squad in the nation and has been awarded his first diamond key. The diamond key represents five years of coaching and National Forensic League points. Definitely, the second reason for Harvard's success must be attributed to the students. Without the enthusiasm of each and every debater and speaker Harvard would not be the powerhouse it is. Depth and quality are the factors in our success. Coach Woods many times takes as many as seventy participants to a tournament and usually comes away with the Grand Sweepstakes Trophy. Harvard has the top debaters and speakers in the state, having won the Grand Sweepstakes Trophy in every league tournament this year. This year's debate season has been exceptionally good with Bert Bernheim and David Hwang winning first place in numerous college invitational tournaments. These include Berkeley, Fresno, U.S.C., Cal State Fullerton, and Claremont Mens' College.

Harvard's publicity has also increased. The officers from last year were on the cover of the National Forensic League national magazine, the "Rostrom." Also, this year's officers have been featured in the Green Sheet and other local newspapers. Numerous articles have been written about the success of Harvard's chapter of speakers and debaters.

The future of Harvard's squad holds even more success. Each year the number of participating members increases and the years to come will not be exceptions. With this increase, greater talents will come to Harvard and maintain our success.

Special Distinction

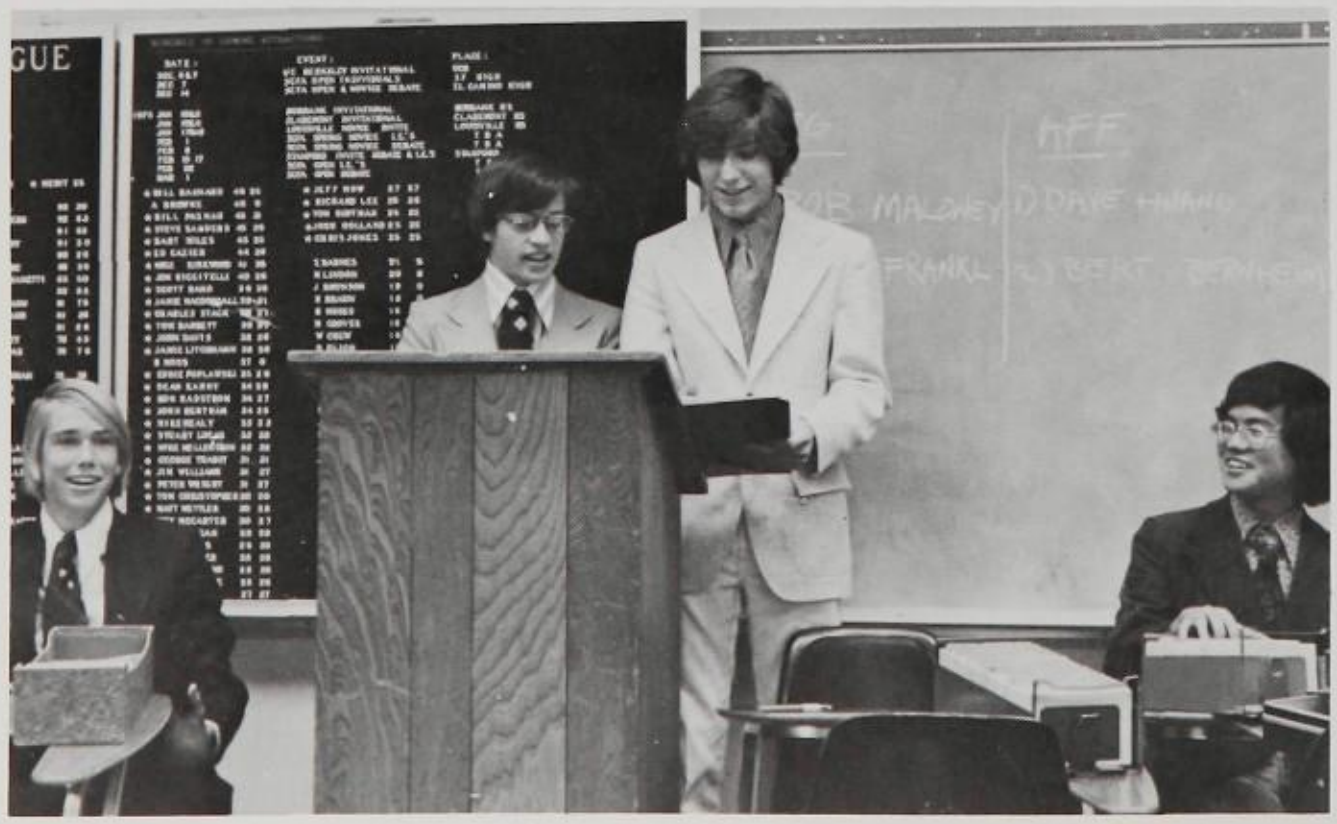
Bert Bernheim
Jim Isaacs
James Hicks
David Hwang
Mark Carroll

Distinction

Tom Brown
Chris Escher
Jeff Stern
Bob Maloney
Chris Wright
Andy Caine
Greg Gamsky
Greg Meyers
Adam Kessler
Mark Binstock
Brian Castle
Jeff Heyman
Mike Segal
Mike Kaplan
Rob Boorstin
Tom Mampalam
Paul Williams
Joe Gamsky
Eric Lund
John Bunzel
Joseph Utasy
Tom Riccard
Dave Frankl
Bill Urick
Chuck Lindley
Bobby Wyman
Peter Fredericks
Paul Stupin
David Griffiths
Bill Maloney
Greg Stern
Nat Williams
Peter Kleiner
John Howard
Brad Reifler
Bill Plants
Albert Eyraud
Chris Harvie

Excellence

Todd Zerin
Lionel Whitman
Tegan West
John Meyer
Rick Berg
Michael Lubic
Dennis Yokoyama
Robert Beyer
Dale Brent
David Rheinstein
Greg Horowitz
David Mael
Bill Hohl
Herb Wiggins
Bill Reich
Jim René
Hans Fredericks
Chris Olch
Andrew Goodman
Eric Marx
Dan Greenberg

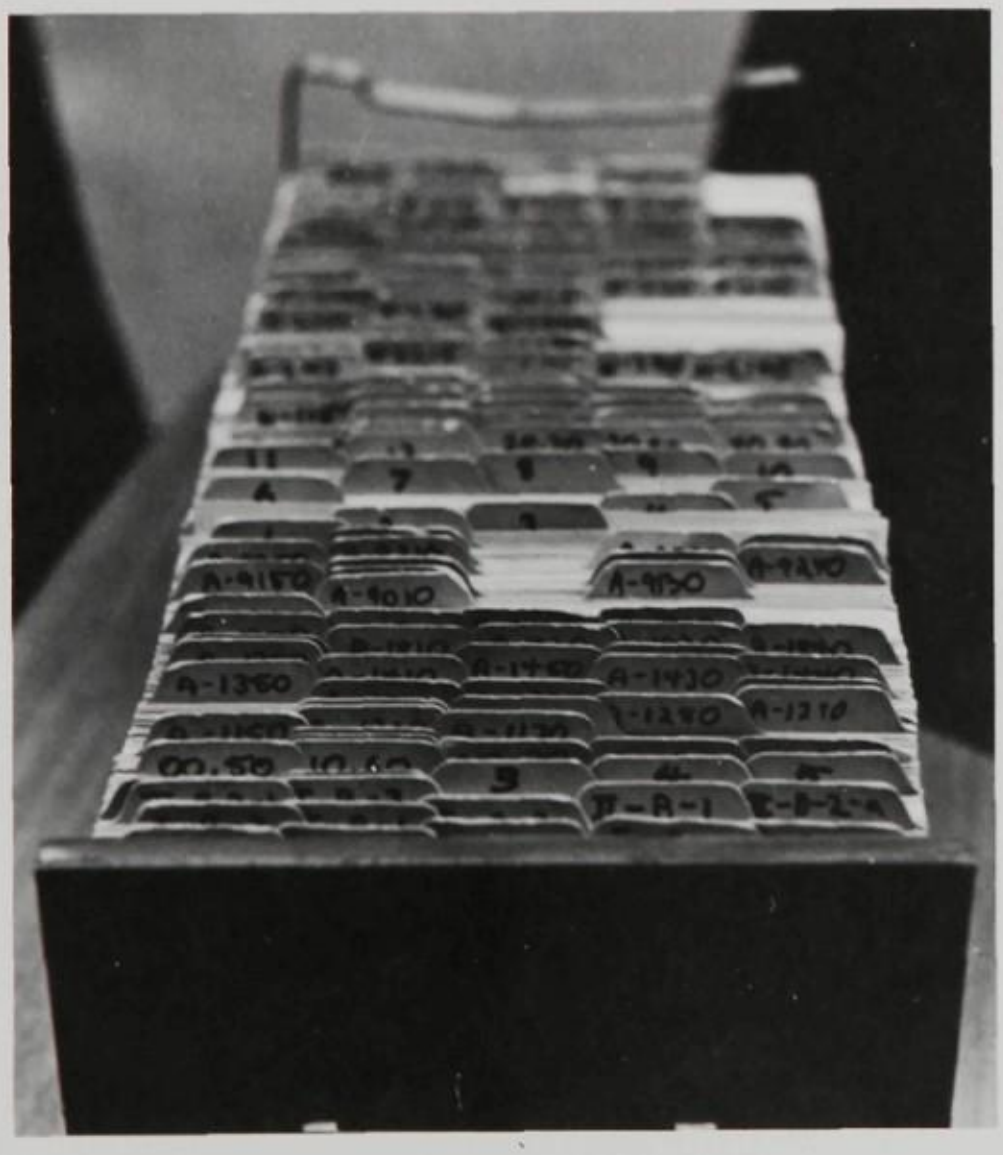


Honor

Jeff Bell
Matt Kayden
Dave Haddad
David Bennett
Jon Hogen
Jay Josephs
George Fenimore
Kevin Fisher
Rick Caruso
Grant Marylander
Robbie Dick
Chuck Uhlmann
Steve Taglianetti
Aric Browne
Ray Karno

Tom May
Bill Roden
Elliott Barnes
George Pappas
Bart Miles
Mark Lindon
Jon Lovitz
Doug Levinson
Tom Barrett
Eddie Glantz
Eric Cotsen
Mike Kirkwood
Steve Aronson
Steven Cutler

National Forensic League Officers: President, Mike Segal; Vice President, Andy Caine; Treasurer, Jeff Stern; Coach, Tedd Woods; Secretary, James Hicks.



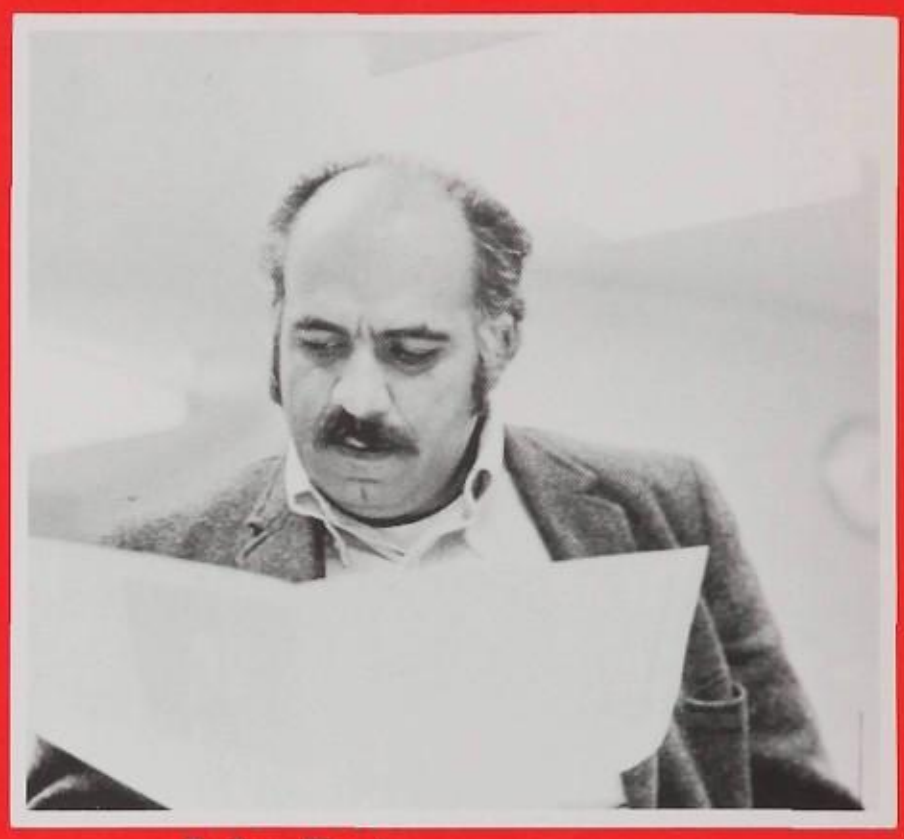
Merit

Doug Erwin
Bill Janes
Jeff Deutschman
Jamie Litchmann
Rob Marsalli
Chuck Crane
David May
John Dorgan
Jon Hookstratten
Jeff Dillman
Bill Sims
David Zaro
John Brunson
John Ford
Bill Bagnard
Jamie MacDougal
Bill Pasnau
Steve Sanders
Tom Mitchell
Ed Cazier
Tony Carter
Andy Feshbach
Stuart Lucas
Scott Rand
Jon Riccitelli
Wilbert Chew
Charles Stack
Andy Swick
Jon Frojen
Robert Gordon
Peter Wright
John Davis
Brian Moss
Michael Werner
Eddie Poplawski
Dean Karney
Ron Radstrom
John Bertram
Robert Mackey

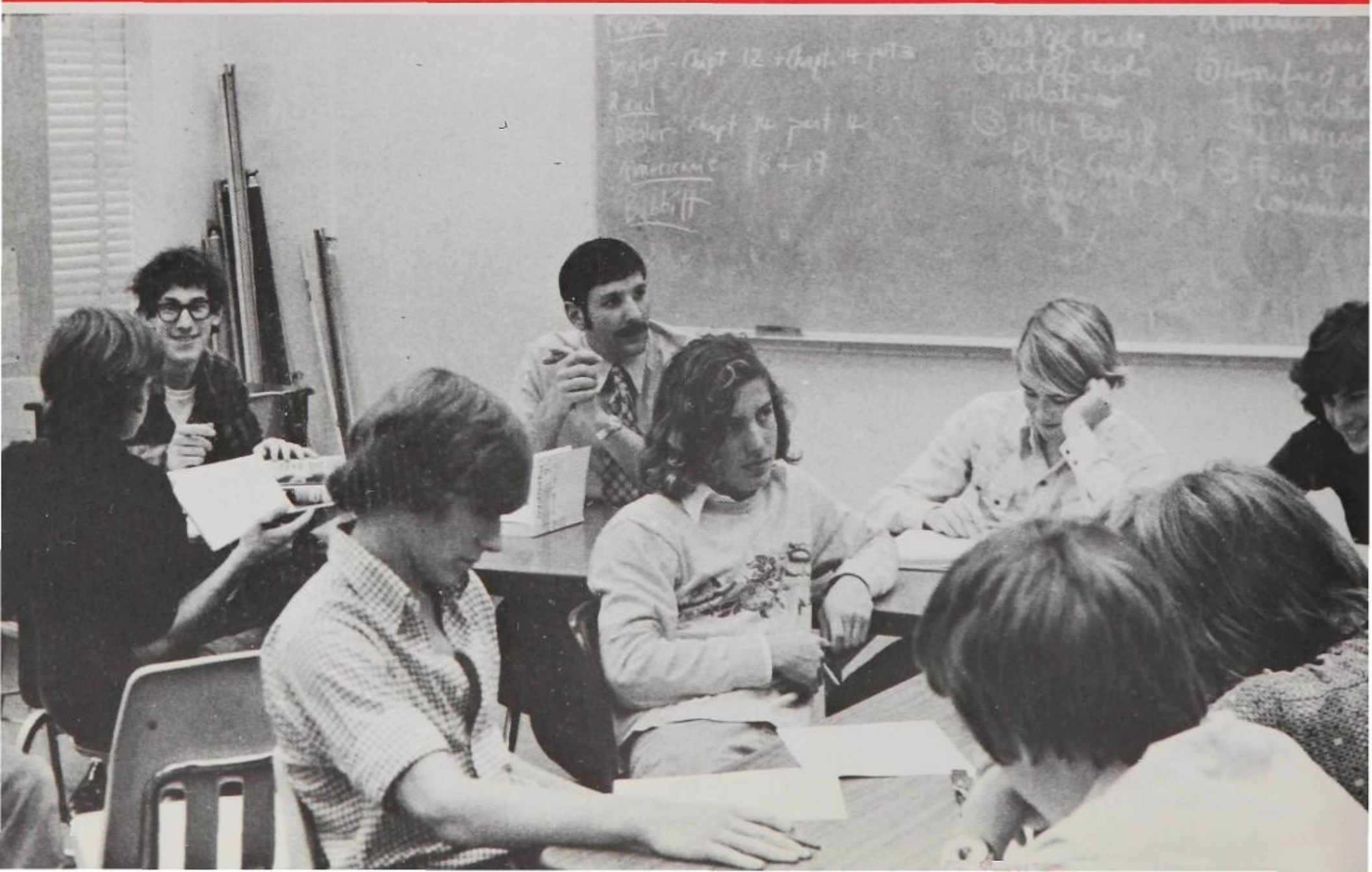
Mike Healy
Mike Mellenthin
George Thabit
Jim Williams
Mark Kelsey
James Uhlmann
Tom Christopher
Matt Mettler
Guy McCarter
Warren Meyers
Mike Groves
Jamie Hogan
David Ulich
John Ames
Jon Fisher
Matt Holland
Andy Ogilvie
Jeff Head
John Mottl
Jeff Mow
Richard Lee
Tom Hoffman
Josh Holland
Chris Jones
Doug Brady
Josh Grotstein
David Lippman
Jeff Fruin
David Bercovici
Mikael Kjellin
Richard Braun
Charles Labiner
Derek Bell
Fred Kaufman
Larry Levine
John Parks
Sean Kelly
Dean Walker
Phillip Sirianni

social studies

To separate himself from the society of which he was born a member will lead the revolutionary, not to life but to death, unless, in his very revolt, he is driven by a love of what, seemingly, must be rejected, and therefore, at the profoundest level, remains faithful to that society.



John P. Ameer
B.A. Yale
Chairman of Social Studies
Six Years



Rev. John S. Gill
B.A. Cal State San Diego
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-three Years.

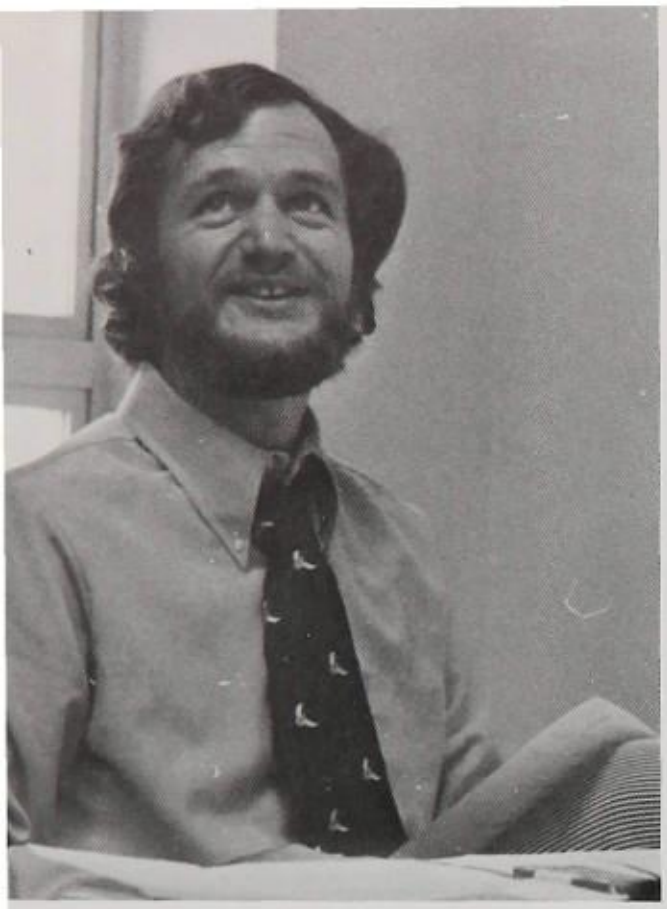
The three most humorous incidents in my Harvard tenure:

1. The Horrendous Affair of the Horse in the Class Room (not my class room!)
2. The Dolorous Tale of the Skunk in the Study Hall.
3. The Gothic Romance of the Wedding Bats in the Chapel.

Phillip H. Berk
B.A. Indiana University
M.A. Cal State Los Angeles
Five Years

. . . having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged by better information or fuller reconsideration, to change opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgement, and to pay more respect to the judgement of others.

B. Franklin
Constitutional Convention
1787



The Frogs and the Skylark

Once there was a society of frogs living in the bottom of a deep, dark well. They saw nothing of the world outside.

Occasionally an eccentric skylark would flutter down into the well and sing to the frogs of the marvelous things: the sun, moon, stars, mountains, valleys, seas and adventures in the boundless space above them.

The cynical frogs thought the skylark quite mad until one day the philosopher-frog convinced them that the skylark should not be scorned. Rather, it should be praised for enlightening and inspiring them.

Following the philosopher-frog's urgings, they transformed the dark, dank well into an illuminated, comfortable place to live, experiencing new delights of the senses.

But *still* the skylark visited with tales of the sun, moon, stars, mountains, valleys, seas and of winged adventures it had known.

"Perhaps," conjectured the philosopher-frog, "this bird is mad after all. Surely we have no further need of this."

So the frogs captured the lark. They stuffed it and put it in their new museum . . . in a place of honor.

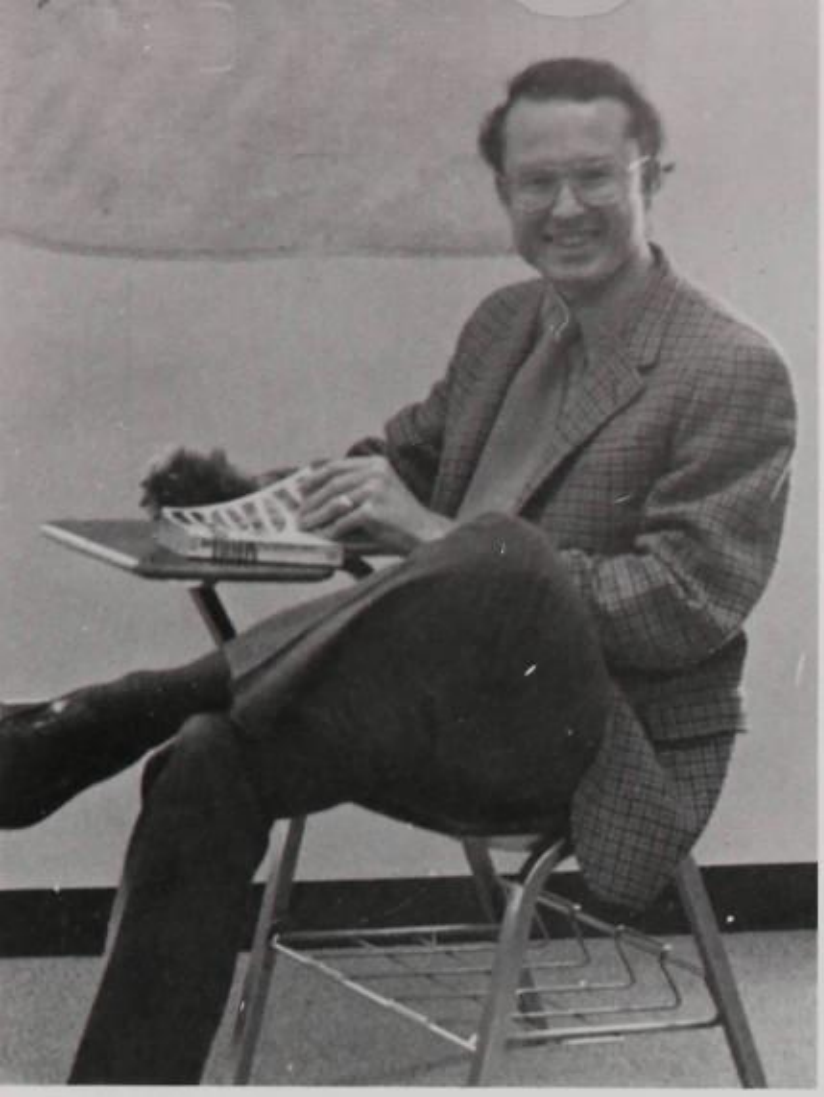
William M. Dickey
B.A. Princeton
M.A. UCLA
Two Years

James Evan Ackerman
B.A. USC
M.A. USC
M.A. Kings College
Two Years

As I was coming up the stairs in Seaver last year to teach my first class a group of seniors was lounging around the display case near the window. I was wearing my only suit (I had had it made in England as a graduation present and it included a vest, gold watch and chain, etc.) as I wanted to look my best and wasn't precisely aware of the dress standards. I reached the top of the stairs and smiled benignly at them. They greeted me in a way which was prophetic. "Say", said a person who will go unnamed, "what are you dressed up for?"

Ray Michaud
B.A. University of San Francisco
Four Years

Education: that which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.



Ralph N. Schmidt
A.B. Colorado College
M.A. U.C. Berkley
Two Years

Why pop Screaming Yellow Zonkers when you can munch an American Field Service Doughnut?

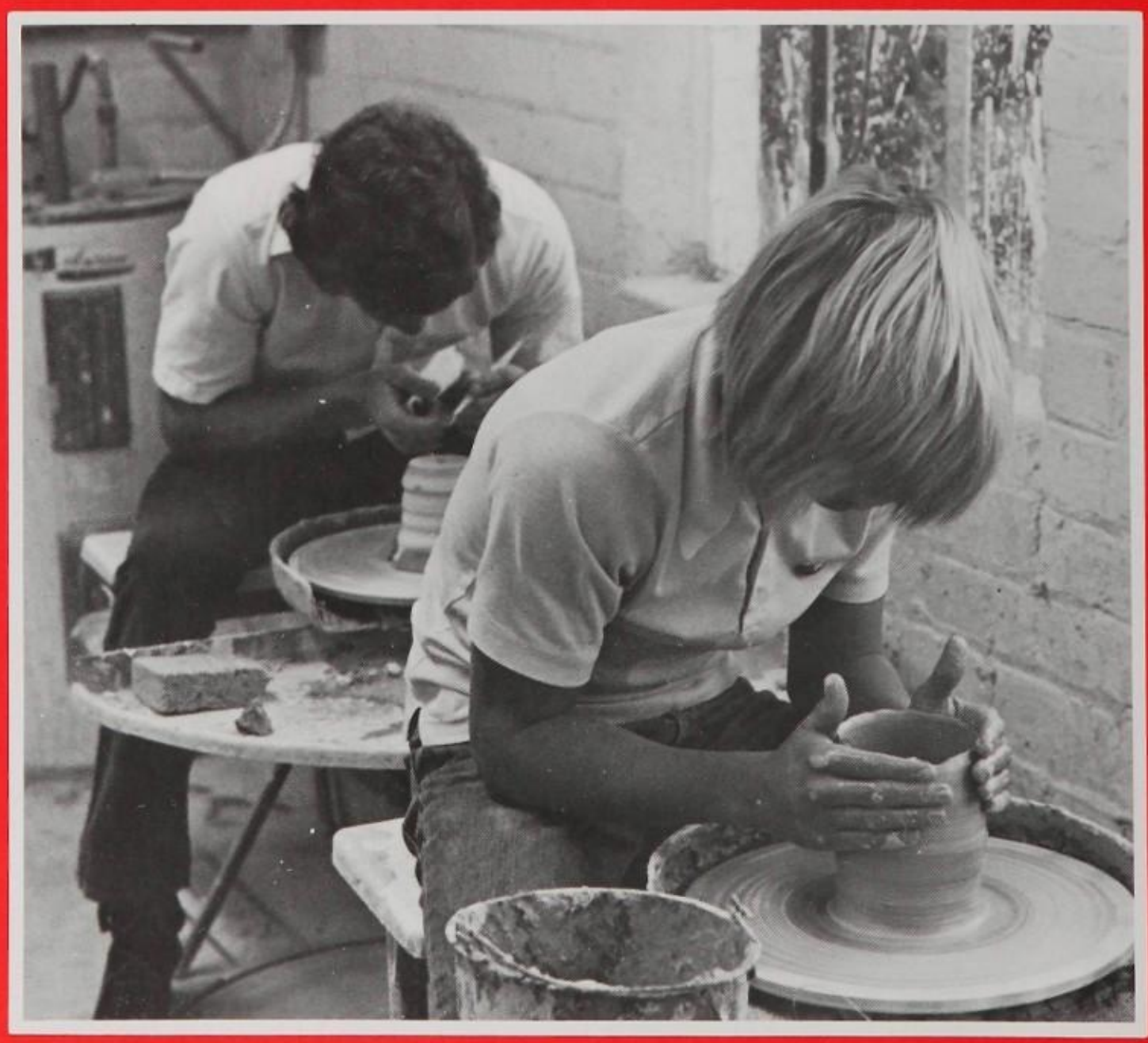
Andrea Rebek
A.B. U.C.L.A.
M.A. Vermont
One Year

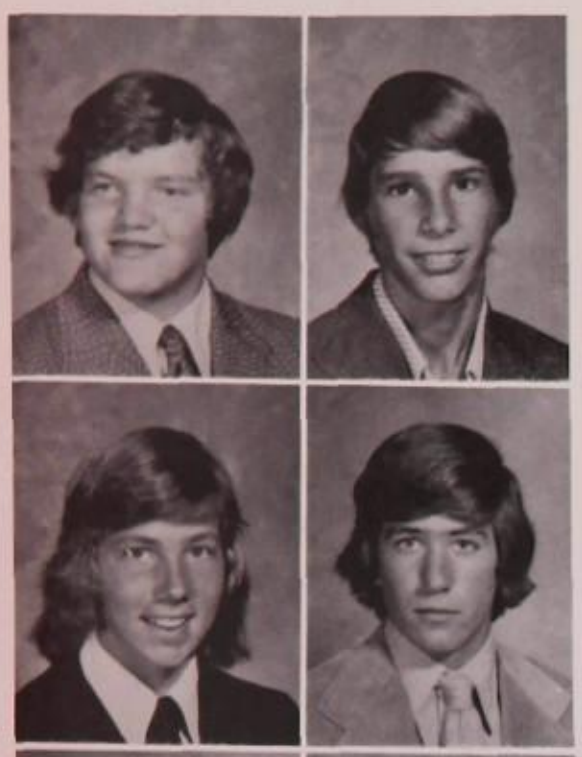
After a month at Harvard, I attended my first outing as faculty advisor to S.A.C., the School's so-called social organization. I was not comfortable in my new role, nor was my mind set any more at ease when a Harvard senior walked up to me and asked, innocently enough, "Are you one of the Westlake girls?"

Edwin H. Marks, III
B.A. Virginia
One Year

Educational attitudes based merely on success, while neglecting the development of compassion and moral responsibility, result in smart, shallow professionals.

Sophomores





Peter Aberg
John Ames

Karl Anderson
Bill Bagnard

Tom Barrett
Hugh Bateman
David Becket
Jeff Bell
Adam Bercovici
Ricky Berg

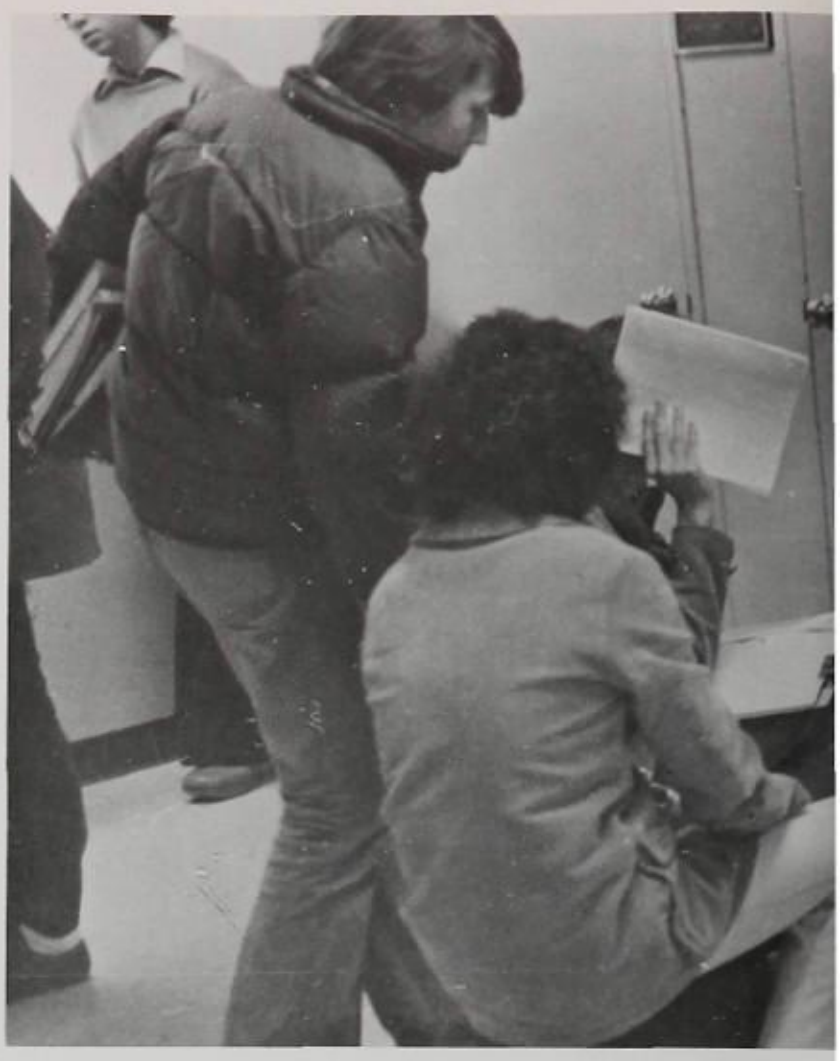
John Bertram
Robert Beyer
Mark Binstock
Robert Boorstin
Miran Bouchakian
Cary Bren

Doug Brown
Jim Burnap
Frank Capra
Perry Castellano
Ed Cazier
Tom Christopher

Robert Chumbook
Scott Crawford
John Davis
John DeMarco
Bryan Ditman
John Dorgan

Joji Dreyfus
Mike Druckman
Pedro Elizondo
Glen Farr
Jon Farrer
Tom Feingold

George Fenimore
Peter Fisher



Gerald Flintoft
John Ford

Chris Friel
Joe Gamsky

Jon Girard
Fred Glasser
Harry Goodan
Greg Goodman
Danny Greenberg

David Griffiths
James Grover
Ken Harker
Jeff Harris
Chris Harvie

Jeff Heyman
Tom Hoffman
Jamie Hogan
Matt Holland
Marc Horwitz

Bill Janes
Chris Jones
Burt Jorgensen
Jay Joseph
Michael Kaplan

Dean Karny
Mark Kelsey
Bong Kim

Chulyun Kim
Peter Kleiner
Richard Lee

Doug Lindholm
Stuart Lucas

Tom Lyon
Randy Markes

David May
Tom May
Lester Medvene
Mike Mellenthin
Doug Miller
Ken Morgan

Bob Moriarty
Brian Moss
John Mottl
Jeff Mow
Andrew Ogilvie
Sam Palmer

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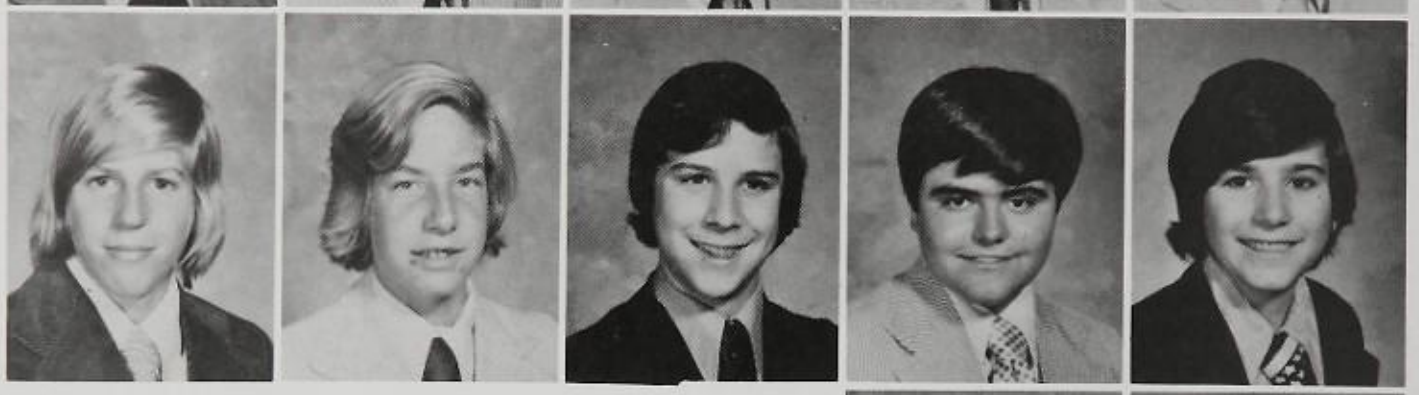
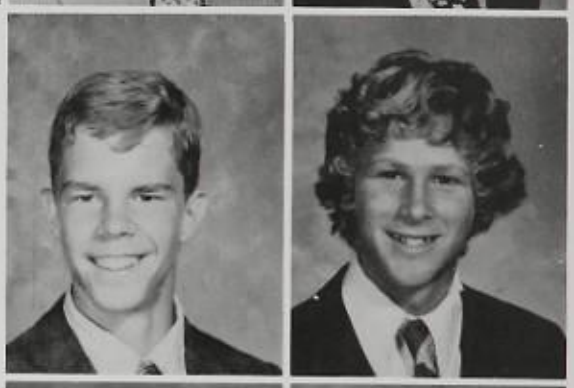
Jon Riccitelli
Bill Roden



Steve Sanders
Steve Shafran



Plato Skouras
Kevin Small

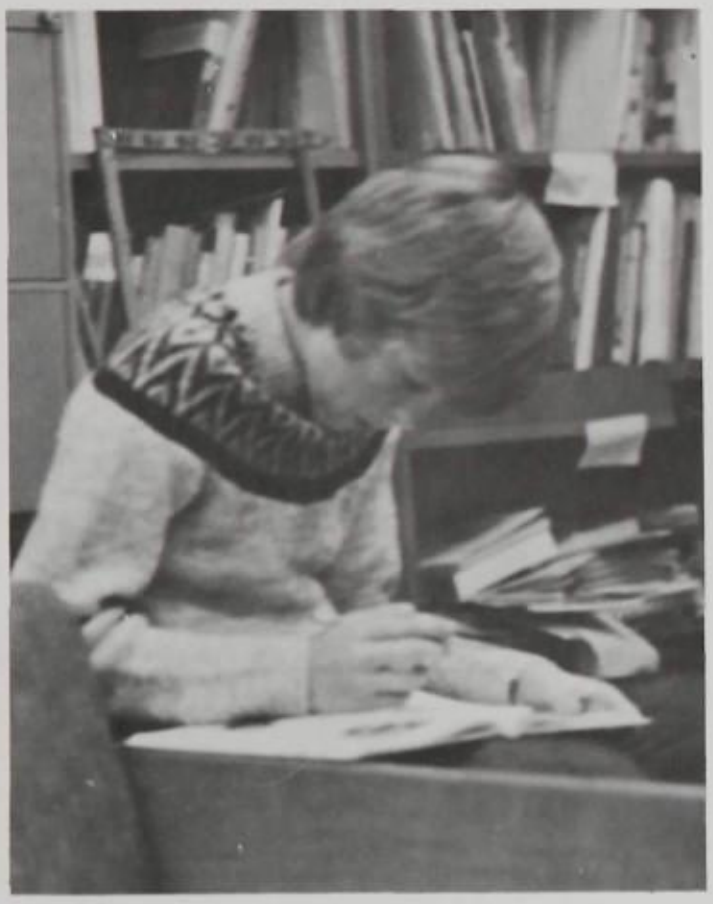
Steve Stephens
Hugh Sutherland

Chris Swanson
Steve Taglianetti

George Thabit
Jerell Tognazzini

Jon Toor
David Ulich
Tegan West

Herbert Wiggins
James Williams
Nat Williams



Paul Williams
Marc Winters
Chris Wright

Peter Wright
Robert Wyman
Keith Yam

Dennis Yokoyama
Dave Zaro
Todd Zerin

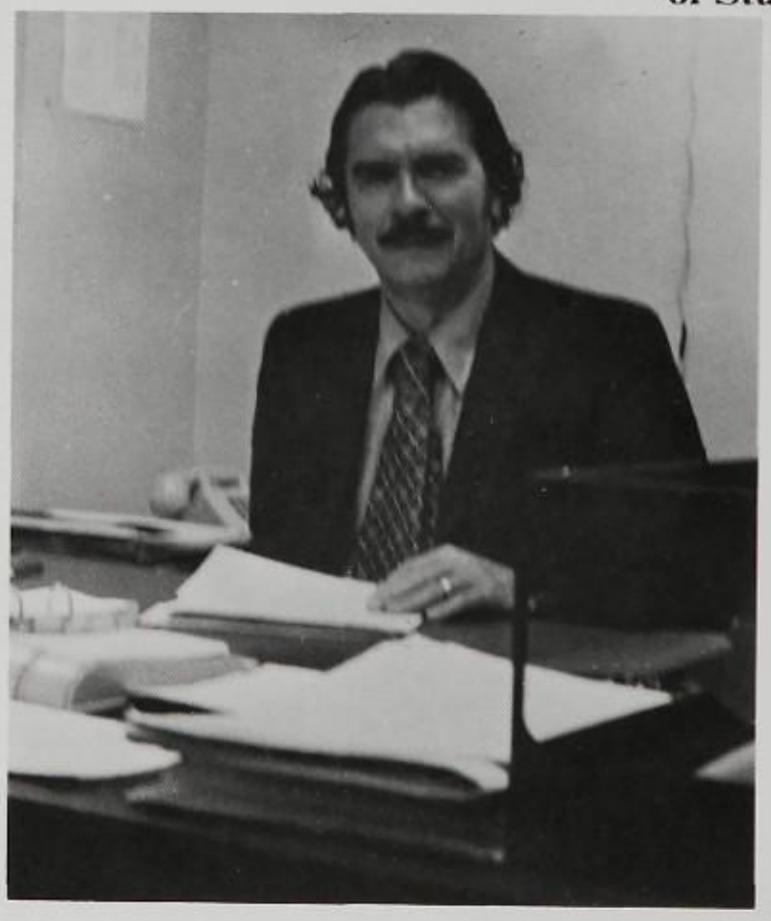
SOPHOMORES — Not Shown
Lewis Douglas
John Tinker

Joan Ryan
Registrar and Secretary to the Assistant to the Headmaster

Diane Mathews
Secretary to the Head of the Lower School and Dean of Students

Judy Mooney
Clerical Office

Evelyn Davison



Frank Alvarez
Accountant

Lorraine Stellhorn
Secretary to the Headmaster

Faye Sitch
Student Store

John Kanaar
Grounds and Maintenance

Secretaries/Staff

Virginia Pickrell
Alumni Relations

Louise Asay
Receptionist

Music

Instrumental Ensemble

College Admissions

The Application

Ty Howard

The biggest problem in getting into colleges is knowing where to apply. From the start most students have some idea where they want to go, but some uncertainty as to why they want to go there. It's usually parents ("But son, I went."); or friends ("Hey, let's all go to Stanford.") who have the greatest influence in this decision. As a result, by the end of his junior year practically every Harvard student is set on his destination.

Then comes the college placement counselor. His purpose is to try to get you to think about colleges and to recommend places he thinks are most suited to you. If you say you are thinking of "going back East" he will either rattle off thirty or forty schools that he knows of back there or he will strongly recommend that you consider going to some university in Arkansas.

By this time you're really in a jam, thirty-five colleges about which you know nothing. You ultimately turn to college catalogues to help in deciding which colleges to cut from your list; but they are no help at all. There must be a national company that writes everyone's catalog. On every topic the catalogs are so vague you could almost switch names with another university and nobody would know the difference. Every campus is "situated in a nice locale" and "offers a variety of activities" outside of academics. In touchy areas such as "honor codes" and "freshman regulations" the writers invariably employ a bit of humor and sarcasm to camouflage the true spirit of the school. Some colleges will try to come on as "Fun City, U.S.A." Just about the only way to eliminate colleges with a catalog is to cut those whose color pictures or typestyle you didn't like.

Eventually the student will have his list down to ten possible colleges. You can see how set the student is on his choices by examining his list. If every college is strangely east of the Mississippi, it shows that he is a terminal Ivy-leaguer. If every college is within a five-hundred mile radius of home, the student's parents obviously had a hand in his deliberations. If the list shows a mixture of colleges: a few in California, a couple in Texas, one in Massachusetts, etc. it is a sure sign that the student doesn't know where he wants to go.

The most monotonous part of applying to the college of your choice is the boring, repetitive, and aggravating process of filling out all those forms and writing just all those essays. After waiting several weeks to receive these forms, the student is suddenly overwhelmed by the number of pages to complete. There probably isn't a senior who can't recite his name, address, and social security number in two seconds flat after filling those applications. But putting down how many brothers you have or what "honors" you have won isn't as bad as the subjective questions asked in the essay section. Some colleges will humanly give a very open-ended question (whatever interests you), while others will be very specific and make an answer nearly impossible. How many students have actually thought of writing a book?

December, 1974

The Interview

Ty Howard

Perhaps the finest of the fine arts needed for getting into college is the successful interview (if your proposed school doesn't require one, arrange for one anyway).

The most important thing about the interview is to give the other guy a good time. The interviewer sees a dozen or more people every week, month after month. All of them are in dark suits and color-coordinated ties. All are well combed, with stylish but respectable hair and engaging grins. The entire process is like reading twenty *Playboys*, cover to cover, without a break in between. After a while, even the most pleasant of things and people begin to look dismally familiar. If you can make the interviewer laugh or interest him with your unorthodox or forthright views, you really have a far better chance of success.

The kinds of things the interviewer will ask depend to a considerable extent on the time of year. For the traditional end of summer or early fall interview, he is likely to ask you how you spent your vacation. Work is a highly creditable answer, whether volunteer or paid, though unique jobs do carry a premium of impact. Another plausible answer is school, particularly if you attended a National Science Foundation program or a summer session in drama, journalism, debate, or some other particular field. School for school's sake, or school to avoid work, does not impress a sharp interviewer, so it is good to be able to tie the study to some real interest of yours. Concern your conversation with this, and you are not likely to be stopped. But know what you're talking about.

It is always a superb idea to indicate that you have a special interest in something, but beware: You may wind up with an hour's conversation on the topic, so don't wing it in a field unless you know it cold. Often the interviewer will use your keen interest in some field, rather than your general record and charm, as a yardstick to measure your desirability. If you are really conversant in some acceptable field, you can virtually assure your admission. But if not, keep the conversation light and moving. Above all, be engaging, funny if you can, and affable. An open, friendly, and direct manner can do much in impressing an interviewer with your chances for success.

One crucial point: Keep your parents at least a thousand feet and preferably a thousand miles away from the interview session.

Parents in general talk rather than listen, forgetting that even the most charming or hearty forty-five-year-old is not going to cover up a seventeen-year-old's inarticulation and C- average. When parents come in, interviews tend to be short, fruitless, and often deleterious. The excessive appearance of parents is a clue that an applicant might not survive the pressure, isolation, and uncertainty of the first year at college. Parents assume that interviewers are pleased to hear the same things parents are pleased by. One applicant spent an hour and a half in cordial discussion of *Satyricon*, with a very busy interviewer, after the boy who preceded him was in and out in twelve minutes. The interviewer explained to the second applicant, "The other boy and his father both told me he really wanted an education — to become a dentist. We're trying to broaden horizons, not narrow them."

Listen to the interviewer. The purpose of the interview is not to grill you, but to match you and the school for the best interests of both. Sometimes an interviewer will politely indicate to you, either in his remarks or in a follow-up letter, that you have little chance of getting in. If he says so or implies so, listen, because such remarks are not made lightly. On the other hand, if he is sincerely encouraging, listen to that, too. But remember that his job requires him to be receptive to even the most unlikely candidates, and do not mistake politeness for enthusiasm. If an interviewer suggests other schools or other aspects of his school for you to look into, remember that he is a professional and take note. Be as receptive to him as you would have him be to you. An open mind and a capacity to absorb information is a trait colleges seek and admire.

The interview is basically a difficult situation. It is up to you to turn it to your advantage. You're going to have to get the interviewer into a conversation or you're sunk. You may do best by disagreeing with him on some point, arguing calmly for a while, and then politely conceding the point. He will remember you as "a good applicant with ideas of his own and a sound reason as well." It might help to tell a joke or discuss some completely nonacademic thing, such as deer hunting or the World Series (avoid politics, however — everyone sounds foolish discussing politics). If the interviewer persists in asking you questions about books and things, like "What books have you been reading lately?" don't say *The Catcher in the Rye* or *The Naked Ape*, and, "I don't remember any of the characters." If you say anthing, say *Faust*, or Towson's *Practical Mariner*. Use every chance you have to elaborate on a point, and know something about the school before you go in for an interview. Then walk in with all the confidence in the world, and impress the guy that you are an individual. Be a little brash if you have to.

Another good technique with the interviewer is to start right off asking him questions about the school. He will remember you as "inquisitive and interested." Also, it will enable you to turn the conversation where you want it. Once you've thrown him off guard, you can use your imagination to have a really good interview. Whatever you do, avoid the formal exchange of questions and answers. And don't try to start using big words and fancy grammar.

Finally, a word on style — too many applicants are afraid to talk confidently about their accomplishments. If the interviewer is impressed by something, don't insist that it wasn't much or he might believe you. And if he isn't impressed by something you think is important, let him know he should be. But don't, under penalty of death, be noncommittal; an old college admissions lesson is told about a well-qualified applicant who was turned down when the interviewer wrote in, "It obviously isn't going to be the end of his world if he doesn't get in. And it won't be the end of our world either." If there is any quality you want to convey, it is sincere interest — not in everything (because that sort of affectation gets sickening), but in a few carefully selected areas. This shows that you are a [illegible] worthwhile individual. It will also excuse your reluctant modesty.

The Acceptance

Ty Howard

Sociologists have long maintained that college is a time for experimentation, for breaking out, and for abolishing the limitations on one's capabilities.

In considering a college one must always remember that "the college experience" per se has only a coincidental relation to education. College, really, is a moratorium, a time for you to stick your toe in the Olympic-size swimming pool of life before taking that final shivering plunge. Whether you get an education or not (it's a 50-50 chance), you will be a different person four years from entering, when you take the plunge, and exactly what you *will* be depends largely on how clever you are about getting into the college you have picked.

The fact is that even at the best colleges classes and books are often an annoying detail in the life of the student. Many important college experiences take place in fraternities, clubs, football stadiums, pizza parlors, and dormitories. They take place during summer vacation. They take place after midnight. They take place in the midst of the self-indulgent irresponsibility that surrounds many things a college student does. Too many students think that colleges are only educational institutions and try to choose and get accepted to a college on the basis of academic factors alone (i.e., "I came to Yale because it had a good English department," or, "My greatest accomplishment in high school was to get straight A's"). Consequently they end up at the wrong place. You will soon find out that college is much more than that.

College will be the people you meet, the contacts you make, the ideas you absorb. It will probably mean the person you marry. It will mean the person you will become, the jobs you will have, and the things you will do, as well as a badge you will wear for the rest of your life.

Your first year of college can be a wretched thing if you start out with the wrong attitudes and don't watch out for a few things. Too many students start college with the highest hopes and end up, nine months later, wallowing in dirty shirts and boredom, simply because they don't avoid the universal peeves of college students: *aimlessness and sloth.* Meet as many people and do as many things as you can (stay away from your old high-school buddies), and never let yourself sit around and do nothing. Lots of people become distraught when they get to college simply because they don't know how to handle the new environment.

Don't worry about flunking out (At most good schools it takes more work to flunk out than it does to stay in). Study enough to do well, but don't end up spending all your time in the library or you won't get much out of college. There's more to life than books.

Henry Adams wrote, "The chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin everyone concerned in it, teachers and taught." So make the best of your college years. Pack your trunk, wave good-bye to your parents, and, like Telemachus, set out to see what you can make of yourself.

April, 1975

The Rejection

Seems I've got to have a change of scene
'Cause every night I have the strangest dream,
Imprisoned by the way it could have been
Left here on my own or so it seems —
I've got to leave before I start to scream
But someone's locked the door and took the key.

Well boy you sure took me for one big ride
And even now I sit and wonder why,
That when I think of you I start to cry.
Gotta stop believin' in all your lies
"Cause there's too much to do before I die."

Don't get too lost in all I say
Though at the time I really felt that way,
But that was then, and now it's today —
I can't get off yet so I'm here to stay
Till someone comes along and takes my place
With a different name and yes a different face
. . .

Feelin' alright?
I'm not feelin' too good myself.

— David Mason

Wednesday

Hermes

Hermes,
son of Zeus,
the helper,
slid through an opening
into the room,
like a breeze in autumn,
like a mist.
He went directly
into the rich shrine of the cave,
tip-toeing.
He didn't make a lot of racket
as one usually does on the floor.
The glorious Hermes
quickly got into his cradle.
He wrapped his blanket
around his shoulders
just like a baby,
playing in his hand
with the cloth
around his knees.
There he lay,
holding onto his lovely lyre
with his left hand.
But the god
couldn't fool his mother,
the goddess,
who said this:
"Just what are you up to, smartie?
Where were you that you come in
at this hour of the night,
impudence written all over you?
Now I'm beginning to think
you would walk right out the front
door
under the arm of Apollo,
if it weren't bolted on all sides
with chains that are unbreakable
put there so you wouldn't go
plundering
all over the valley! Well go ahead!
Get out! Your father made you
just to be a big headache
to gods and men!"

DON'T DRINK WATER

By Woody Allen

CHARACTERS

IN ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

FATHER DROBINEY_____JOHN BUNZEL
AMBASSADOR MAGEE____JEFF DEUTSCHMAN
KILROY_____KARYN GOLD
AXEL MAGEE___DAVID HALLIBURTON JR
MARION HOLLANDER___TERRY JO RESNICK
WALTER HOLLANDER____BRUCE FALSTEIN
SUSAN HOLLANDER____JANET GRIFFITH
KROJACK_____CHUCK UHLMANN
BURNS_____GUY McCARTER
CHEF_____PETER HALDEMAN
SULTAN OF BASHIR_____MARK SCOTT
SULTAN'S FIRST WIFE ?
KASNAR_____JOHN ZARO
COUNTESS BORDONI_____ Wendy Moss

DIRECTOR_____STEVE MOSS
ASISTANT DIRECTOR_____JEFF GOLD
SET DESIGN & CONSTRUCTION__HAL FLETCHER
ART DIRECTOR_____ROBERT B. SCOTT
PROPS_____STEVE MARYLANDER
COSTUMES_____COMPANY
MAKE UP_____COLE ROBERTS*
LIGHTS_____SCOTT BOKOWSKI

SPECIAL ADVISER-TONY MILLER

* LIGHT CREW

We can never know.
He answered me like the stillness
of a star
That silences us asking . . .
We are and that is all our answer.
We are and what we are can suffer.
But . . .
what suffers loves.
And love
Will live its suffering again,
Risk its own defeat again,
Endure the loss of everything again
And yet again and yet again
In doubt, in dread, in ignorance,
unanswered,
Over and over, with the dark before,
The dark behind it . . . and still live
. . .still love.

— Archibald MacLeish

Bert Bernheim

In leaving Harvard, I find myself asking more questions about the meaning of my life than I ever have in the past. The education I have received has helped greatly in opening my mind to new questions; but the real meaning I must find by myself. The only answer I have so far . . . is people. It is those whom we meet during the course of our lives who give us reason to live.

It therefore seems proper for me to thank here some very special friends. To my teachers, especially Mr. McCleery, Mr. Woods, and Mr. Ozawa, I leave my greatest respect, and the thanks for being friends as well as teachers. To the wonderful people who were at UCSB during the summer of 1973, I give all my love and best wishes. To Suzie, I leave a very special love, and the thanks for always being there when I felt alone. And finally, to my wonderful sister, grandparents and parents, I leave love and thanks for all that I am.

Harvard will not remember me for what I have written here, for here are my feelings.

Some people are remembered for what they were. Some are remembered for what they tried to be. I shall be remembered for what I appeared to be . . .

The Last Night

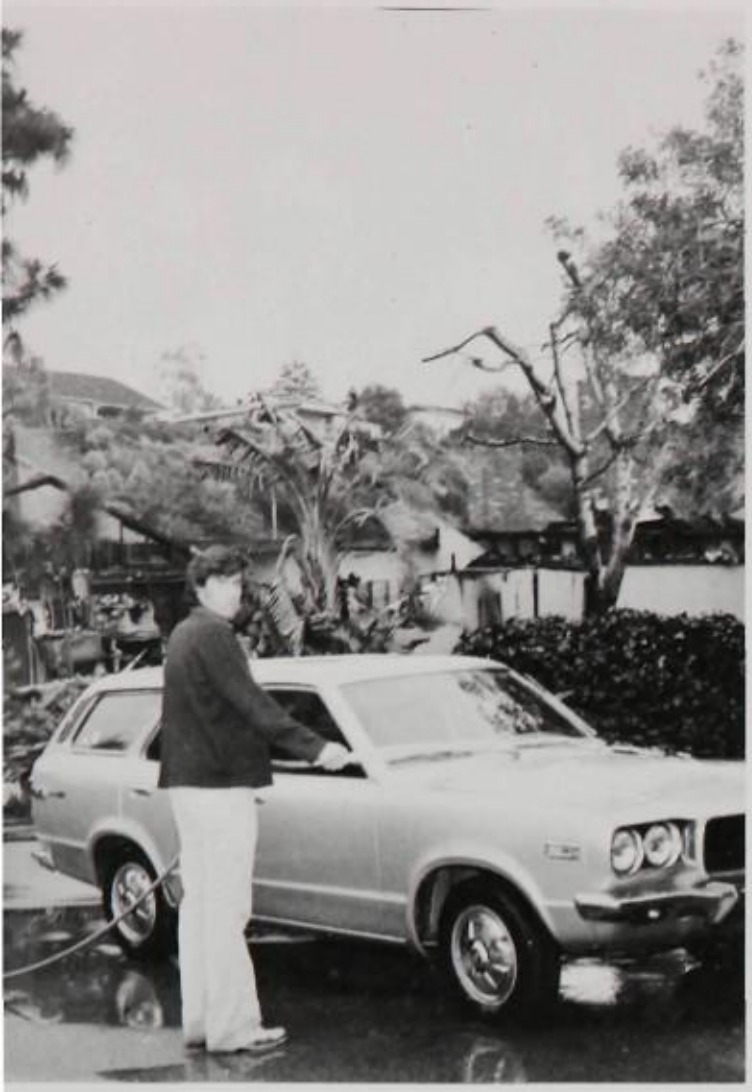
While at the party he was pleased to see again, all that he had come to know. All who had helped him, befriended him and taught him, were assembled together for this last time. It certainly was a sad moment and he was deeply moved by it. Whereupon the next morning, when he awoke, he promptly assumed new horizons.

Scott Peter Bokowski

I, Scott Bokowski, better known as "Bo," Mr. Light, and other names that I dare not mention, being of sound (about 14Khz) mind and semi-questionable body, leave the following to the following: To DeMarco — A neuman, 1000 ft of mic cable, and the girls bathroom in Chalmers. To Peter, the best dimmer board and your parent's permission to run it. To Rob M., an all night, fully paid for recording session, at a professional studio. To John M. — a twenty foot, six by six inch beam, and someone else to carry it. To David Kieth, a seven foot cross, and Oral Roberts. To Chris S. — R-r-r-r-ock, and a nine foot chain link fence. To Mr. Bullion, Mr. Clark, Mr. Humphrey, Fr. Gill, Fr. Grant, and Mr. Archer, my thanks. To my parents, my thanks and deepest appreciation for seeing me through a tough six years. And finally, to Fr. Chalmers, my deepest, and most appreciative thanks for making it all possible.

Tony Carter

I, Tony Carter, being of sound mind and uncertain body, do hereby leave the following to the following:

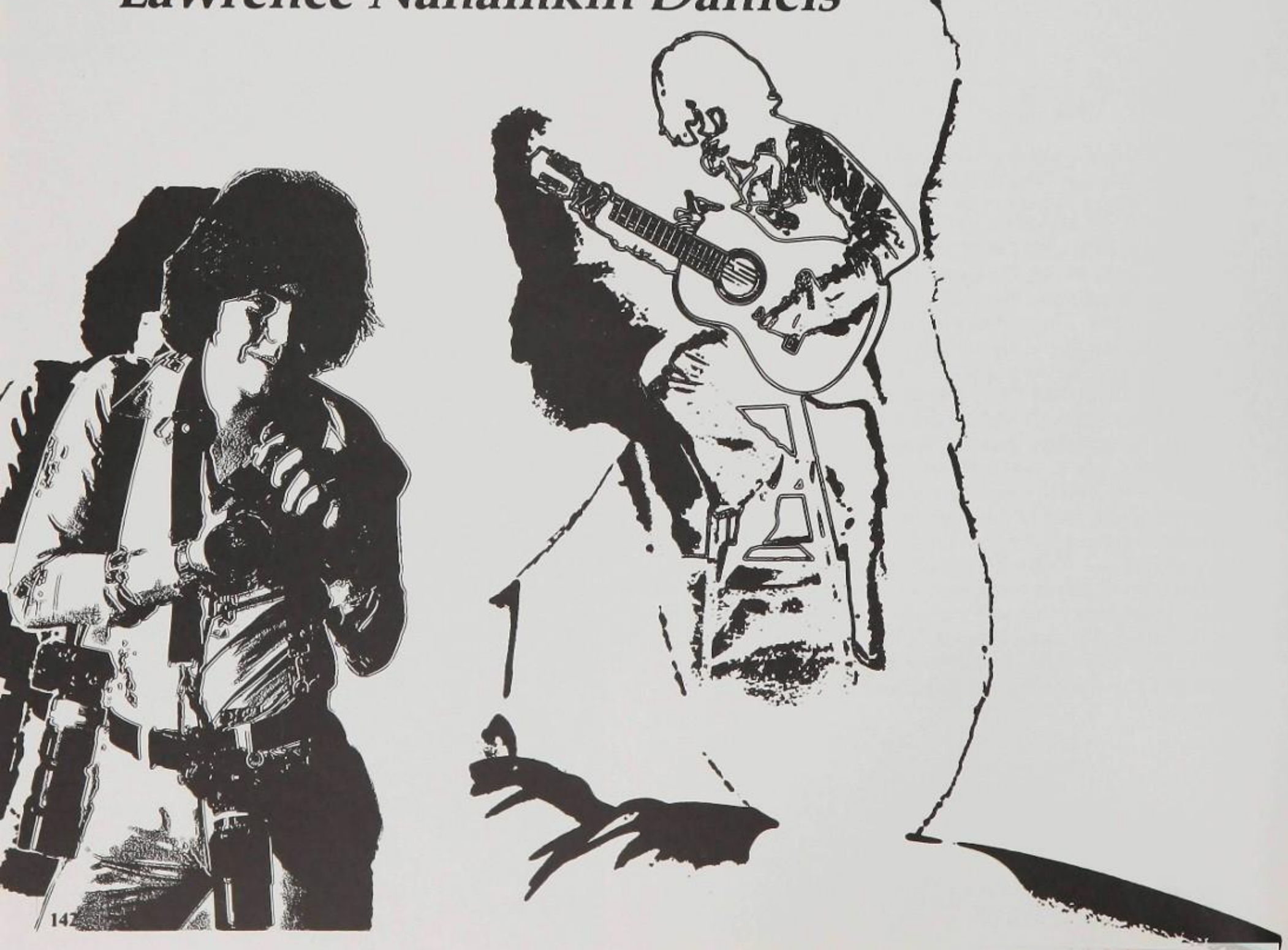


Tracey Baird — Disneyland on Ruth's birthday until 5:00 AM, Three feet, midnight conversations, Math, Biology, and English homework, Monte's, a movie a week during Christmas vacation, . . . stop it already . . . , Chipmunk, London and the hope that you'll make it back there soon, my terrible letter writing ability, my dearest thanks for all the help and understanding that you've shown me during the past year, it has made me a better person, and my deepest love and affection. THE WORMY APPLE LOVER STRIKES AGAIN!!! I also leave that you the lone female on this page.

G.M. — Porky, Makin' Bacon, *Freebies!!,* Harvard School, Lawrenceville, and Thang on a full moon on Rogan Dr.; C.M. — Punky, Thang and the whole family, Mr. Russell, the Punky Function, Jonesy, the best skier at Harvard, college admissions and the hope that you'll do better next time, and finally Gary, in the legendary "Bird" on a night with a "VULL" moon, with the lights out and a car stopped on Rogen Dr., YOU VIERDO!!!; K.P.R. — But sir, The Marx Bros., me, Chuck Lho, all along with Elliot, The cue, and the KKK in the same class. And the MAN says there will be a depression! . . . that's all.; D.B.M. — footba videotapes, the fact that your name is *not* Harry Moses, Anti-zit pads, Cal Worthington, Ma and Pa Kettle and Judy Carter's T.V. class.; J.G.M.;The He lett Packard Corp.; J.F. — _____!! (well, you know what I mean, but they wouldn't let me print it.), and Donna K.; E.T. — Sony, Stephano, Pasnau, playing with your transmission going sixty, and my lasting friendship. M.W.K. — "I'm gonna punch you very hard.", Snaaake, Mazda power, Westlake S.T.'s . . So Bye!!; D.S. — Randy, Danny Vince and Saturday nights on the PA that nev were and a check, to me and Mike, for the reimbursement of all the gas we used schlepping you around.; C.L. — Mr. Russell's economics class, my mouth, and your favorite coaches: Jack "the Butler" Giles, and Don "the Friendly Dinosau Goodman.

P.K. — P.K., K.K., Cathy, A.J., Vicky, and all the other girl friends that you'll have by the time this page comes into print," A little of this action" Liz Pendo and that night at the BBTR., Vic's new stereo, the usual, Wong-Bangers, "Hey Wayne, watch me do a Wong-Banger!", George Askevold, Floyd Wilkie, Fuji, fleeps off the hair jump, tip rolls down the cornice, class, Centre court at La Costa, the "White Owl," Las Vegas and sixteen dollars worth of SLOTS!!!, and a thousand other things that will happen and a million more that will. Finally, the fact that you will always be better than me at everything, except one, and no matter by how much, I BEAT YA!!; Loeb and Loeb — Twisted by Joni Mitchell; and finally, to the editor of this fine publication who will probably never let this tidbit come to print, T.H. — INKOMPETENSE. To my parents I leave more love than either of them realize I have.

Lawrence Nahamkin Daniels



Ralph W. Davis

BEFORE AFTER

History:

69-70 Entered, an ardent Red
70-71 ?
71-72 Chapel, Ping Pong, Frosh Jungleball, Track
72-73 Monty's list, U.S. History, Chemistry, Track
73-74 H. Kazoo Band, Math IV Idiots, Gibson's Office, Space Cadet Film Production, Monty's revised list, Ameer's office, Westlake Exchange Day? College Board, Track?
74-75 The Art Ginsburg Appreciation Society, Stage Fright, Penny-Nickel-Dime-Quarter Encino Pay Festival '74, Senior homeroom Club, Parking Lot Club (Elite), Godshpiel, Elton Shmelton, Editor: R. Davis Page.

I just wanna express my love and thanks to the following pals of mine: Todd Bongleton, Gina Z., Gordon and Caudia, Glenn and Harriet (who I love), Joe Reisman, Dinkin Fibbs, Dana Forbes, Mike Kerr, J. Curtis, King and Blackie, DiFranco, Charlie Beck, Boots, Bill Hohl, Lauren and Vickie, Rockin' Robin, Stanley Thompson, Bob Scott, Dana Litt, Mark scott, Ray Davies, Leroy Gold, Anne B., Ron Moss, Eleanor, Merv Miller, Frank Baldwin, Father John Gill, Jan B., Dave Halliburton, David Millan, The Entire Godspell Cast, G.G. Garner, K.P. Russell, Chris Miller, Ro Cliffo, M. Harmon, Lee Carlson, J. Badham, Mr. Hughes (Thanks again!), J. Slack, Dave Sanders, Walt Stewart, Dick Billingsley, Phil Saperia, Nink Pink, John, Joanne, Sue, Jamie, John Ameer, Don Zdenek, Darryl Griff, J. Pawlak, Raymond Fredrick Karno, and Robert Zimmerman.

"It's amazing what you can get away with"
He thought, "Once you put it in a socially acceptable context."

Love,
Ralph

Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant have their story. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars.
With all its sham and drudgery it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

Desiderata: 1692

To all my friends, faculty and all those who have helped me at Harvard, I give my thanks. For their support and love, I leave a special thanks to my parents.

Jeffrey Scott Deutchman

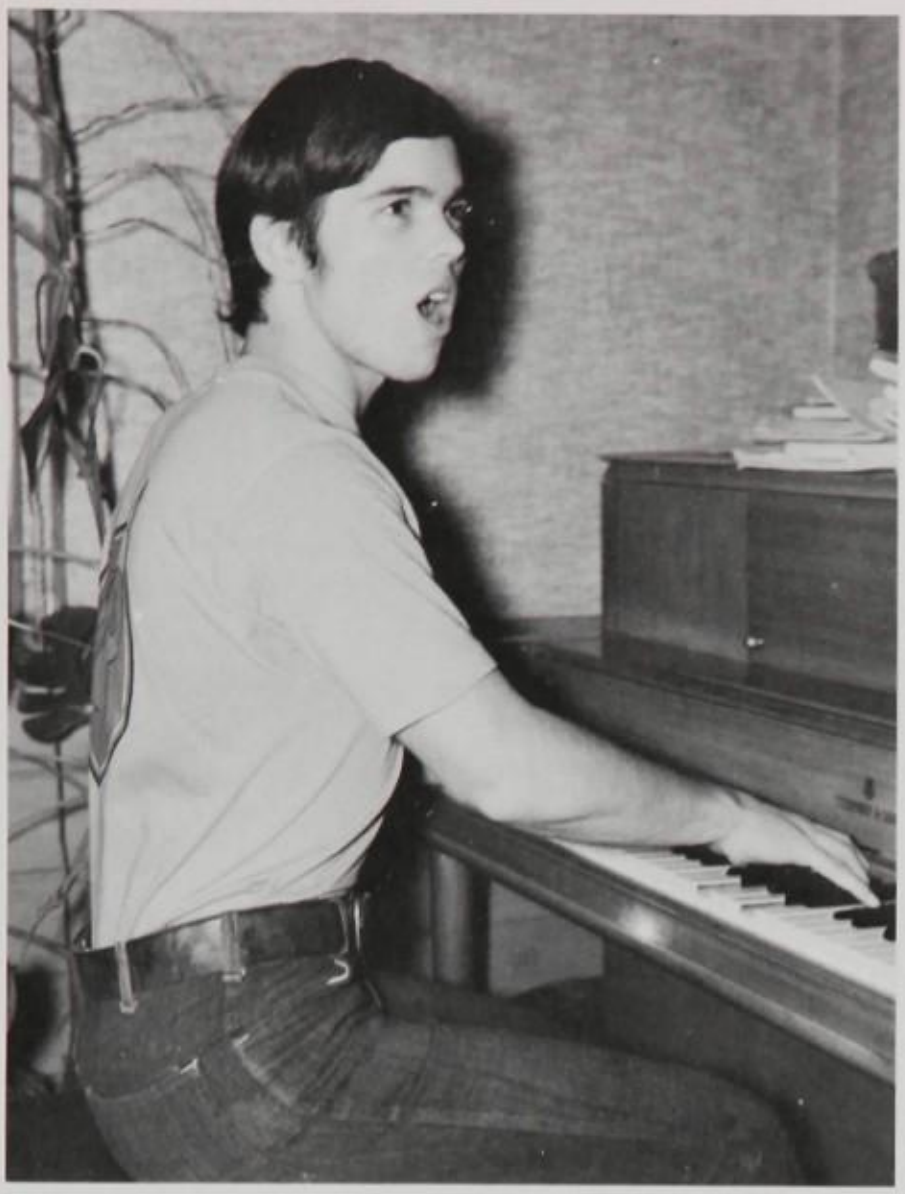
I, Jeff Deutschman, for lack of anything else clever and unique to do, have decided to will to the following people the following items:

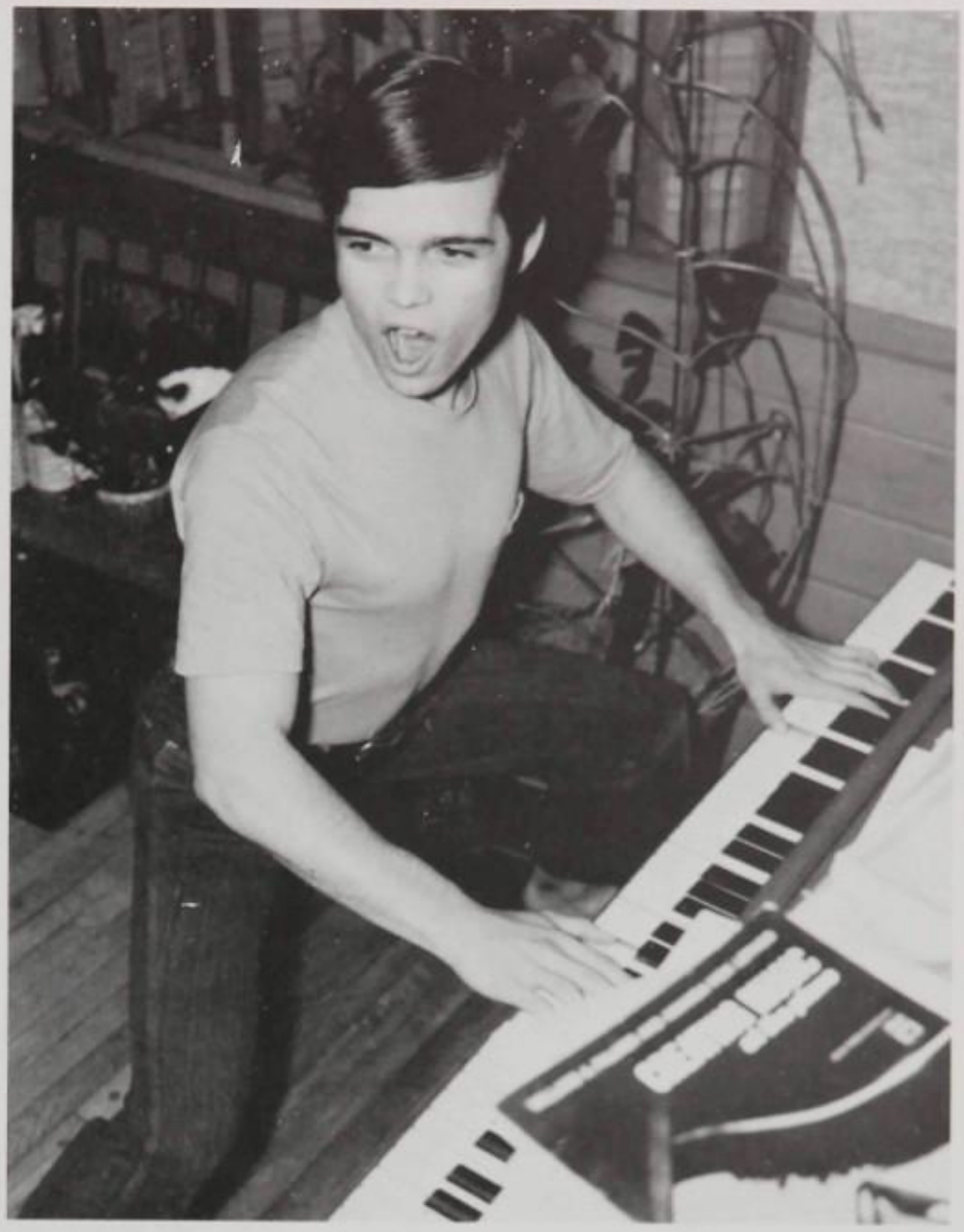
Steve Wisenberg: Pittsburgh.
Steve Moss: Columbian, Shmeck, more Columbian, All-Night radio shows, and finally, more Columbian.
Jeff Gold: (Notice I didn't call you Leroy?) A clean shirt, great poker games ,Henry, and an all-expense fishing trip to Yenemsville.
Bruce Falstein: Moss' Columbian.
Mike Segal: A set of paddle tennis in which you beat me 6-0, my brother, another 1,000 free meals.
Sr. Corcoran: Mangos.
Charles Lhom: A lifetime supply of lox and bagels so that wherever you are you'll feel like you are one of us.
Bob Rubenstein: A Swiss Miss, a supply of matches that have an MG emblem, some of Moss' Columbian, a generous supply of fish fillets from Jeff G., and anything else that might catch your eye.

John Frankman

ΙΧΘΥΣ

Jon Noel Hogen
"Elton"





Tune me in to the wild side of life,
I'm an innocent young child sharp as a knife,
Take me to the garretts where the artists have died,
Show me the court rooms where the judges have lied.

Let me drink deeply from the water and the wine,
Light coloured candles in dark dreary mines,
Look in the miror and stare at myself,
And wonder if that's really me on the shelf.

And each day I learn just a little bit more,
I don't know why but I do know what for,
If we're all going somewhere let's get there soon,
This song's got no title just words and a tune.

Take me down alleys where the murders are done,
In a vast high powered rocket to the core of the sun,
Want to read books in the studies of men,
Born on the breeze and die in the wind.

If I was an artist who paints with his eyes,
I'd study my subject and silently cry,
Cry for the darkness to come down on me,
For confusion to carry on turning the wheel.

B. Taupin
Elton John

Ron Hoggert

To Ron G. — that which is denied you, and my eternal friendship.

To my Cathy — my heart to my lady. Our dreams fulfilled. and the beauty of tomorrow.

To All Those who never understood me — "You talk about day, I'm talkin' 'bout night time." M. Bolan

"The walk to the hut was a long one. To any other it might have been beautiful. The forest was blanketed with ferns and red-brown scraps of bark, cool and solitary. It seemed untouched by men. He stood before the decaying wooden door, his heart beating wildly. Describing the events that had led him to the hut, he begged entrance. The old door swung open. A bent, old man hobbled back to his wooden chair. Scattered about him lay dusty books, talismans and plants — everywhere plants. He began to talk to the old man, but the aged one excitedly quieted him, finger to mouth. The old man stared deep into his eyes.

He found himself standing outside the hut. The old man had spoken but thirteen words to him: "The mind is a fickle thing, and reality not always what it seems."

R. Hoggert

Special thanks to Joe Ozawa, John Ameer, Susan Dietz, Mr. Bob Archer and above all, my parents.

The Electric Warrior rides on.

Fred Karno

To the following I leave the following:

MORGUE: Part of my inner-self next to his pool; his malformed lip; He, he, he, he . . .
MAD DOC: Berk; "Why are we doing this?"; reservoir tips.
DR. WRIHT: My left eye.
T. TUCKER: Grossing-out in the caf; the ultimate vuut; "that walk."
DRIVER: Blow out *then* breathe in!
JOE LO: A word that begins with S, ends in X, and has an E in the middle.
TRACY: What can I leave to a man who has everything?
T. MITCH: A book on how to talk to your houseplant.
SUGAR BEAR: My two front teeth if he can find them.
ROWDY RANDAY: "Oh wow!"
ARID: "Hey man — What's wrong with your eyes?"; A three story kiln for his next pot.
MUNCHKIN: My secret for busting a ringer.
SUE SUE: Cheerleading, "Whom!"
KYM + NANCY: "Honest, we know how to get there!"
STEPH: A hidden B. in her speaker cabinet.
EVERYONE ELSE: My contribution of graffiti.

ADIEU

What the critics are saying:

"This page began by being more or less bootlegged . . . the reason is obvious. Ray Karno . . . is a fascinating, intelligent, witty writer."

—Valley News and Green Sheet

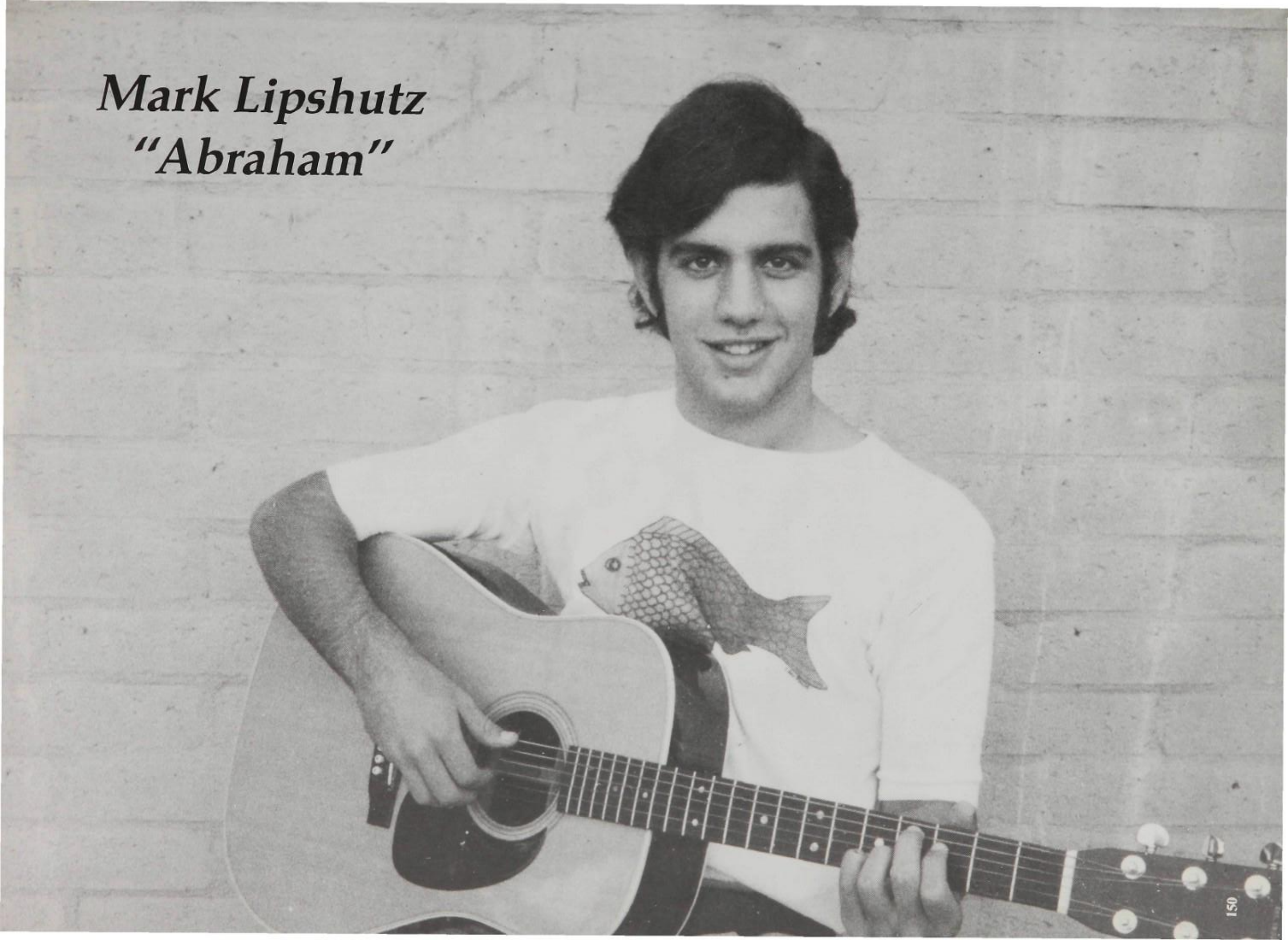
"Karno's senior page . . . is a cogently argued anotomization of Harvard School today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and doomed in destination."

—National Lampoon

"Provocative and important."

— True Detective

Mark Lipshutz
"Abraham"

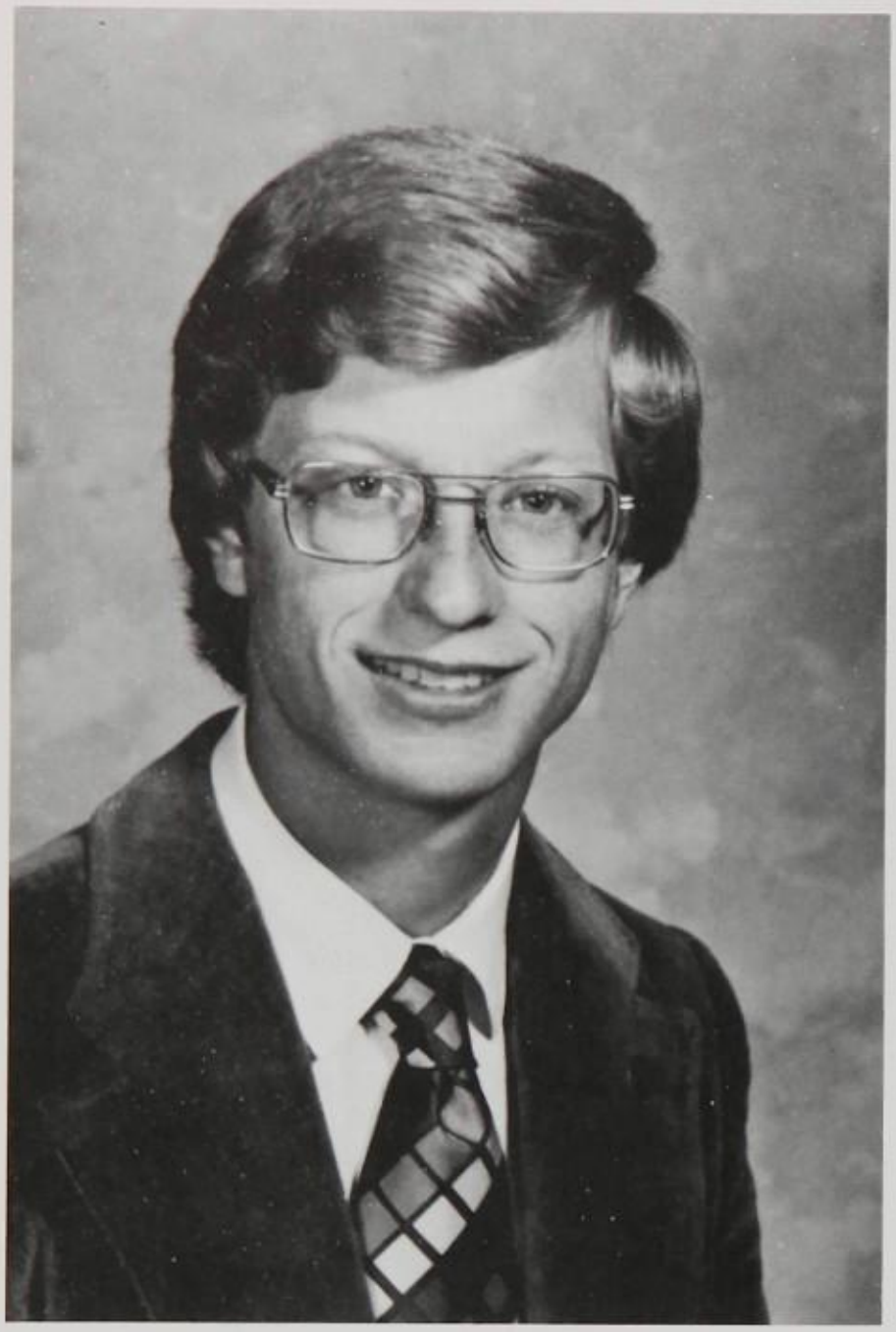


How can I describe so many turbulent years in one page, so all I can say is I'm glad I made it and thank you for helping me.

Your friend and mine,

Moss

John Parks



History

Entered 1969 White

7th grade studied

8th grade more study

Freshman H_2O Polo, Soccer

Sophomore J.V. H_2O Polo, Soccer

Junior Varsity H_2O Polo Champs
J.V. Soccer Champs

Senior Year Varsity H_2O Polo
Varsity Soccer

Graduated in 1975 Black and Blue

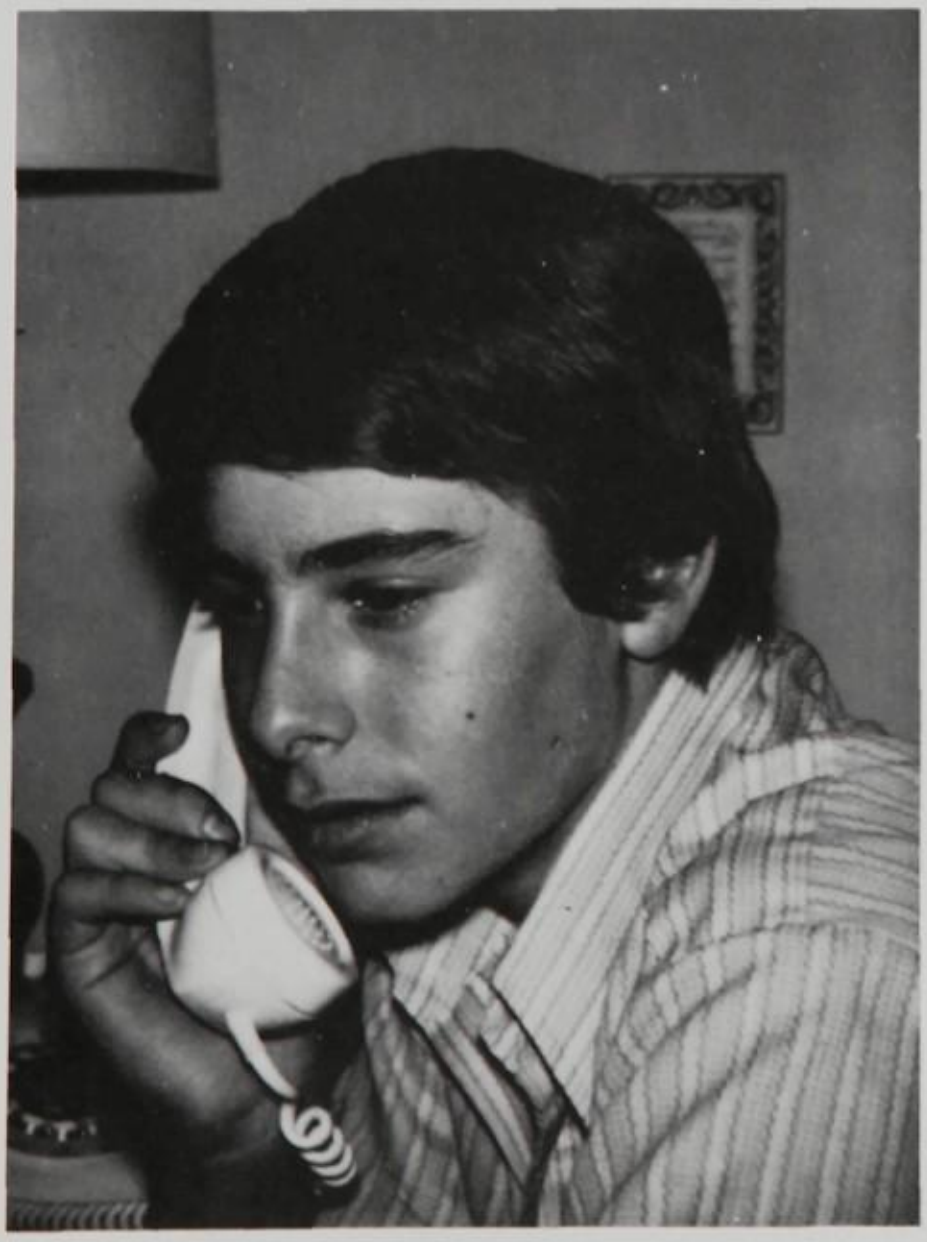
It's great to be graduating! For all those people who have made this miracle possible — I extend my appreciation. To my parents and sister, I thank you for your willingness in putting up with me, and the support and love you have given me. To my teachers — thanks for your guidance, and to my fellow classmates — for being a humorous group.

ジョン R・パークス

米国 カリフォルニア州 ハリウッド
電話 (二一三) 八七四ー九六四四

Ogenki de to Sayonara (Good Luck and So Long)

Robert Rabin



I, Robert Rabin, also and commonly known as Rob or Bob leave the following:

Pat — a Studio City golf ball that can do no harm and that famous card trick.

Rich — a "300" game and a mechanic
Dale — a 10 year vacation in Hawaii
Gary — an inflamable motorcycle and my apartment.
Mark F. — some winning bets and scuba equipment.
Bill — some squeeky noises and a new job
John — season tickets to the Kings
Monty — a game of war and the Fugitive
Jon — a radio comercial
Gary — a game of GNIP GNOP for big stakes
Deryl — a clean game of tennis
Mark C. — an L.Y. uniform and a baby bottle
Leon — a body reducer and a sports car.

I wish to thank all the teachers who helped me through my years at Harvard including; Mr. Ameer, Mr. Colbert, Mr. Stewart, Father Gill, Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Humphrey. Finally, to my parents I leave my deep love and thanks.

Mike Segal

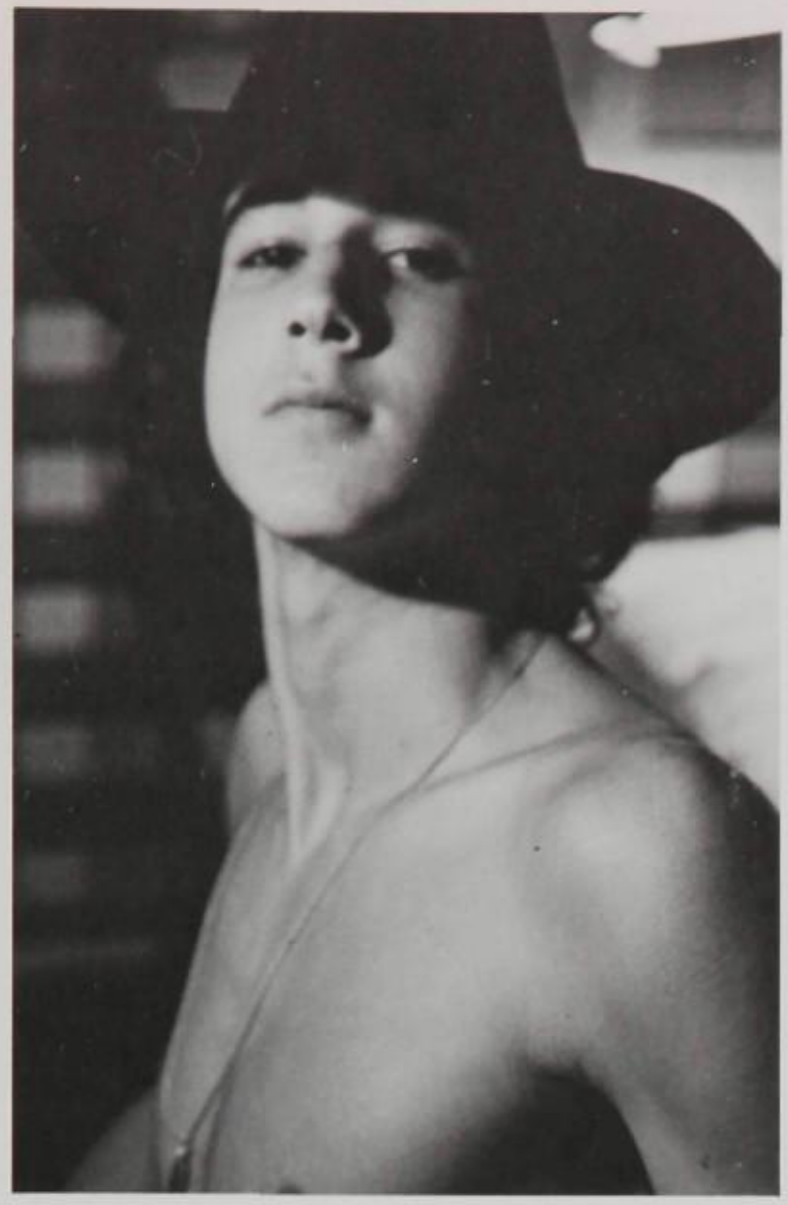
ROBBIE — Hun, Deek, USC, Peter's carpool, on top of Ty's car, Big Mac, Dale's tree . . .
PAT — Free games at the ring toss, Harlem 'Trotters.
MARTIN — The Globe theatre, "Stop Criticizing Me!"
TOM — Your own hockey team, the group (Jackie, Don, Grandma, Pops, David, Jack, "Murray"), the colonel.
SCHWAB — Ski trip, popping the clutch, chemistry study sessions, Shark game (Odroski).
STEVE — Raids on Dale's house, Identity class, the Magees.
FISH — JW, Sra. Dees, and her nose.
LOVITZ — all your accidents, a sense of humor.
MITCH — Bottle "151," a star on your locker.
CRANE —— Bio class with Colbert.

JEFF and MIKE — a great soccer season.
SHANK — Kaplan, 'Trobe's geometry class.
LEIGH — a Ram game, Young Frankesnstein.
CARPOOL — a driver who will get you to school on time.
'KOS — Genetics class and hockey games with Bryan.
MARKS, ACKERMAN, MICHAUD — Kings, soccer, 7th grade.
TRACEY — phone calls and advice.
HOCKEY — immense pleasure.
PETER/JOHN MEYER — The carpool, buck, and a special thank you to you and your family.
HEIDI — Joni Mitchell and me.
JEFF — Rudnick's, Chuck Fanarow, and a fantastic family that gave me so much.

I would like to express my thanks to Mr. McGarvey, Mr. Woods, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Berk, Mr. Archer, Mr. Magusin, Mr. Ozawa and Mr. Ameer; for their concern and inspiration.

Finally to my parents and family who have encouraged me, my sincere gratitude and love.

Surely you've heard the term, "The goalie appeared screened on that one."



Times of emotion become demanding,
In my pain I want understanding,
Must we rape each other's minds,
Impale the evil, he's not our kind.

People wander, do they dare
Examine God and see if he's really there.

And the angel reeks of hell
Break his chains that bind you, curse him well.

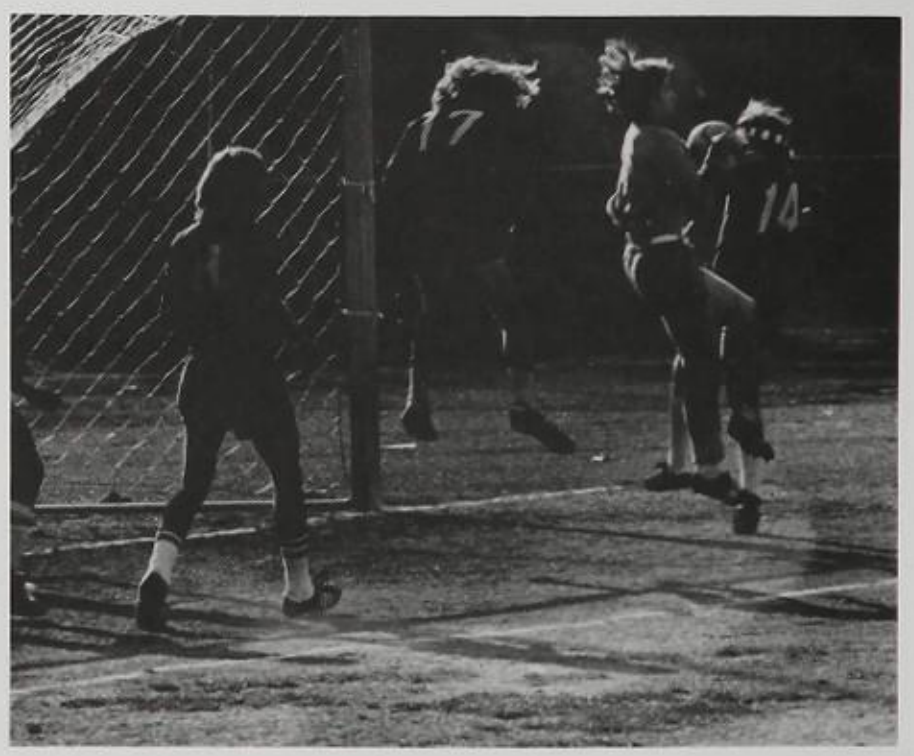
When I show weakness — give me strength

When I show anger — give me calm
When I want pity — show me life
When I am lonely — show me love.

"Love is when you find someone more important than yourself . . ."

pise

Steven Winters



Varsity Soccer

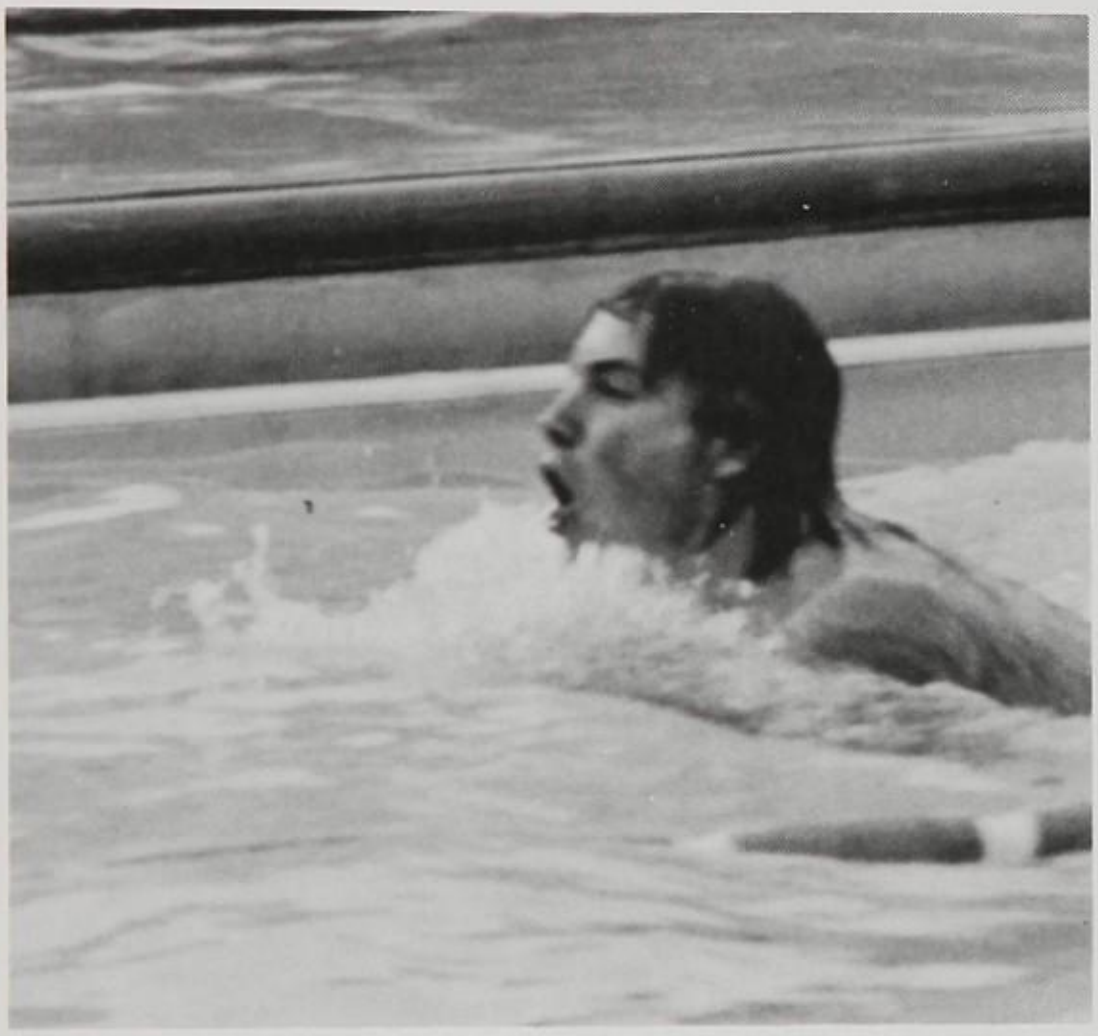
(top) Coach McGarvey, Dahl, Kirkwood, Steinmetz, Zaro, Olch, Segal, Symonds, Bennett, Dillman, Hohl, Davies. (bottom) Dorgan, McCarter, Rutter, Urick, Heyler, Parks, Kaplan, Meryash, Scott.

(top) Harvey, Levinson, Sanders, Brown, Wayne, Thompson, Bennett, Kaiser, Crawford, Griffiths, Mampalam, Coach Marks, Lee, Glantz. (bottom) Fenimore, Kim, Aberg, Stack, Bateman, Zerin, Millman.

Junior Varsity Soccer

Freshman Soccer

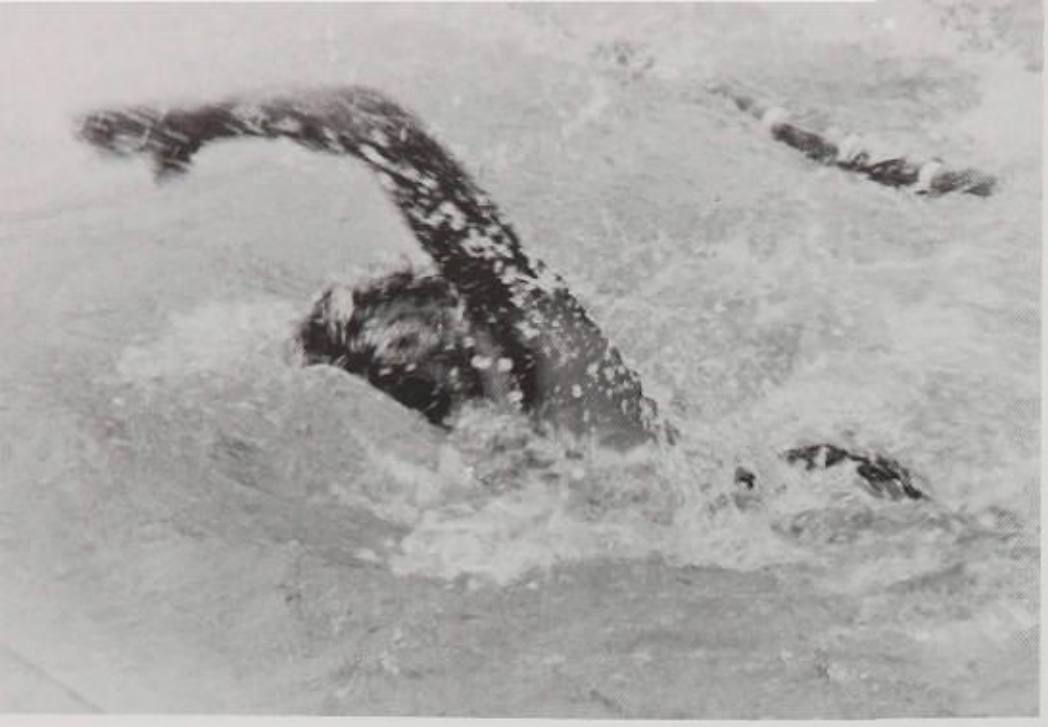
(top) Adams, Sullivan, Singleton, MacArthur, Jungschaeffer, Manson, Swick, Ackerman. (middle) Griffith, Cazier, Lewis, Bunzel, Huggins, B. Scott, M. Scott. (bottom) Lau, Kanaar, Hill, Bernat, Eyraud.

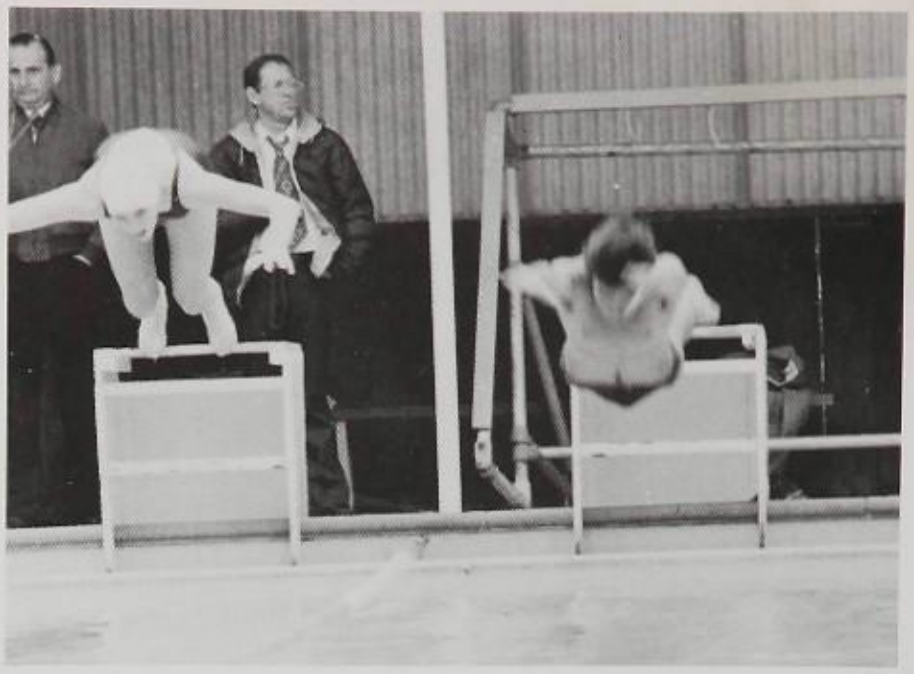


15

Swimming

(top row) W. Meyers, Wander, Kessler, Coach Stewart. (second row) Kirkeby, Radstrom, Howard, M. Mitchell. (third row) Alperin, G. Meyers, Adamson, M. Maytum, T. Mitchell, Fischer, Miller. (fourth row) Horwitz, Holland, Maloney, Healy. (bottom row) Shafran, C. Maytum, Fredericks, Wright, Landon, Pasnau.





languages

David J. Florian
Chairman Language Department
B.A. Case Western
M.A. Stanford
Four Years

THE VACCINATION THEORY OF EDUCATION

"English is not History and History is not Science and Science is not Art and Art is not Music, and Art and Music are minor subject and English, History and Science major subjects, and a subject is something you "take" and, when you have taken it, you have "had" it, and if you have "had" it, you are immune and need not take it again!"

— from "Teaching as Subversive Activity"

Rogelio Martinez-Oyarzun

B.A. H.H. Maristas
I.P.F. Sorbonne
Brevet d'Aptitude Alliance Francaise
Seven Years

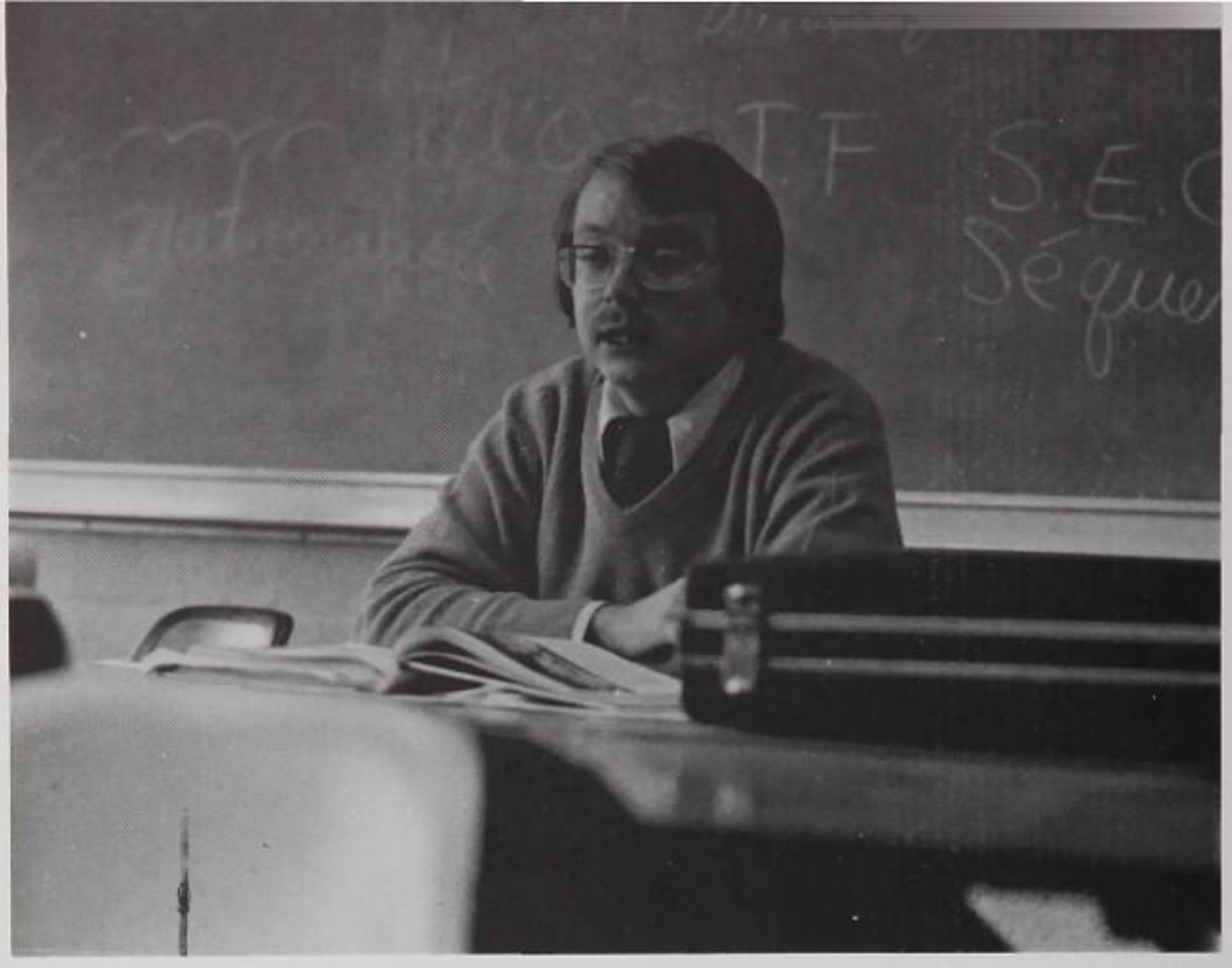
Could you belive hiring a guy who is unable to communicate what he is thinking about the job he is going to do? On top of that he was supposed to teach COMMUNICATION! In another language of course! Well here I am seven years after that unforgetable afternoon when I arrived at good Ole Harvard with some scrolls from the Old World under my arm, all of them written in an unintelligible language for the headmaster. We had two monologues: his and mine. He spoke, I stared, credentials were presented, we shook hands, we smiled, I understood I was hired. Wonderful birthday present.
I went home and I said, "Je l'ai, le boulot!" Since then, fun, lots of it, and my ENGLISH! MUCHO MEJOR.

Timothy John Corcoran

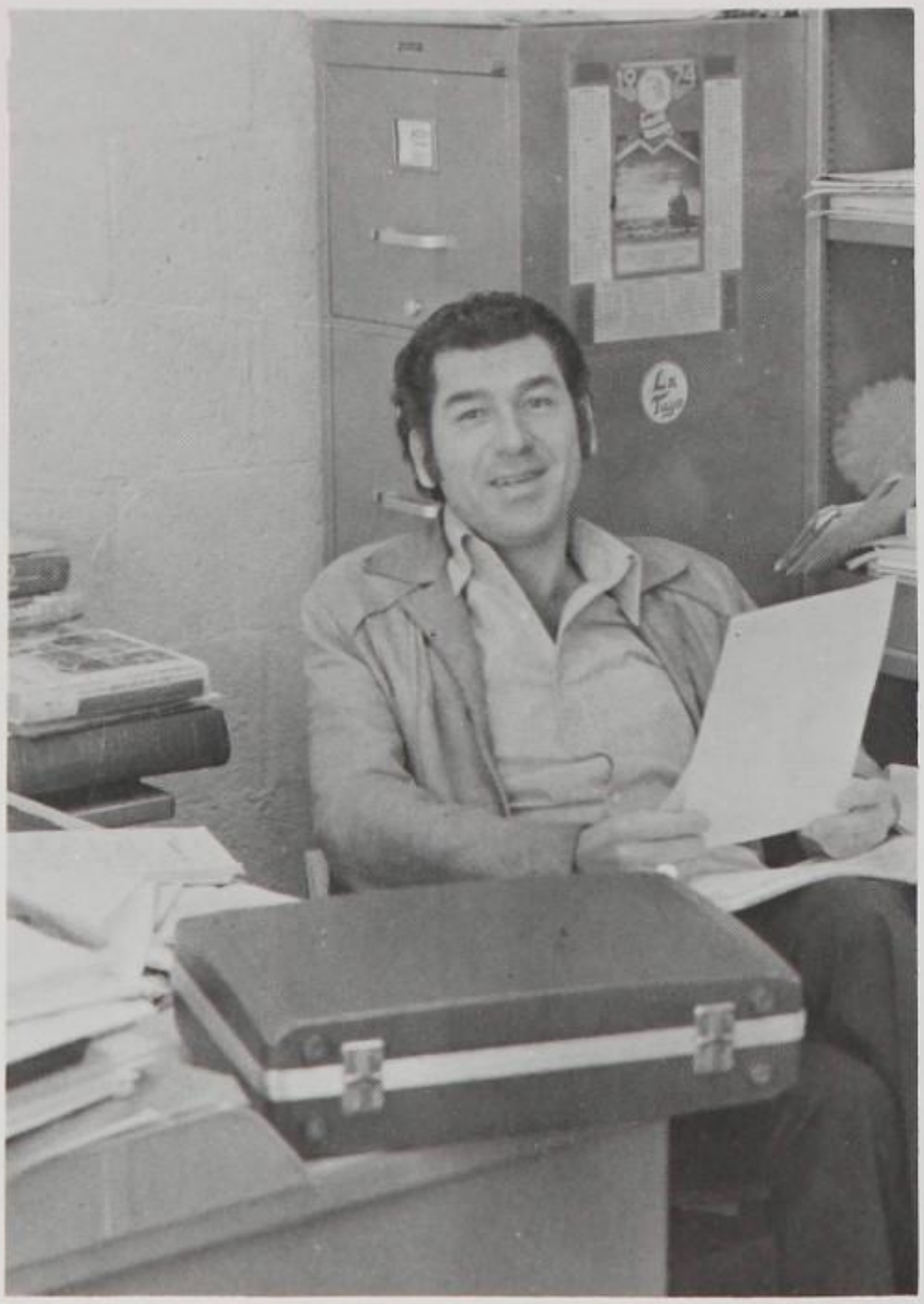
B.A. Arizona
Five Years

"It looks like it but it ain't!"
Un petit d'un petit
S'étonne aux Halles
Un Petit d'un petit
Ah! degrés te fallent
Indolent qui ne sort cesse
Indolent qui ne se mène
Qu' importe un petit d'un petit
Tout Gai de Reguennes.

"Comment?"



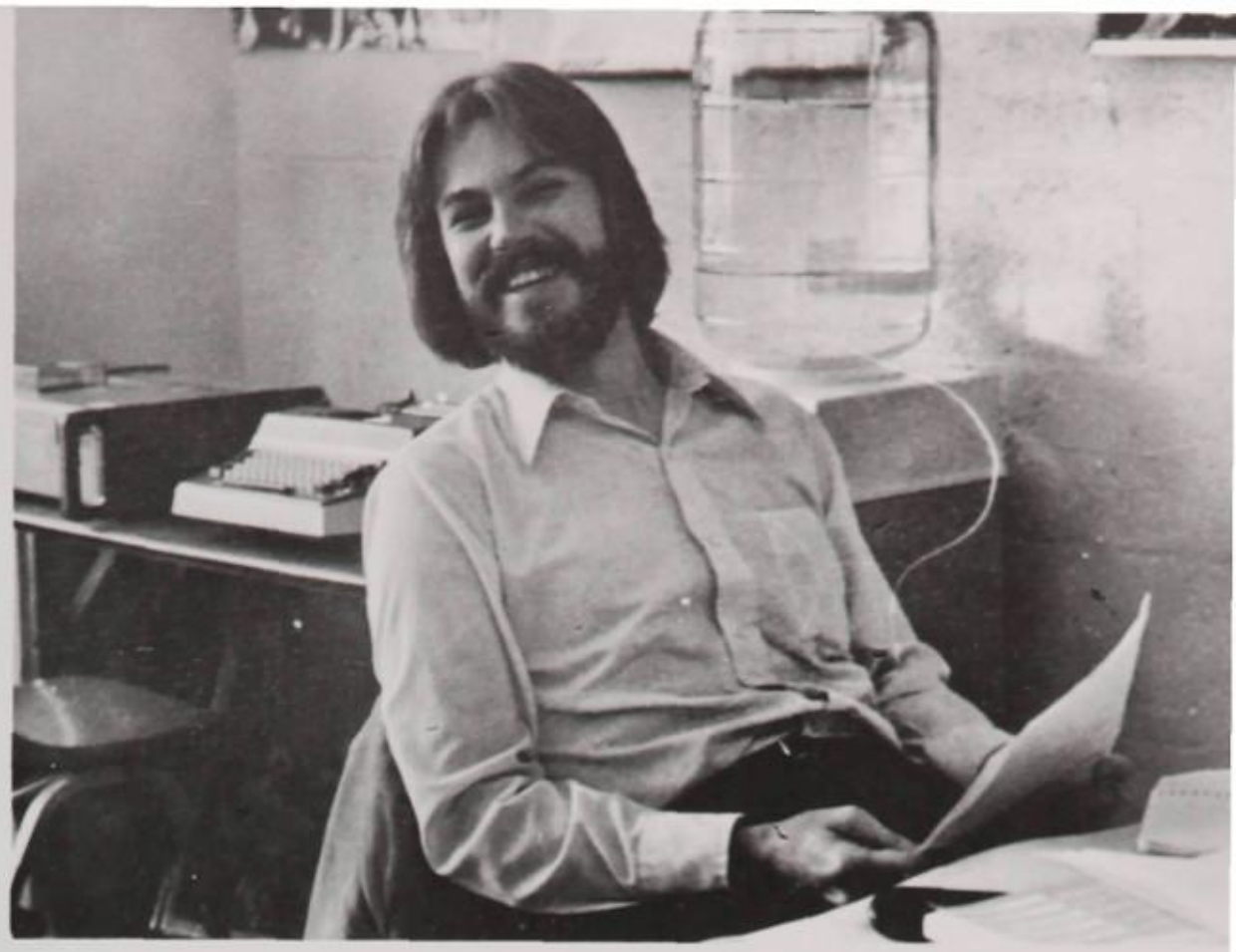
Jon M. Smith
B.A. Albion
M.A. Universite de Paris
2e Degre, Sorbonne
Three Years



John P.Graziano
B.A. Southern California
M.A. Southern California
Three Years

"Mince, Alors"

Eugenia Francis
B.A. Southern Methodist
M.A. Southern Methodist
A.B.D. U.S.C.
One Year



Roman C. Brysha
B.A. U.C.L.A.
M.A. U.S.C.
One Year

My first though was, "How will I ever remember all of these names?"
The problem was compounded by students switching identities!

Maximo T. Pavon
B.A. Almaden, Spain
M.A. Puget Sound
One Year

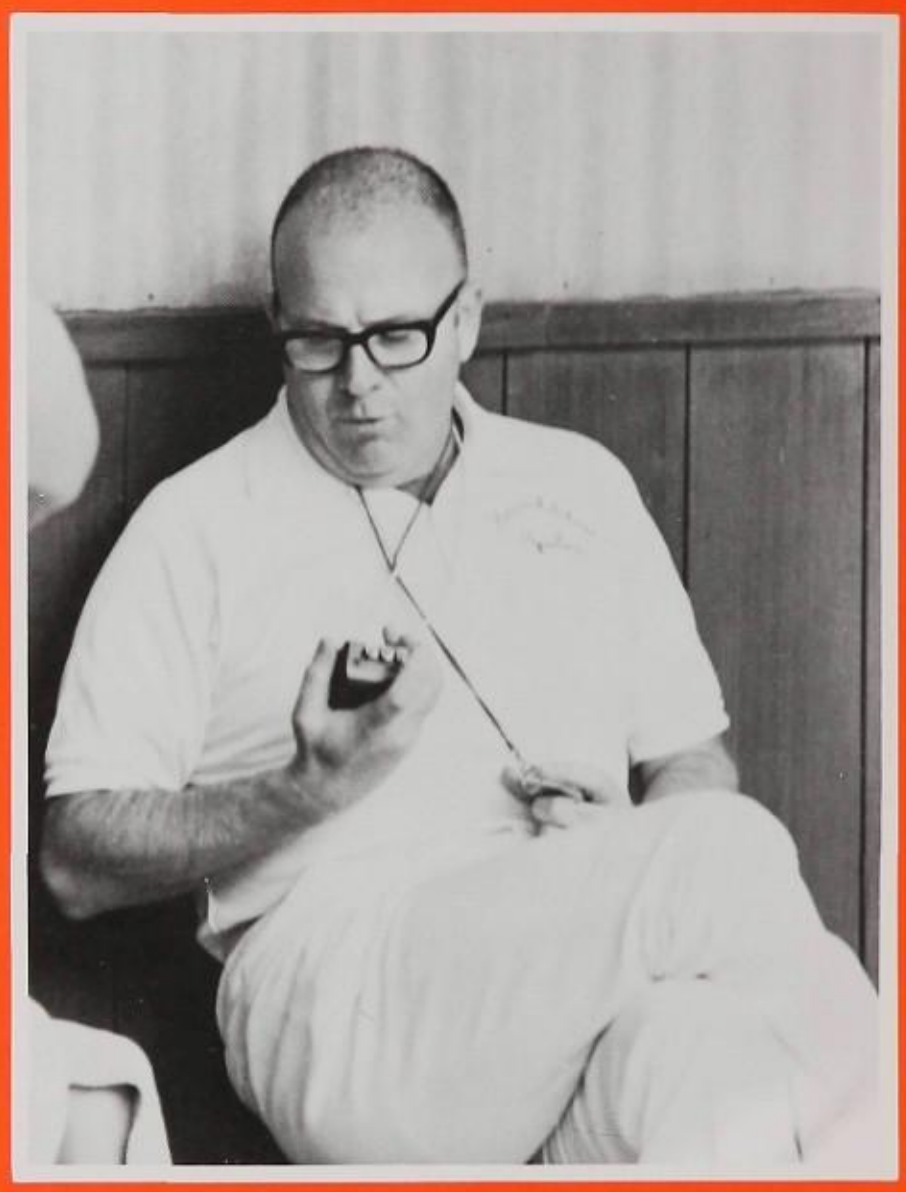
"Gold is tested by fire
Good men by misfortune."

Hermes

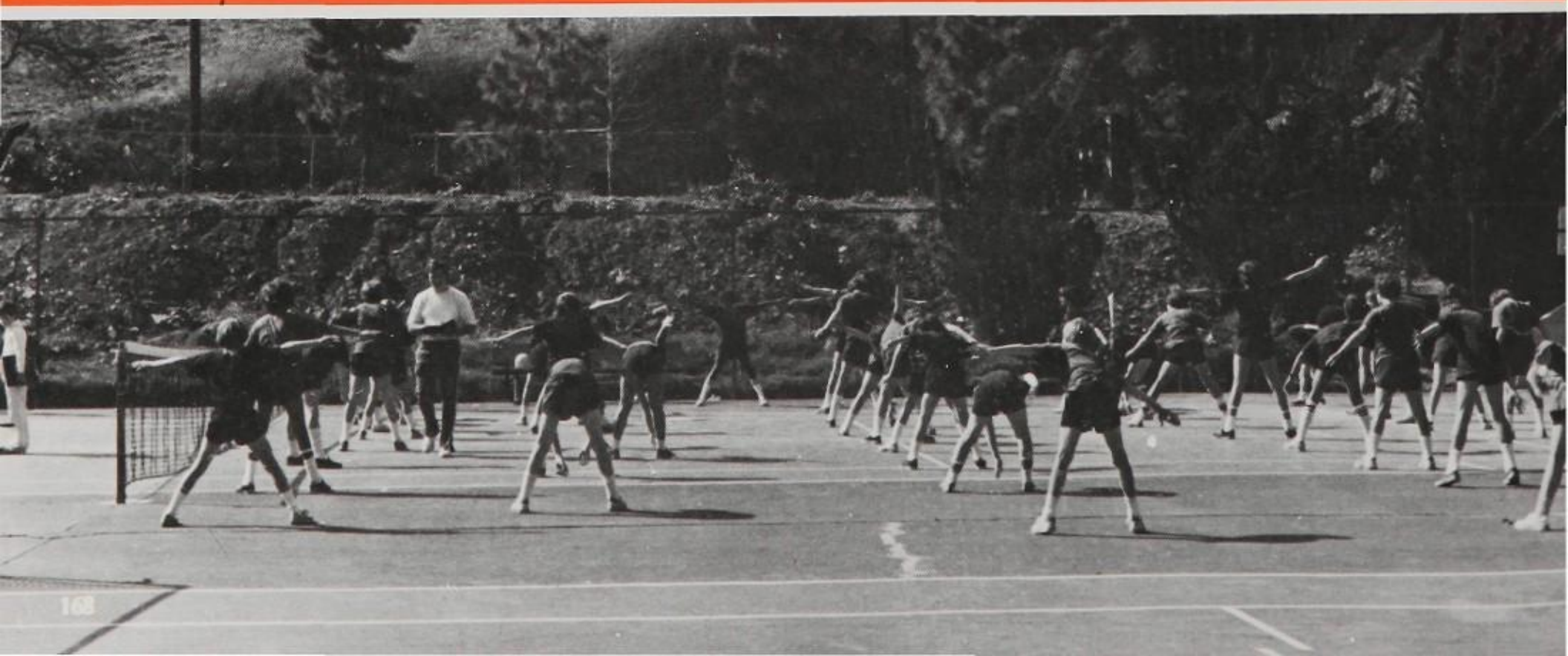
physical education

To recall the humorous items of my 4 short years would fill a book, not a page . . . the boy who lost his trunks in the middle of a swim meet, the wrestlers who turned the showers in a boarding building into a steam-bath and set the fire alarm off at 10:30 P.M., the faculty member who got hit with the water from a fire hose while trying to stop a junior-senior lunchtime battle, the first time the seniors manuevered a girl into the ranks during a Harvard Day parade, the student who two minutes before a test was to be turned in said, "I didn't get the second page of the test" (there was only one), etc., etc.

However, one statement always seems to Hold true: "Graduating classes like vintage wines vary from year to year, they have just one thing in common, YOURS was always the best."



Walter V. V. Stewart
Athletic Director
B.S. Michigan
M.A. Michigan
Twenty-four Years



Gary D. Thran
B.A. Azusa Pacific
Two Years

Whether your on the field or whether your off;
Always remember to catch that pig.

Guy E. Gingell
B.A. Calif. State, Northridge
Two Years

Lennox	24	Harvard •	24	(Var. Football)
Lawndale	4	Harvard	5	(J.V. Baseball)

Gary Hinman
B.A. California State, Northridge
One Year

Donald W. Goodman
B.A. California State, Northridge
M.A. Stanford
Two Years

Lower School

Basketball

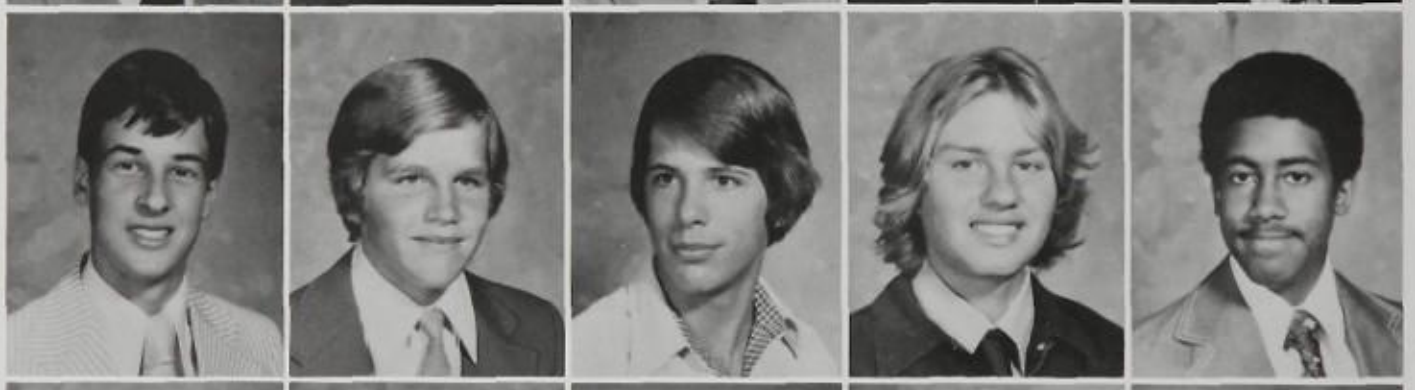
(1st row) M. Monroe, C. Forbes, M. Terner, A. Kaiser, C. Forman, D. Wolf. (2nd row) S. Ingram, S. Riach, B. Phelps, M. Entenza, H. Tarnoff, M. Cole. (3rd row) J. Bender, D. Naylor, A. Markes, A. Myerson, L. Cannon, Coach Michaud.

Freshmen

Ben Adams
Robert Ahmanson
Mike Andrews

Steve Aronson
Elliott Barnes
Mark Bautzer

Derek Bell
David Bercovici
Joey Bergin
David Bernat
Phillip Blackman



York Bradshaw
Doug Brady
Richard Braun
John Brunson
Phillip Bryan

John Bunzel
Matt Cazier
Eduardo Chung
Eric Cohen
Kevin Corley

Eric Cotsen
Brabston Crouch
Steve Cutler
John Eichler
Albert Eyraud

Andy Feshbach
Jeff Foreman
Jon Frojen
Seth Front
Jeff Fruin

Russell Gilman
Andrew Goodman

Bob Gordon
Bill Grasska

Bob Griffith
Joshua Grotstein

Peter Hoffenberg
Tom Howard
Tom Huggins
Brian Jerrems
John Jordan
Peter Jungschaffer

Roger Kanaar
Fred Kaufman
Sean Kelly
Mikael Kjellin
Matt Kuhns
Charles Labiner

Bruce Landon
Clint Lau

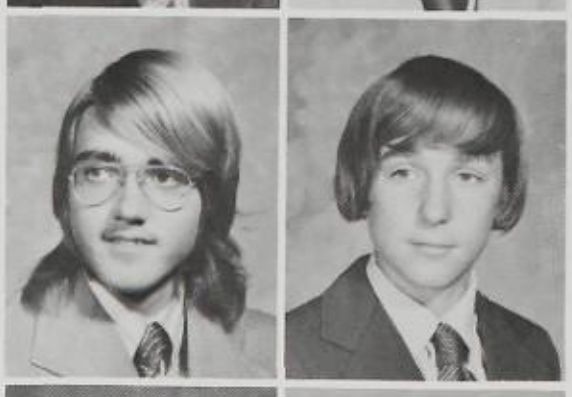
Blair Leach
Larry Levine

Mark Lindon
David Lippman
James Litchmann
Michael Lubic
Peter Maas

Charlie MacArthur
Robert Mackey
Bill Maloney
Anthony Manson
Grant Marylander

Joel Masket
Warren Meyers

Bart Miles
Greg Miracle



Jim Morland
Mark Mosch

Billy Moses
Carl McKenna

Peter Neville
David Peterzell

Paul Peterzell
Jeff Salmore
Mark Schine
Bart Scott
Mark Scott

Ross Shelden
Tim Shepodd
Garry Shumway
Jim Singleton
Philip Sirianni

Renny Slatkin
David Sones
Barron Steffen
Greg Stern
Jon Strauss

Chip Stuart
Matthew Sullivan
Andrew Swick

James Uhlmann
Joe Utasy
Dean Walker

Richard Wander
Danny Weintraub
Richard Wentz

Michael Werner
David Westhem
Jorgen Weterrings

FRESHMEN — Not Shown
Matt Bell
Craig Cantwell
Wilbert Chew
Jeffrey Head
Donald Hill
Charles Lindley
Kent Nelson
Mark Reinhardt
William Steinberg
Mike Youngdahl

Dixie Canyon Tutorial

"I know it must be hard to teach us sometimes, but I'm sure glad he comes."

Once again I became aware of the zinging tinge of excitement that always crawls the length of my spine when I open the large wooded door marked 10 at Dixie Canyon Elementary School. The morning seemed fresh and alive with senasation. I could hear the silence as it penetrated under the cracks of the door. I wondered if my class was somewhere else this morning. I hoped not!

Forty heads swiveled furiously around to detect the alien who had just entered their world.

"It's Pete," they cried.

"Pete's here."

In a frenzy of disarray, they dropped their pencils, books, crayons, scissors, and any other paraphernalia they had previously been content with, and emerged from their seats to mob me. The teacher smiled greetings. She did not mind this temporary interruption.

They stretched and grabbed and sung their delights as they crowded around my waist. It was good to be back. I said "Hello" to each one, calling them by name, and told them to retake their seats.

"Alright," the teacher said, "everyone in Pete's writing class can go with Pete."

The cheer went up as seven kids followed me in Pied Piper fashion out the classroom door to our secret storytelling place on the lawn outside the classroom. As soon as we were seated in a circle, they simultaneously began shouted the stories I had asked them to conjure for this lesson. They all had stories and eveyone seemed creative and exciting. But this could not go on.

"Hold it," I quieted them. "Today is Jason's turn to tell a story. You got one, Jason?"

"I sure do," he replied.

"Well, then, lay it on us, and don't spare the voice. Make sure everybody can hear you."

So he began with his creation:

"Well, once upon a time there was a boy and a girl who went to the same school. They liked each other very much but always got teased when they played together 'cause everybody said that boys and girls don't play together, so they never did. But one day the teacher asked, 'Who wants to go to ecology today?' and only the boy and the girl raised their hands and the teacher called on both of them and they went out to ecology. With Pete.

"Pete carried the big green crocodile bag and the boy and the girl put a whole bunch of garbage in it. They laughed and had so much fun out there picking up the garbage that they said to each other that who cares what anybody thinks and decided to always, always play together and that's the end of the story."

The mind reels. This ten-year-old kid had told a story, plain and simple like only a ten-year-old can do, which had opened up avenues of life to himself and everyone around, which most people never travel.

In September, 1972, the Dixie Canyon Tutorial program became an elective in the Harvard School curriculum. It consisted of at least three hours of tutoring and one seminar with Mr. Ameer a week.

Now, more than two years later, the program is in its seventh full term. It has struggled, but changes have been made where it has been necessary. Mr. Ameer has been in touch with the Board of Education in Sacramento and representatives are evaluating the program with possibilities of making it widespread.

The course now consists of three hours weekly tutoring and two classes at Harvard to discuss valuable educational theory which can be applied to Dixie. Mr. Ameer, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Corcoran now head the program and work in affiliation with Dixie Canyon School.

Thursday

The country needs and, unless I mistake its temper, the country demands bold, persistent experimentation. It is common sense to take a method and try it. If it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But above all, try something.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Zeus

Skating Away
(On the Thin Ice of a New Day)

Meanwhile back in the Year One,
When you belonged to no one —
You didn't stand a chance son,
If your pants were undone.

'Cause you were bred for Humanity
And sold to Society — One day you'll
Wake up, in the Present Day,
A million generations removed from expectations
Of being who you really want to be.

Skating away on the thin ice
of a new day.

So as you push off from the shore
Won't you turn your head once more
And make your peace with everyone.
For those who choose to stay
Will live just one more day —
To do the things they should have done.

And as you cross the wilderness
Spinning in your emptiness
You feel you have to Pray
Waiting for a sign that the Universal Mind (!)
Has written you into the Passion Play.

Skating away on the thin ice
of a new day.

And as you cross the Circle Line
The ice wall creaks behind
And you're a rabbit on the run.
The silver splinters fly in the corner of your eye —
Shining in the setting sun.

Well, do you ever get the feeling that the
Story's too damn real and in the Present Tense?
Or that everybody's on the stage, and it seems like
You're the only person sitting in the audience?

Skating away on the thin ice
of a new day.

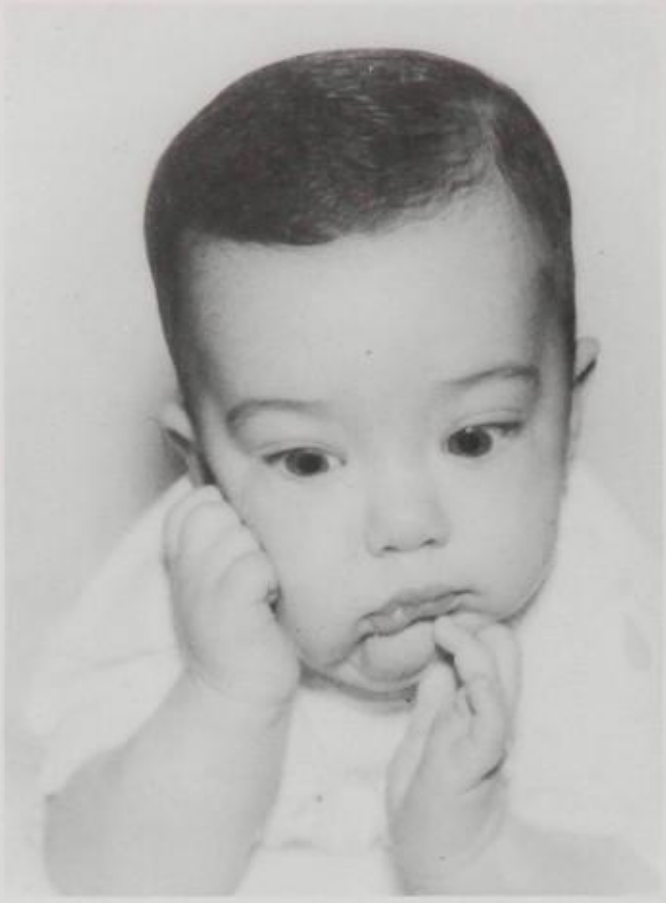
Charlie Beck

"Oh, but he must be, just look at the way he dressed."

"Most likely you go your way . . ."

Upon completing six eventful years at Harvard School, it would be as impossible to mention and to acknowledge all the people who made this experience possible. However, I can't pass up this chance to put down a few of the things I remember to a few of the people whom I will never forget: to Ron; the unfortunate reality that when you've got it as good as it can be, it can only get worse; to Ralph; Heineken Darks and something to do at school; to Jamie; Santa Barbara and bald tires; to Scott; an old saying, the man with two women actually has no women at all; to Boots; where do I begin?; to Dan; M.V.P.; to Jeff; some free time, an ugly relative, and a local girlfriend; to Bruce; an ingenious way to make money; to Cruik; a bike that handles and death if he doesn't take it out; to Tom; the hope that someday he'll be able to beat me in one-on-one basketball; to Steve; a lemon in the chest; to Robin; a keg and a week- end at Mommoth, hopefully; to Todd; an injury free football season; to Harvard Sports; what took eleven years to complete is completed; to all the people who contributed to my high school education; thanks; and finally to Mr. Francisco and Mr. Ozawa; thanks a lot and now . . .

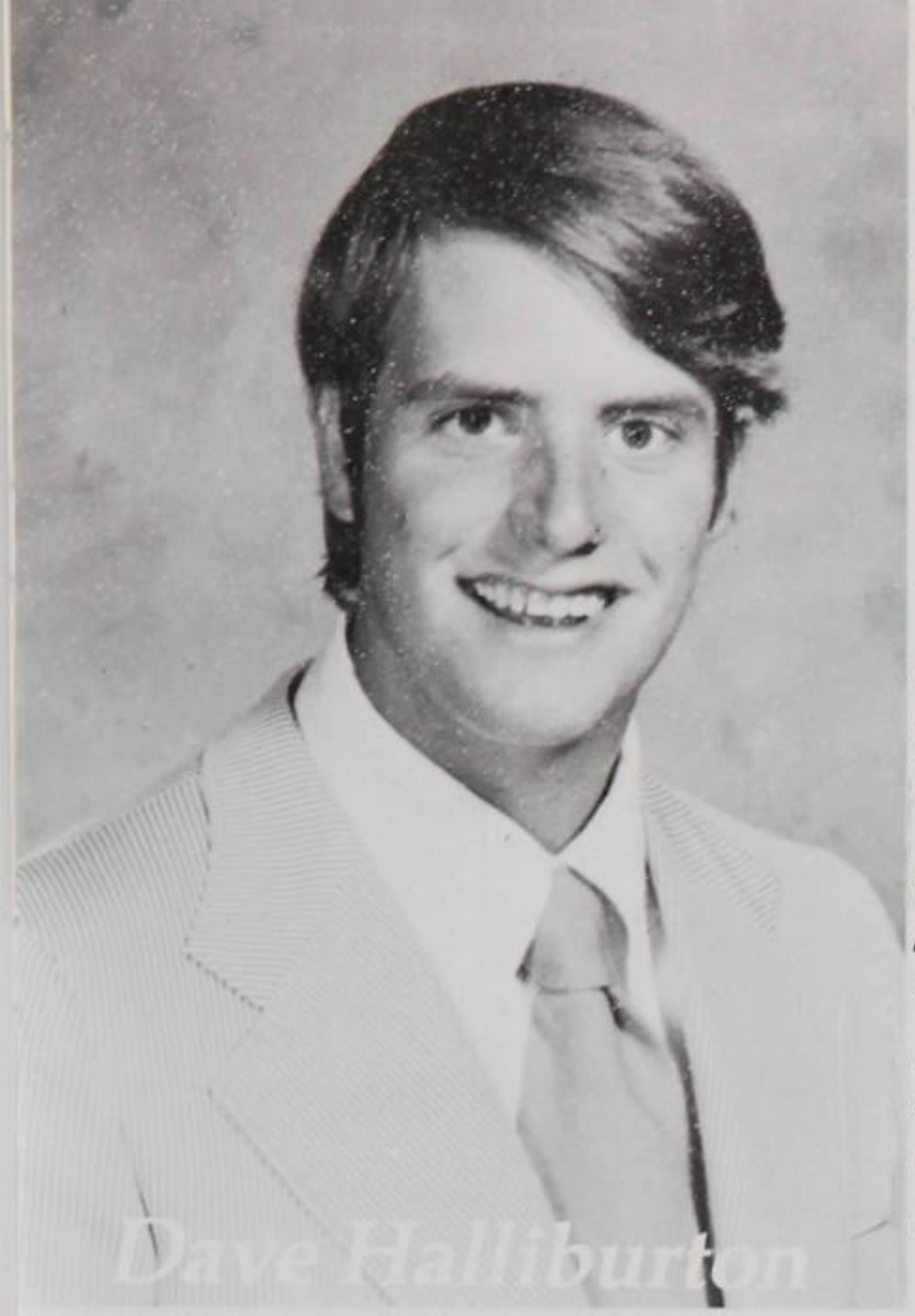
Robbie Allen Dick

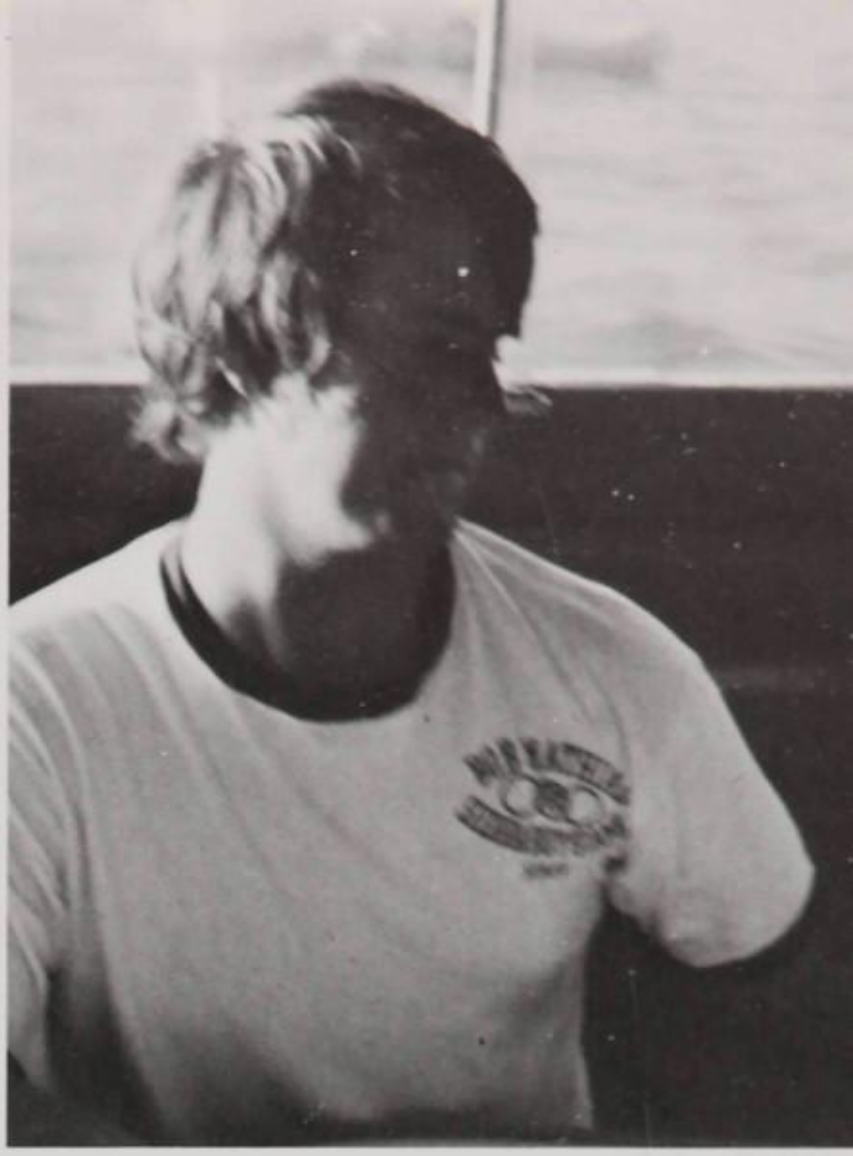


To my kids at Dixie — I only hope that I gave as much to them as they gave to me.

To Mikey — the top of Dale's car and a friendship full of laughs.
To Marty — mags.
To Pat — the L.A. Open and banishment from the library.
To Lovitz — Eight!, ice fights, Voonders face after the famous blast, and auto insurance.
To Eric — a Capri, Mazda, X 1/9, and?
To Wise — Pittsburgh, golfing, Camp Troy, raids on Brent's house.
To Pete — Religion, in search of free gas, generosity, and a streak through Encino Bowl.
To My Riders — Elton John, and putting up with Dave.
To Tracy — fighting, slugging kussing and LOVE.
To John — a New Years Eve party and a weekend in Newport.
To Peter — Yale, Buckaroo, the infamous carpool and front yard session.
To Hook — 1st Place in the tourney, and a catchy name.
To Tom — Thanks for the Kings seats and-a-many more Hutch fights.
To Dave — George Putnam, Rodney Dangerfield, a trip to Ozawa.
To Rube — a good right arm and a charcoaled M.G.
To Steinmetz — "Did you have an accident?"
To Munch — a debate partner, height "Mr. Woods is dead."

Upon leaving Harvard School, I leave thanks, infinite thanks to all, especially to my parents, sisters, cat and dog for putting up with me.





Before I leave Harvard, I'd like to give my love and thanx to the following people.
First the teachers who have helped me better my education in knowledge and growing up. Thank you very much Mr. Amter, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Maguire, Fr. Grant, Fr. Gill, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Saperia, Mr. Mobley (even though I didn't have you, you were an inspiration), Mr. Michaud (You too), Rocketman Mr. Holmes, Mr. Archer, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Winetrobe Coach Thran, Coach Hinman, Mr. Corcoran, and finally Mr. Pavon. Now to the people who were a part of my education and growing up. Thanx Pat, Scott G, Bob S, Robert, Mark S, Bill A, Grant, Charlie, Bert, Robbie, John C, Rolf, Jeff D, Bruce F, Hal, Jeff G, Randy H, Bill H, Ty, Greg J, Tom "J", Randy K, Charles L, Joe, Jon L, David M, John M, Mike Steve M, Guy, Greg M, Tom M, Jeff M, Ron, Steve M, Chris O, Jamie P, Scott R, Tom R, Mike, Todd Scott T, Tracy, John Z, Dave T, Brad L, Neal L, Tommy T, Jeff D, Doug E, John H, Dave L, BMS B esp., Huey, Bullwinkle, Squat, Gorl, Mello, Buts, Zonk, Hoss, Mini, Bump, Dana, Pearson's Brentwo all of you, Rod, Fred, Phil, Peter, "The Toth", Jamie OB, Bruce, Jeff R., Nancy, June. Now to people who helped me through all of this, thankyou and I Love you all (even though at times I may not show it) Dad, Mom, Grandma, Grandpa, Elizabeth, Bonnie, all aunts, Uncles, cousins, and distant realatives. And finally to those who aren't quite Family, but should thankyou Davies Family, Graves Family, Armistead Family, Priolo Family, Mildred, and Pete. Now to all remaining at Harvard "Keep Your Nose to the Wind and Your Eyes on the Skyline

"Education is an admirable thing but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing worth knowing can be taught."

—Wilde

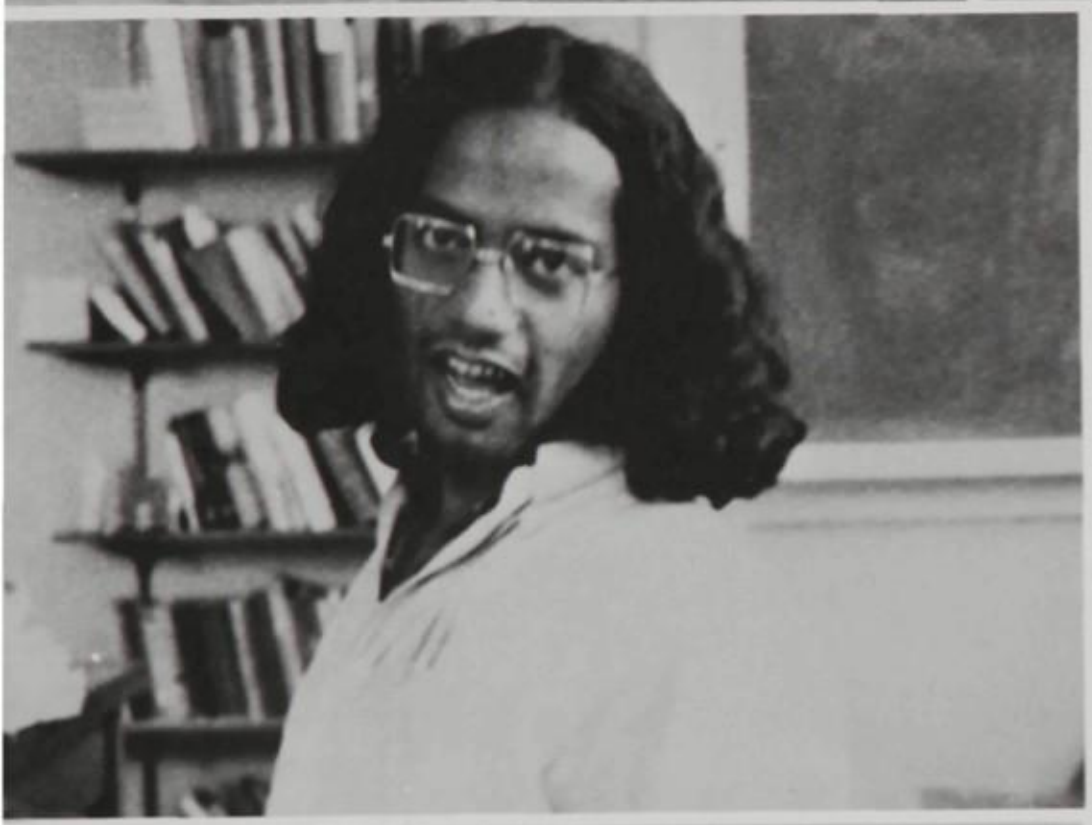
What's the use of living if you aren't *really* living?!!

To all those who shared friendship with me, I give my love and appreciation for making me happy!

And to Mr. Roberts, Fr. Gill, Mr. Hughes, and Sr. Bullion, thanks for the chances and opportunities.

Finally, to my Parents, Grandparents, brother and sisters, I give more love and appreciation than I was able to show!

John S. Hooker



I HAD A GOOD TIME TOO....

So Bye!

Michael W. Kerr

CHARLES CHOLSOO LHO

I, Charles Lho, alias "Yellow Brother," "Foreigner," and "Superchink," being the second and last of the Lho Clan to leave this institution after 4 memorable years, leave the following trash to the following garbage cans.

To Jeff D. — a million dollars, all the restaurants in L.A., and future plans. To D. Magee — a spot in Hollywood. To T. Riach — basketball, football, baseball, a jock, and some of my intelligence. To J. LoPresti — the Union 76 station in Pacific Palisades. To the Marx's — my sincere thanks for all your kindness; Craig, Gary — friendship; Eric, Jason — a bright future. To G. Elliot — starting center for UCLA. To T. Carter — Cartie, and a zippered mouth. To S. Winters — a course in slow talking. To M. Lipshutz — a giant can of Right Guard. To Lovitz — my first bagel. To all the juniors — you still have a long climb.

I would like to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Ameer and Mr. Berrisford for all their guidance. Also, my thanks to Mr. Winetrobe for his friendship, and Mr. McFadden — a learning experience. And to my parents, my deepest affection for providing me with such an opportunity.

Finally, to Harvard School, I leave my history and my Korean heritage (You guys need some class.) AHN-NYUNG!

History

Immigrated 1971
Frosh Basketball 9
Speech 9
Ecology Club 9
J.V. Basketball 10,11
Kazoo Marching Band 11
Cum Laude Society 11
Coldwater Pipeline 11, 12
D.C. Tutorial Program 12
Varsity Basketball 12
Alumni Association 12
Deported 1975

David B. Magee, Jr.

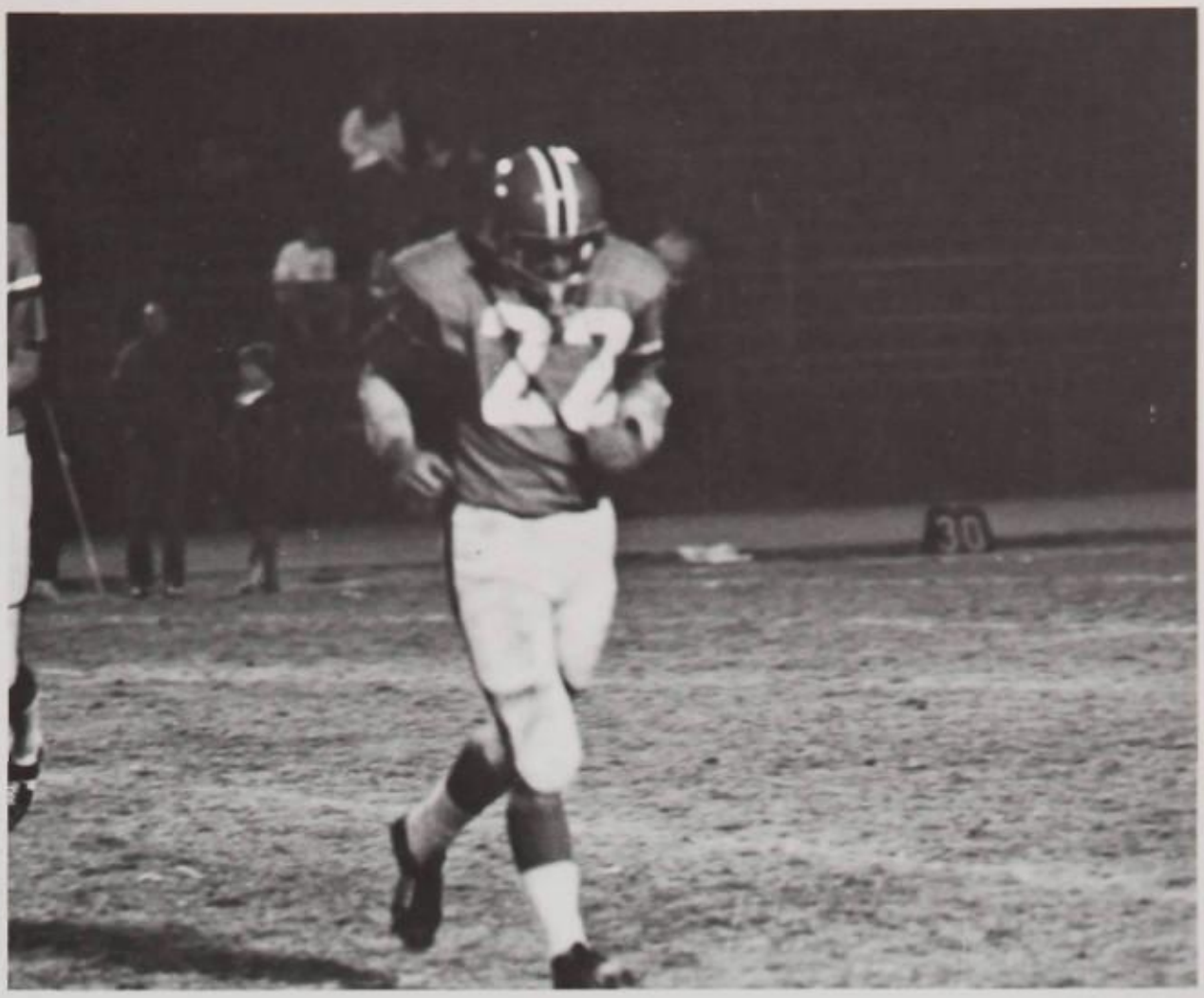
Thanks a lot.

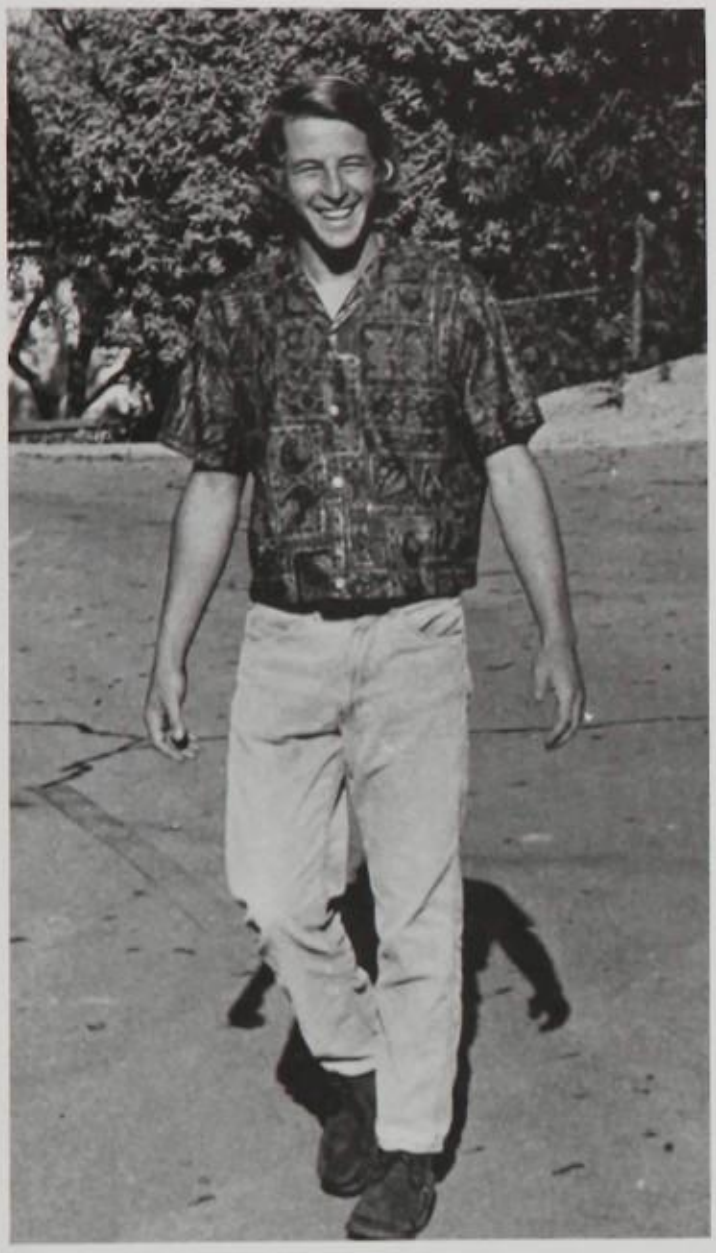
David B. Magee Jr.

Steve Mair

Graduated early under Harvard's accelerated Senior Program

Daniel Steven Miller





Special thanks to:

Mr. Ameer, Mr. Archer, Mr. Clark, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Michaud, Mr. Ozawa, K.P. Russell, and Coach Winetrobe (Who knows by now the Bruins are No. 1)

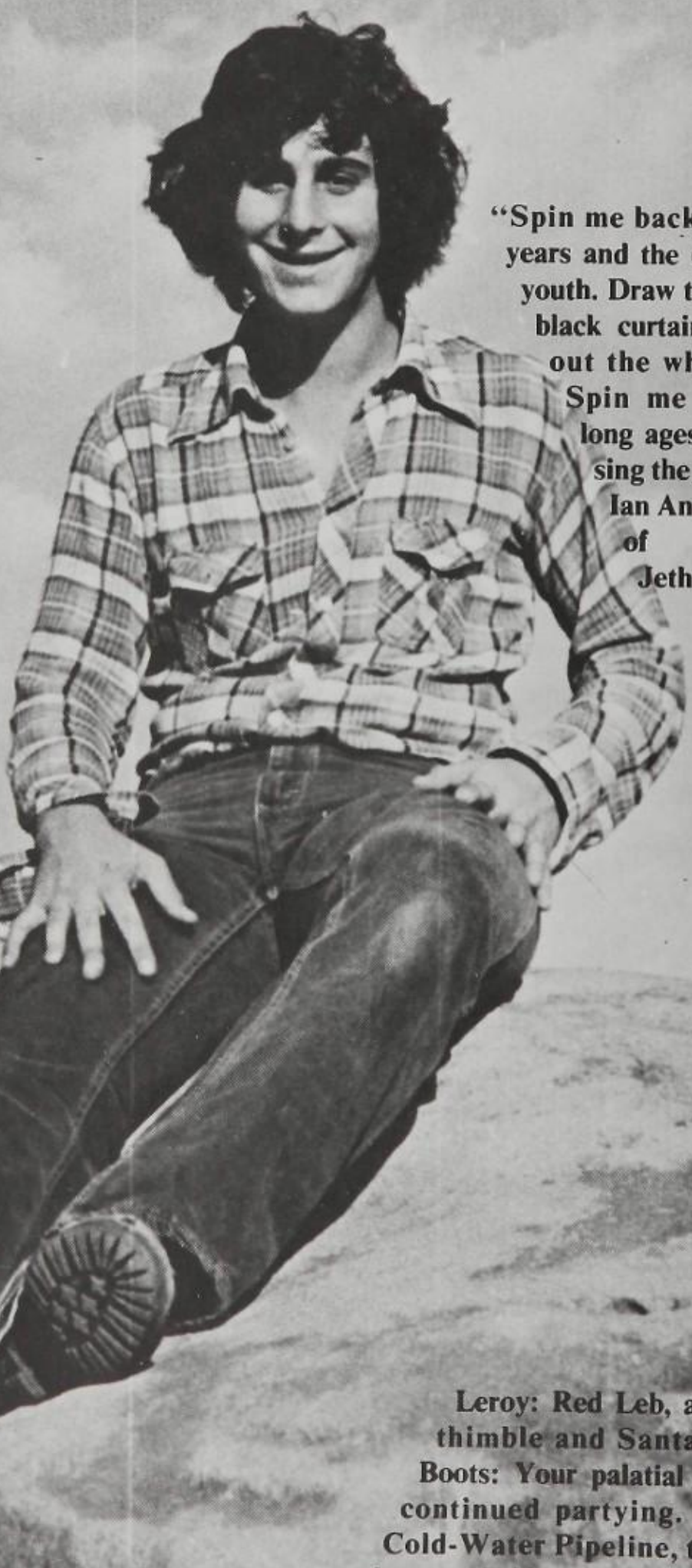
To all the kids I ever taught at Dixie Canyon:

Thanks for the opportunity and Good Luck.

STEVEN HILL MOSS

NO MAN SHOULD PART WITH HIS INDIVIDUALITY AND BECOME THAT OF ANOTHER

In whatever few words remain to be said I would like to offer thanks to those who have made my stay at Harvard a meaningful one . . . Mom and Dad, who made it all possible . . . Mr. Berk and Mr. Ameer whose wisdom I have tried to absorb . . . Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Colbert whose friendships I value deeply . . . Phil di Franco and Tony Miller whose teachings are the stepping stones for what I plan to pursue in the future . . . ,



"Spin me back down the years and the days of my youth. Draw the lace and black curtain and shut out the whole truth. Spin me down the long ages. Let them sing the song.
Ian Anderson
of
Jethro Tull

Leroy: Red Leb, a monopoly thimble and Santa Barbara. Boots: Your palatial estate and continued partying. Tom: the Cold-Water Pipeline, the feeling that we tried but nobody listened, and all the meetings that we had. Griffo: "It WAS the best Key!" Jeffrey: DLA 042, a life membership to the JEM, and Pierce, Valley College or LACC.

Photograph by Randy Kaplan

Chris Olch

Canterbury Tales

A true gem to all beholders,
Set by a maker of jewelry.
Don Quixote trods the Fulham road:
Belligerent Rhett Butler,
Brother to Falstaff on tap.
Life's libido, Alpha Gatsby and
Fryday 13.
Alistair Cooke scorns that which
Young Caulfield sees.

Happy Trails.

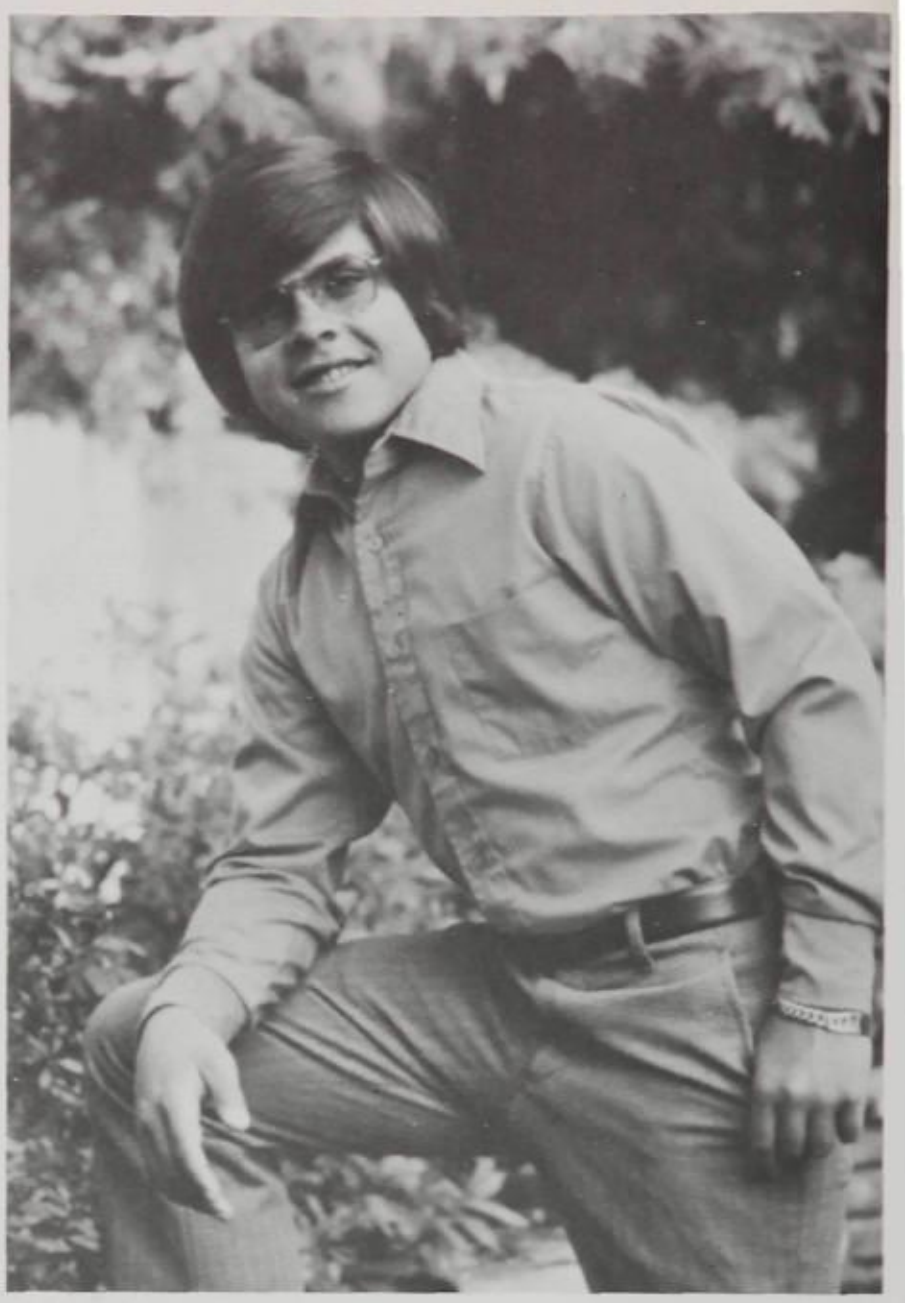
To remember together
with unknown men the days
Common also to them
and perils ended.

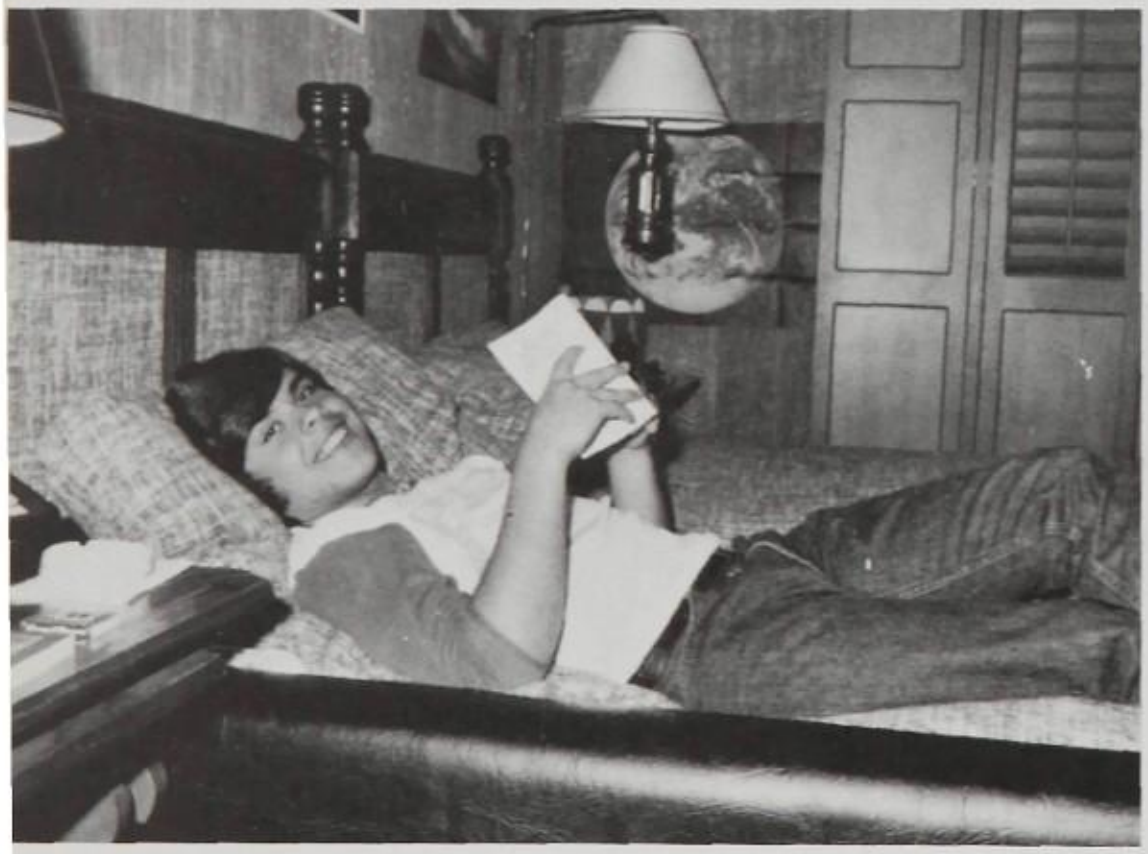
If you can dream —
and not make dreams your master
If you can think —
and not make thoughts your aim —

— Kipling

Thanks, first to my parents, who made it all possible; to Father Gill, Mr. Ozawa, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Gil-Dominguez, Mr. Holmes, Coach Thran and Coach Hinman for their time and interest; and to my friends, for being there.

Jamie Pawlak





I count myself in nothing else
so happy
As in a soul remembering my good
friends.

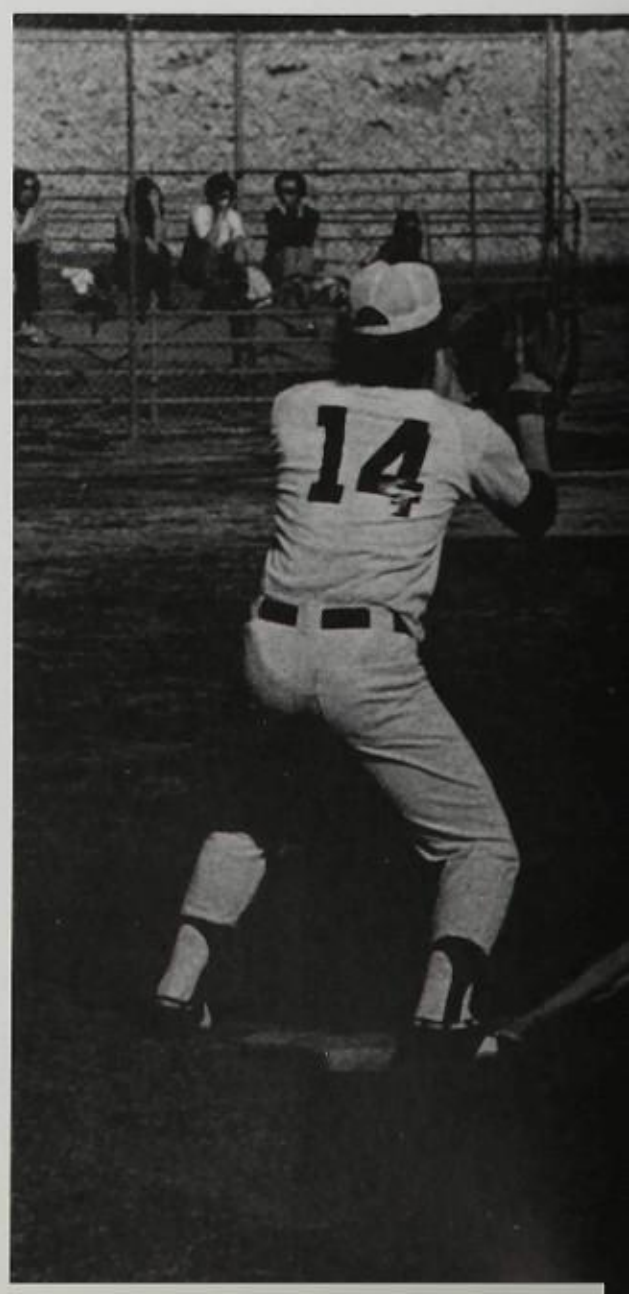
Shakespeare

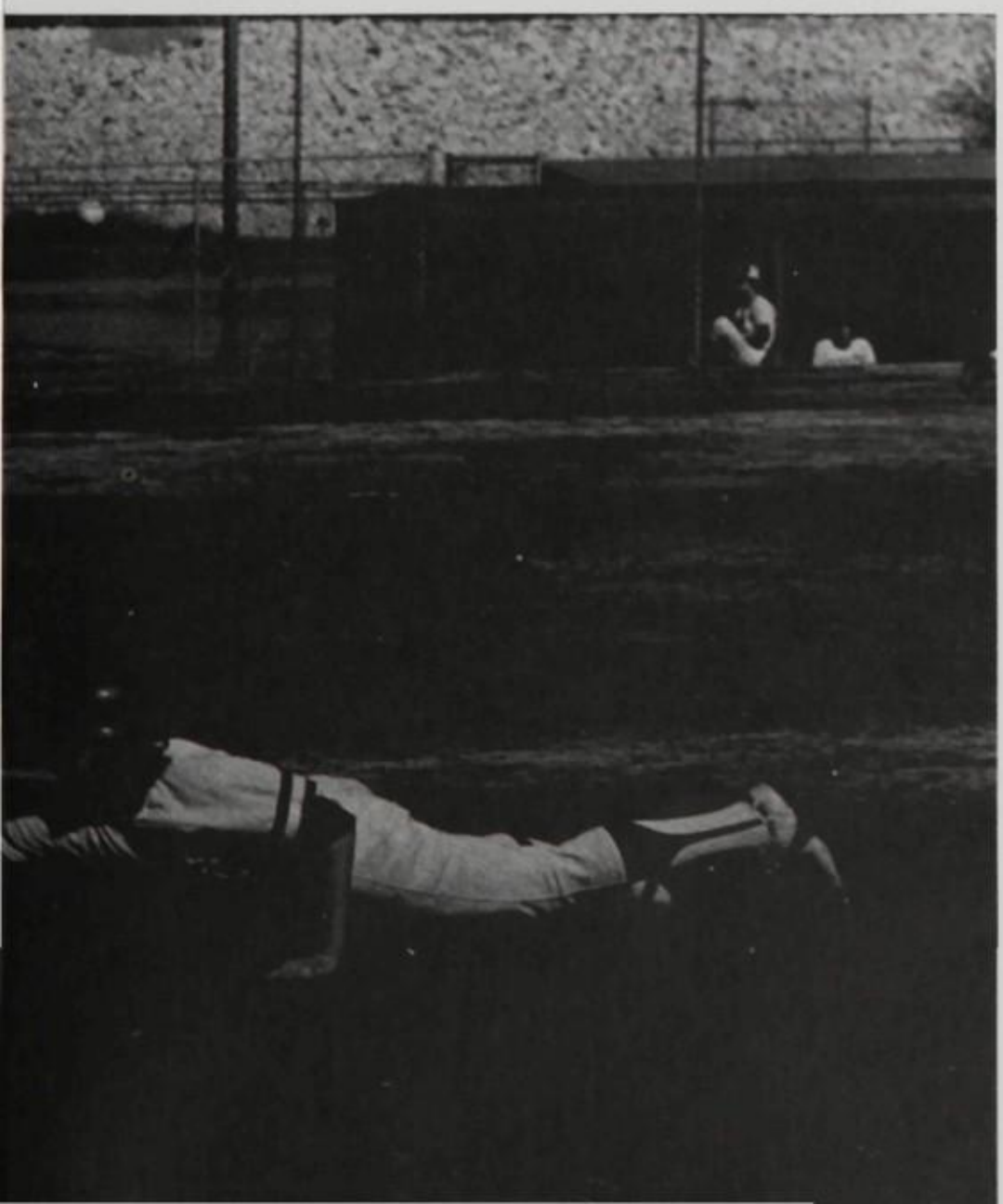
WILL

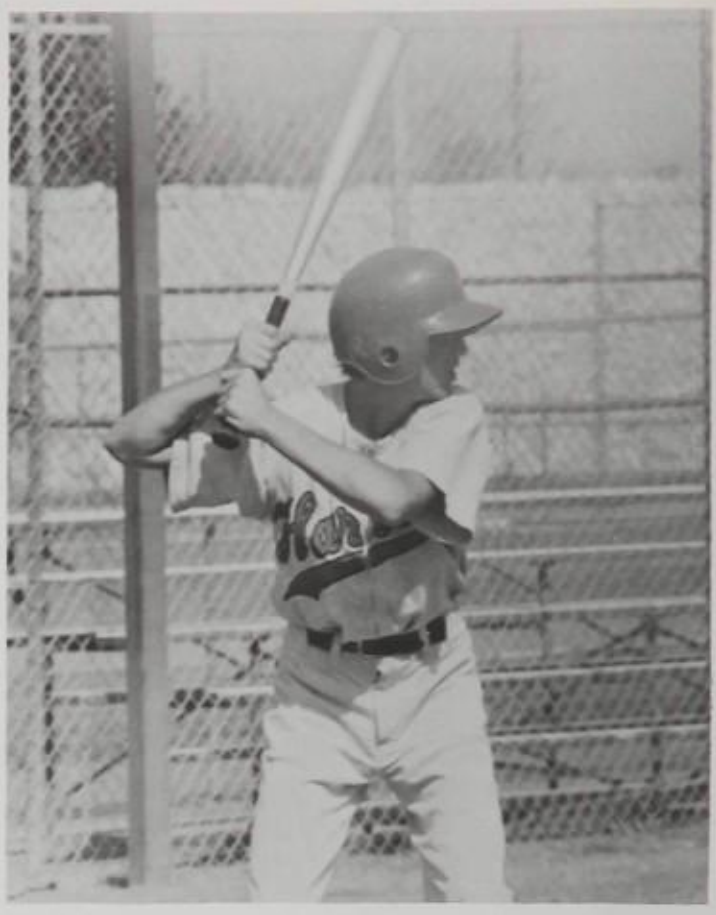
To Bill + Mark — Art's RB Swiss
To Todd — England
To Robin — the U.S. + rugby
To Scott T. — a new V.W.
To Scott R. — Maine
To Ron — TAJ
To Dave — Coloumbo
To Charlie — Ceste
To Ralph — my gazoo
To Bill A. — showbiz
To Guy — pierced ears
To Pat — new experiences

Robert Bruce Scott II

Varsity Baseball

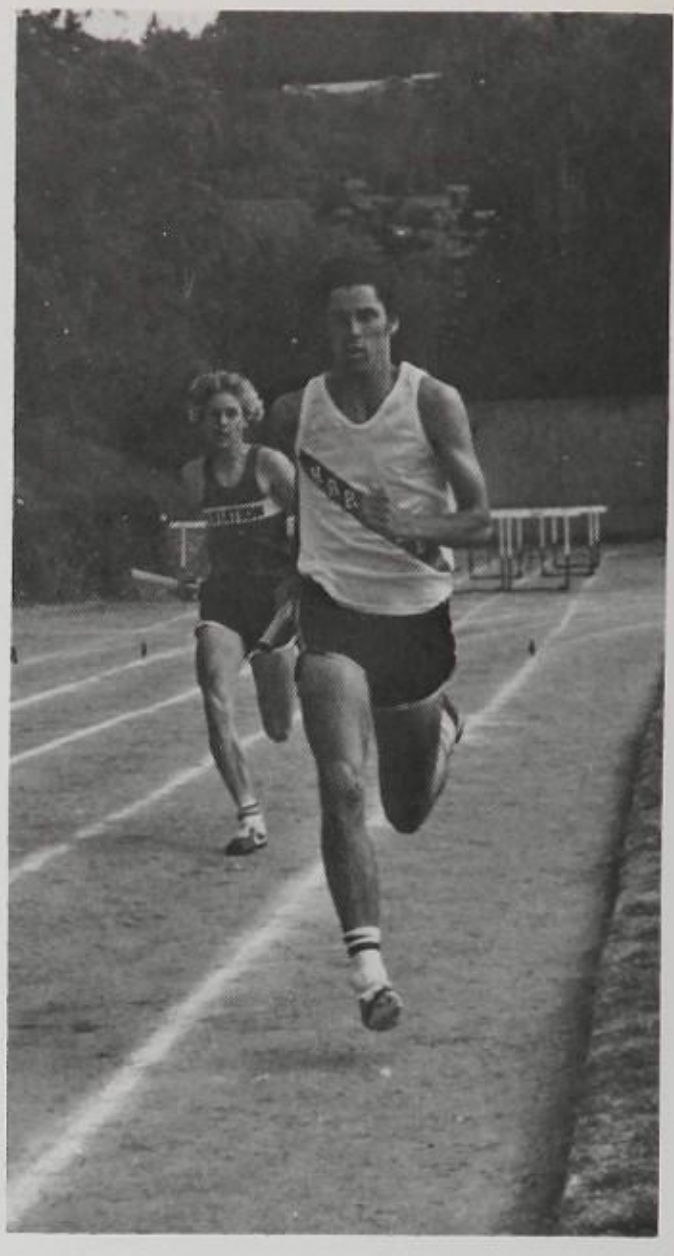






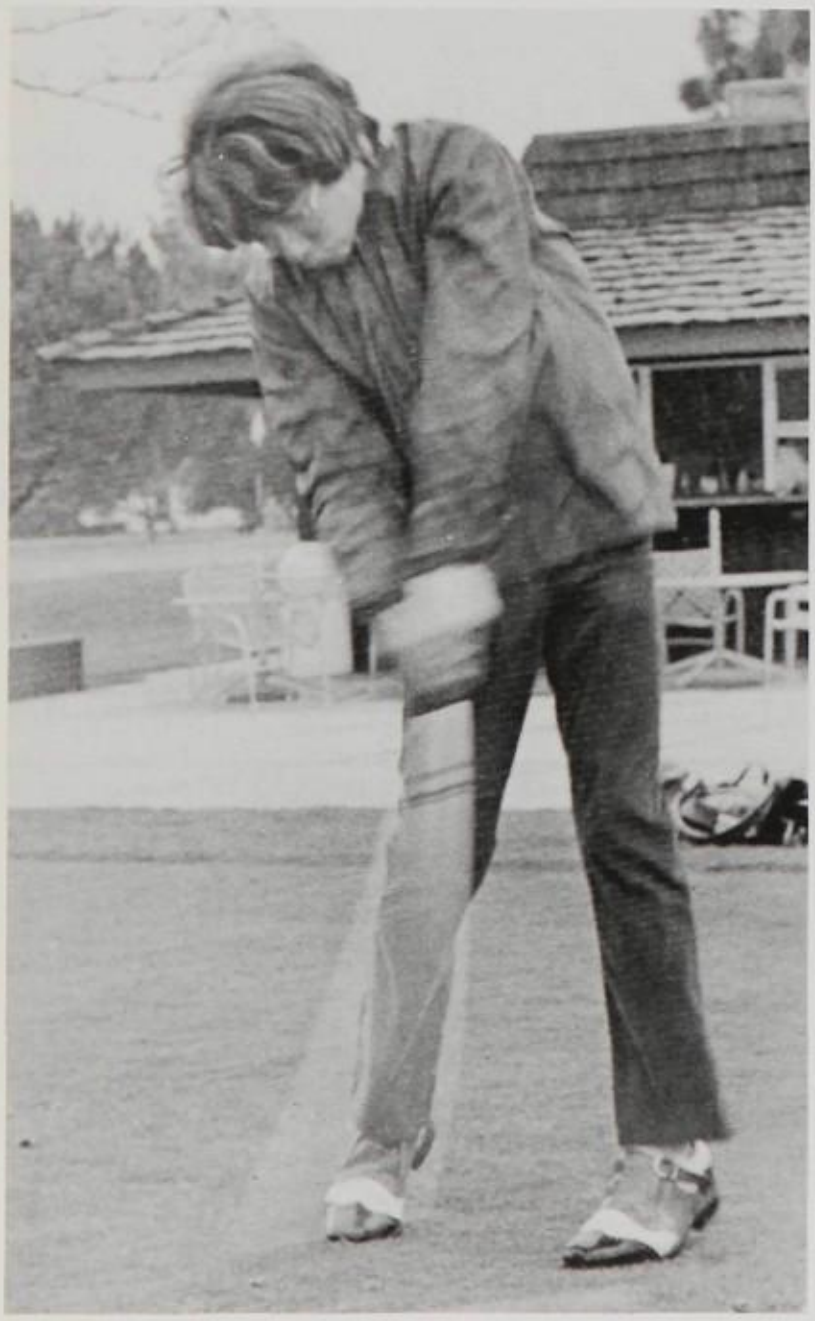
Junior Varsity

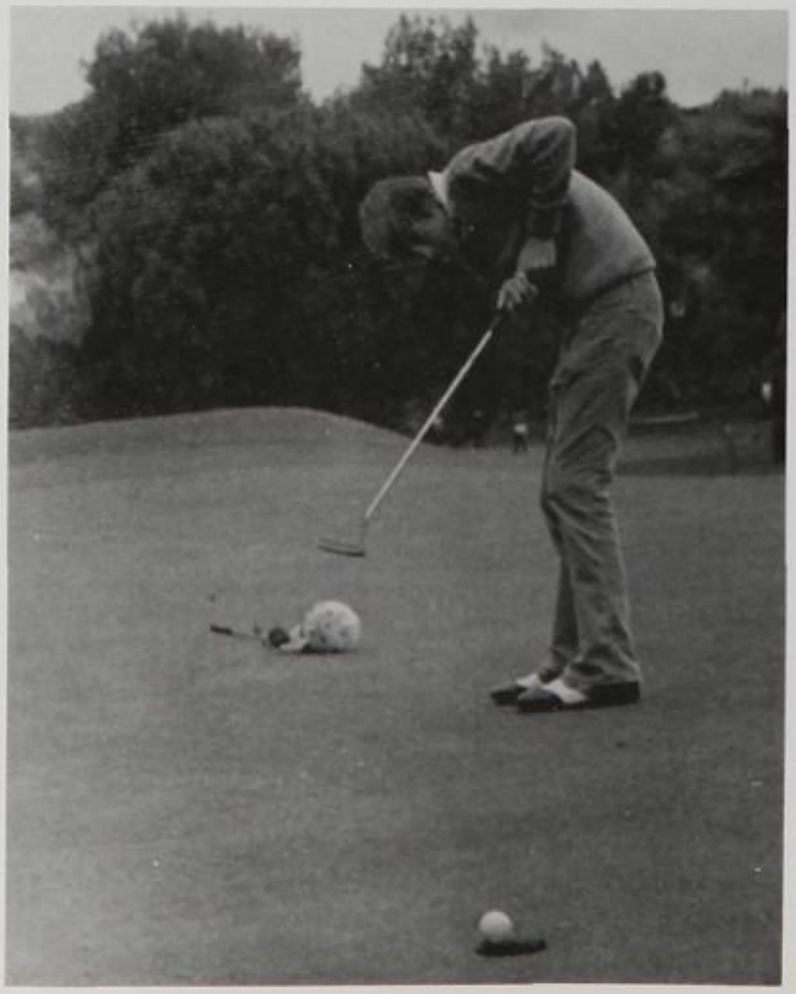
Frosh-Soph

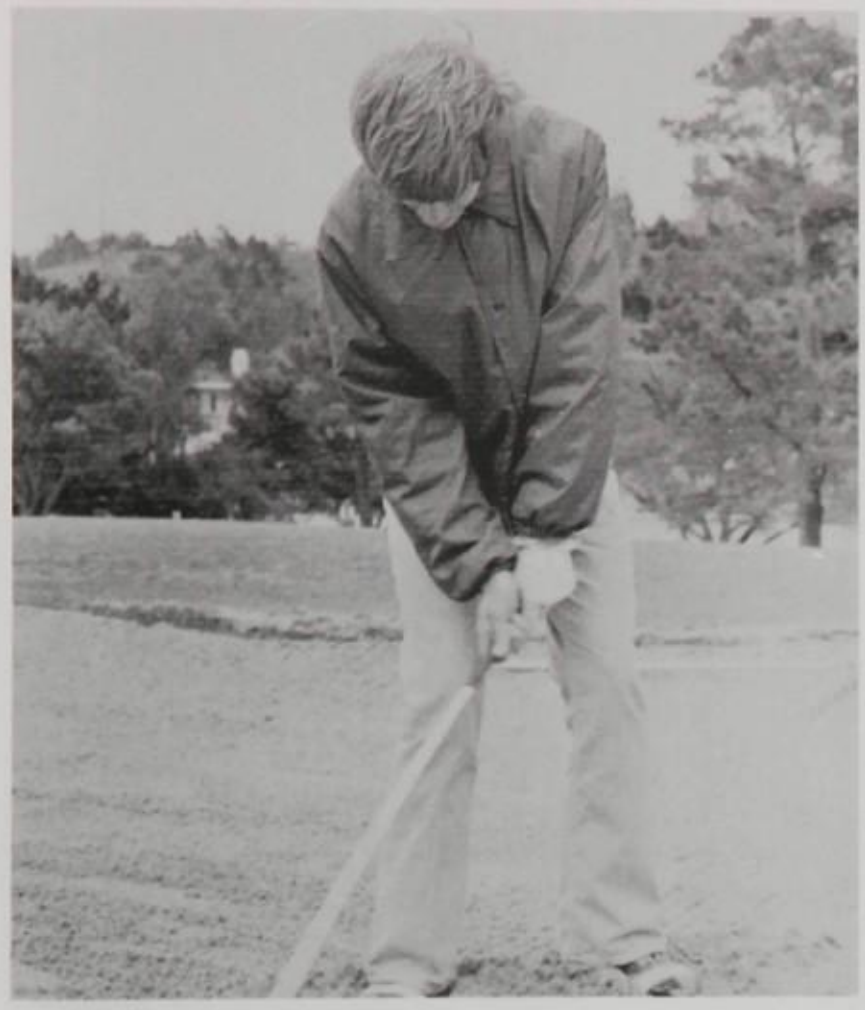


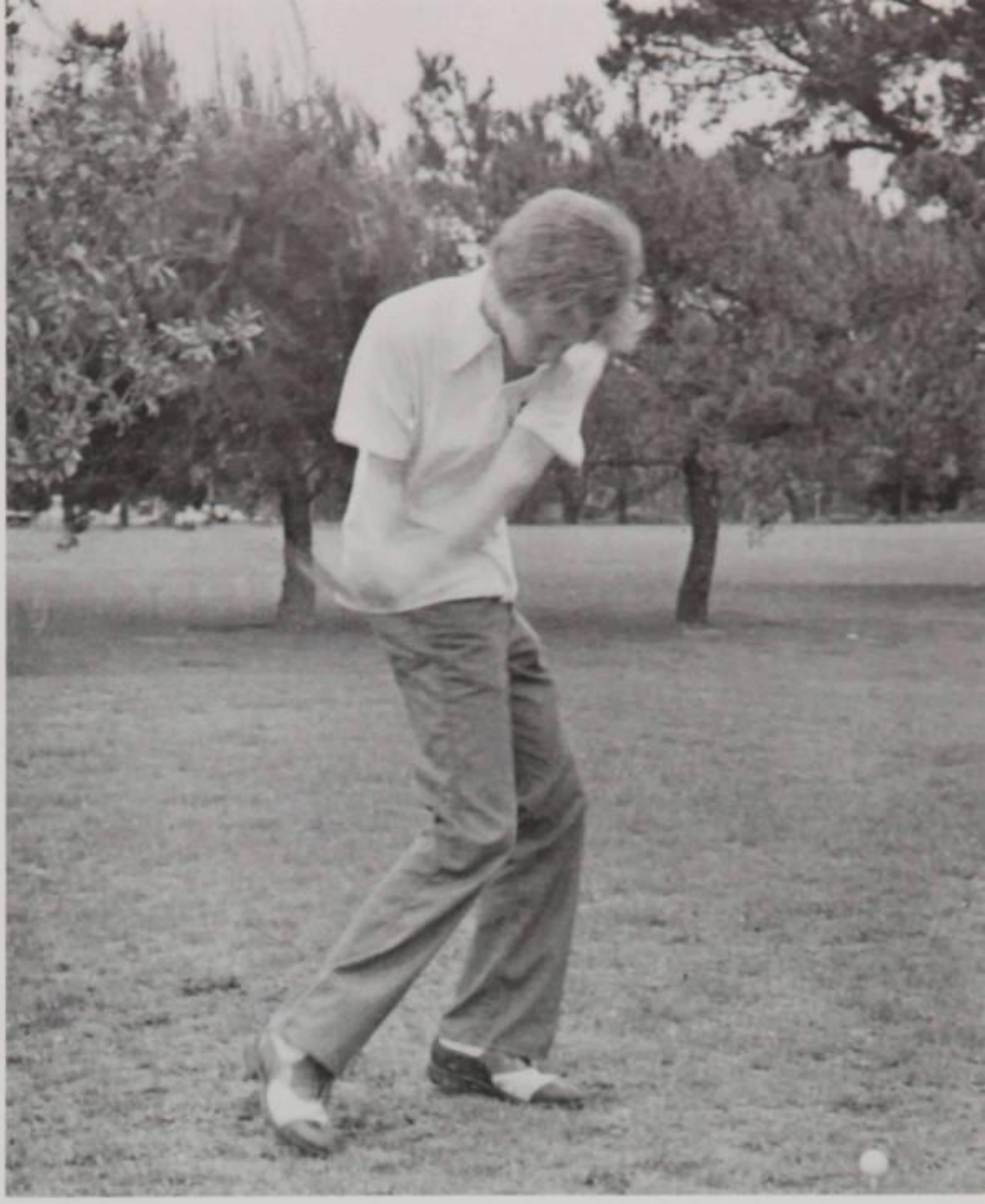
Track

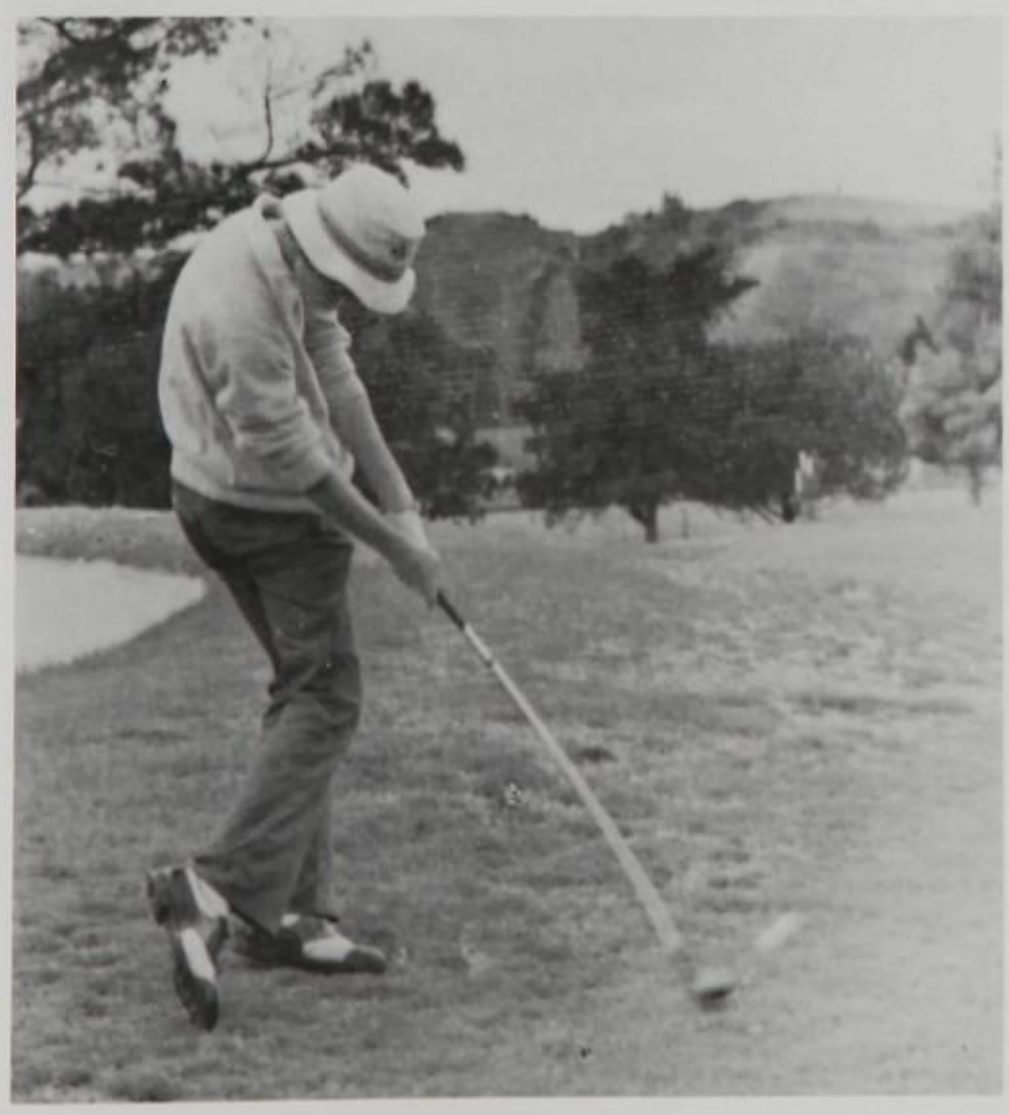
Golf





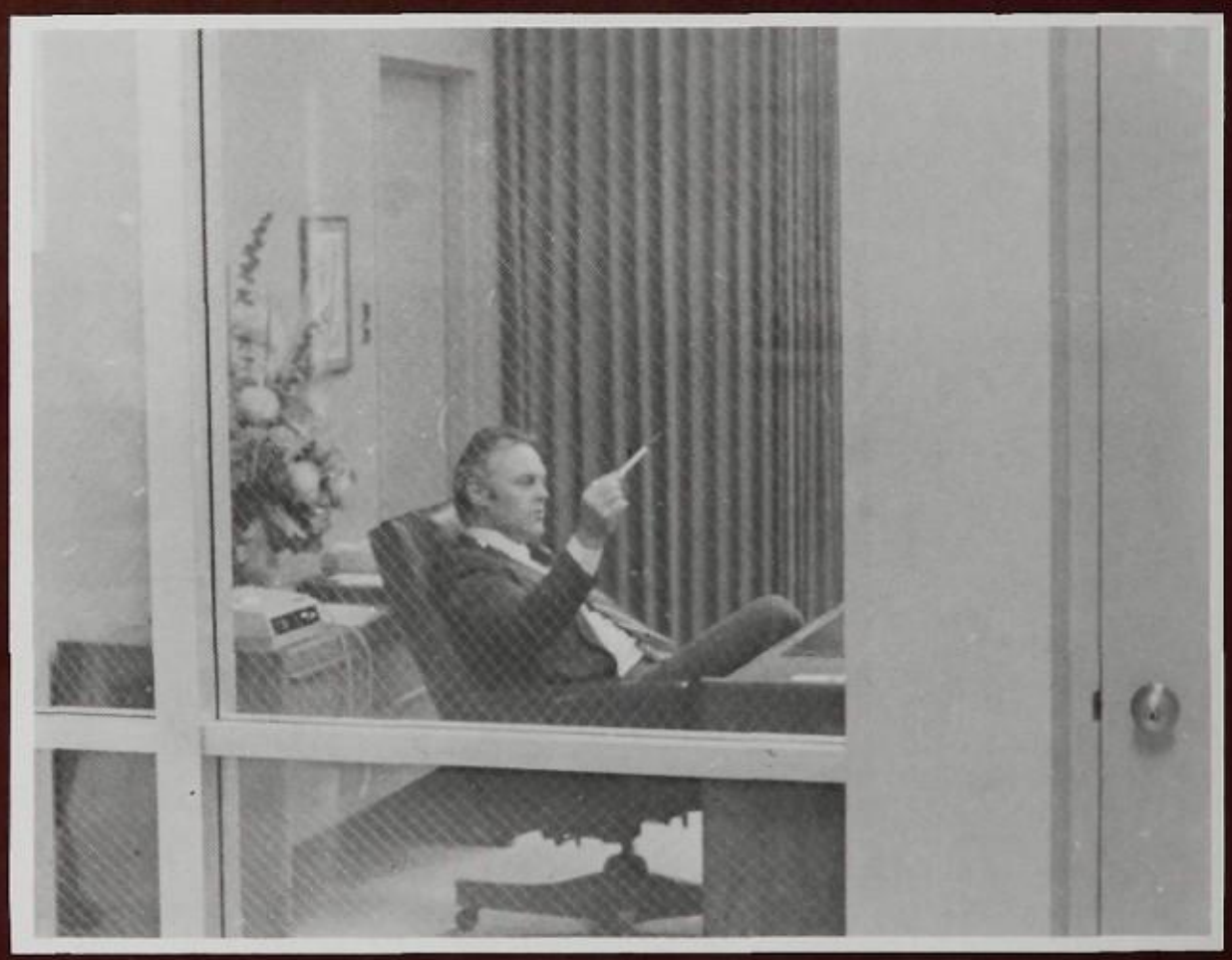


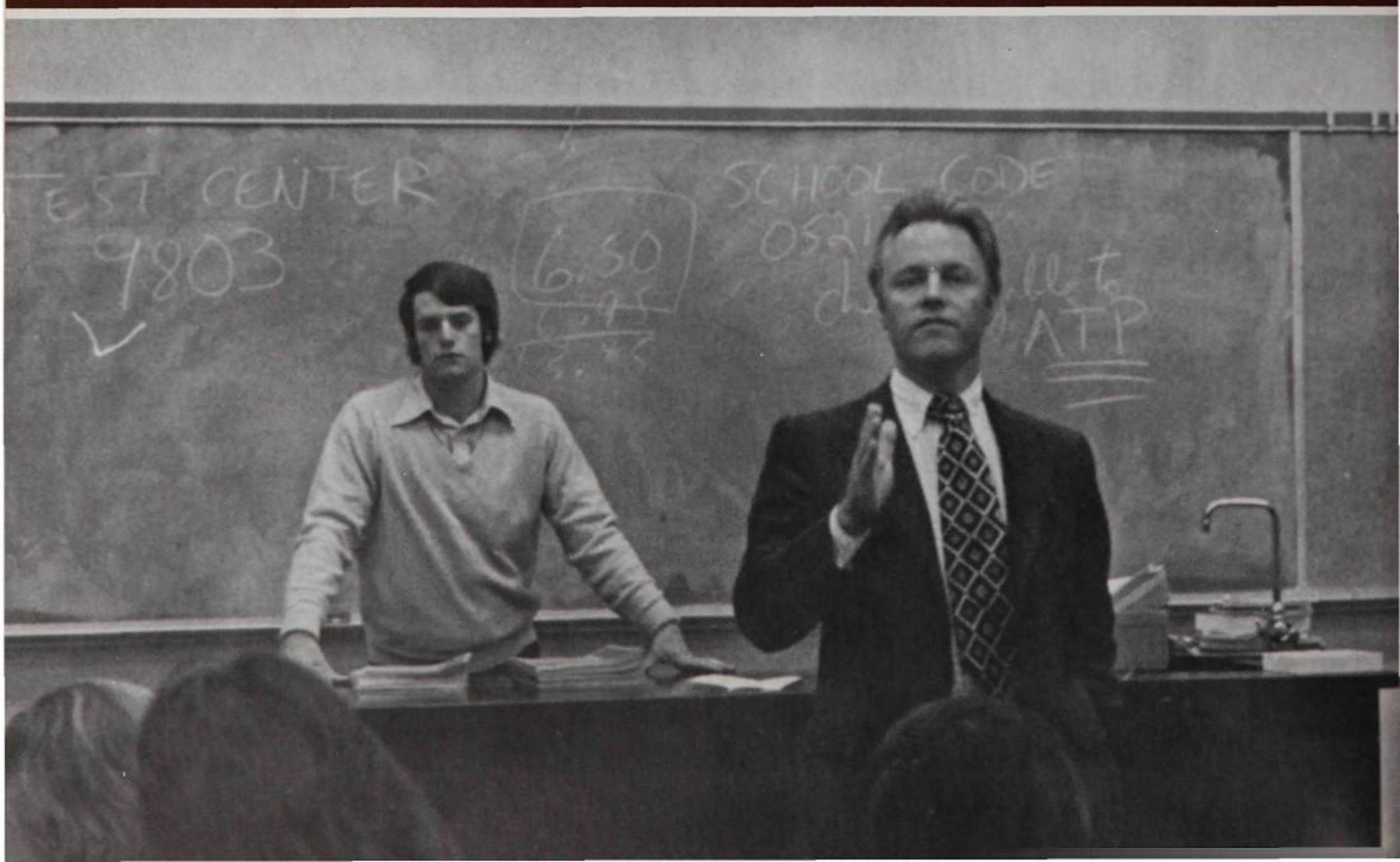


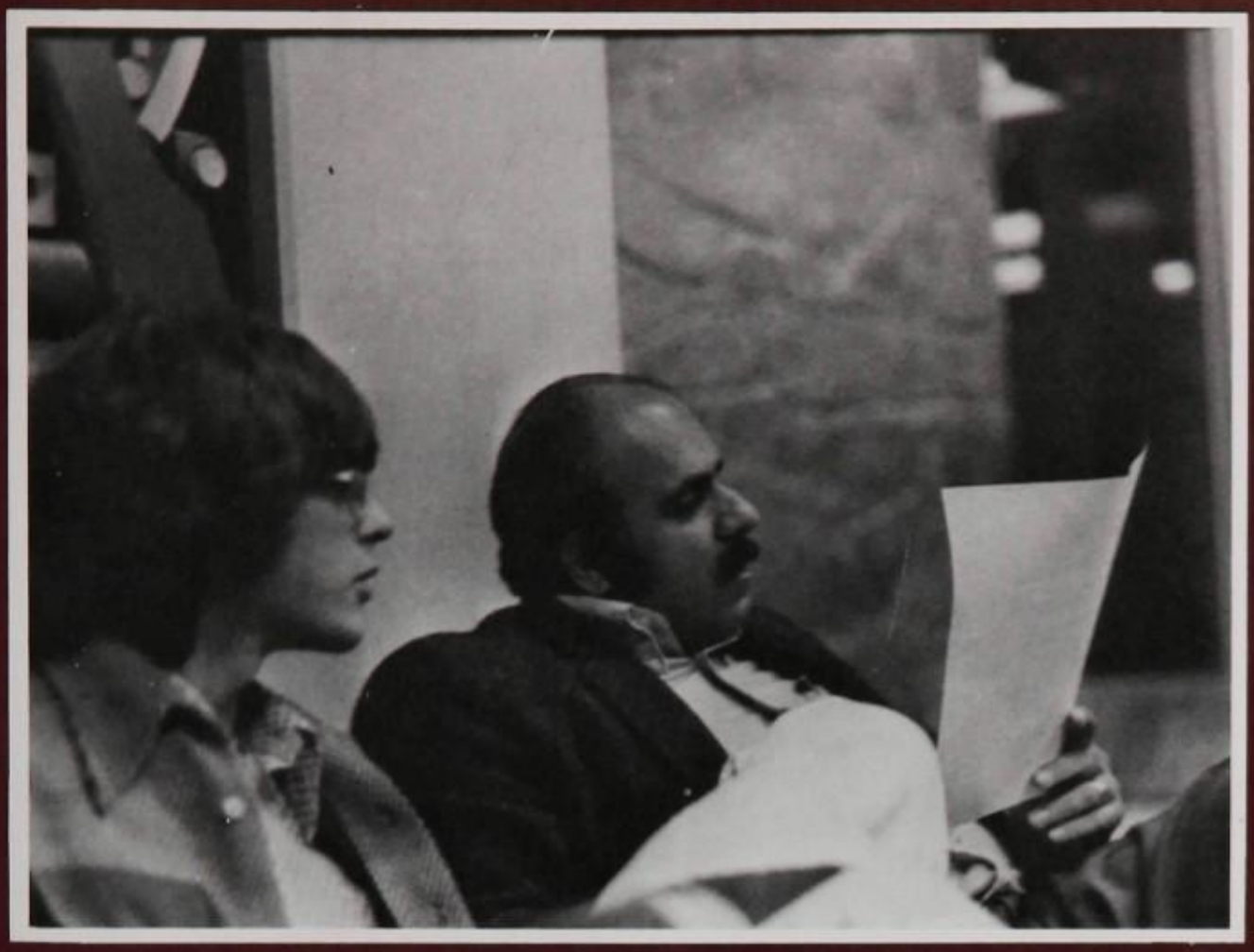


administration

Christopher Berrisford
B.A., M.A. Oxford
M.Ed. Harvard
Six Years
Headmaster

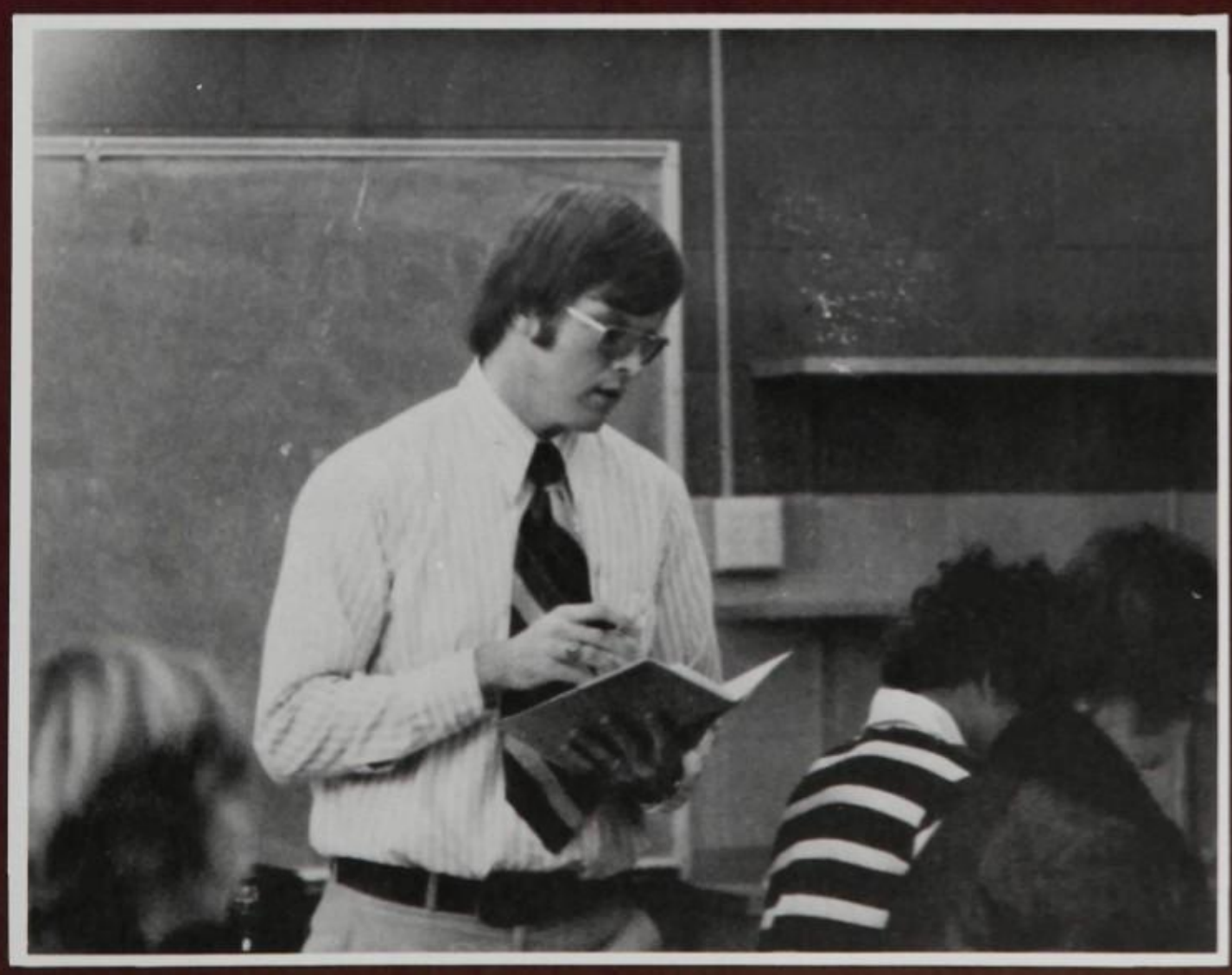






John P. Ameer
B.A. Yale
Six Years
Head of the Upper School

Frank Magusin
B.A. Pomona College
Ed. M. Harvard
Three Years
Head of the Lower School



Joseph P. Ozawa
A.B., M.A.T. Harvard
Two Years
Dean of Students

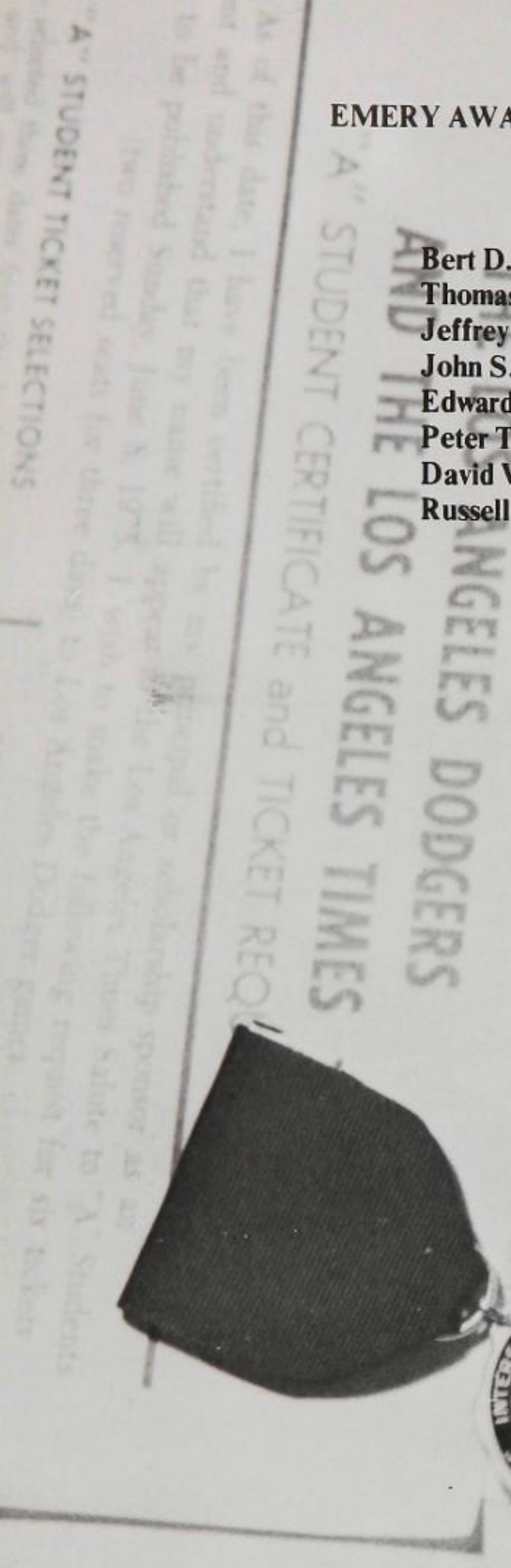
Nathaniel G. Hughes
B.E. U.C.L.A.
Thirty-seven Years
Assistant to the Headmaster

Daniel T. McFadden, Jr.
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Pennsylvania
Eight Years
Director of Business and Fiance

Elliott B. McGrew
B.A. Washington and Jefferson
M.A. Connecticut
Ph.D. Minnesota
One Year
College Placement

EMERY AWARDS — for distinguished scholarship in their Senior year:

Bert D. Bernheim
Thomas E. Brown
Jeffrey S. Deutschman
John S. Fischer
Edward J. Fong
Peter T. Fredericks
David W. Frye
Russell M. Goodman
Randall A. Heyler
David H. Hwang
Greg A. Jacobson
Joseph S. LoPresti II
Martin J. Maytum
Scott D. Rand
George R. Steinmetz

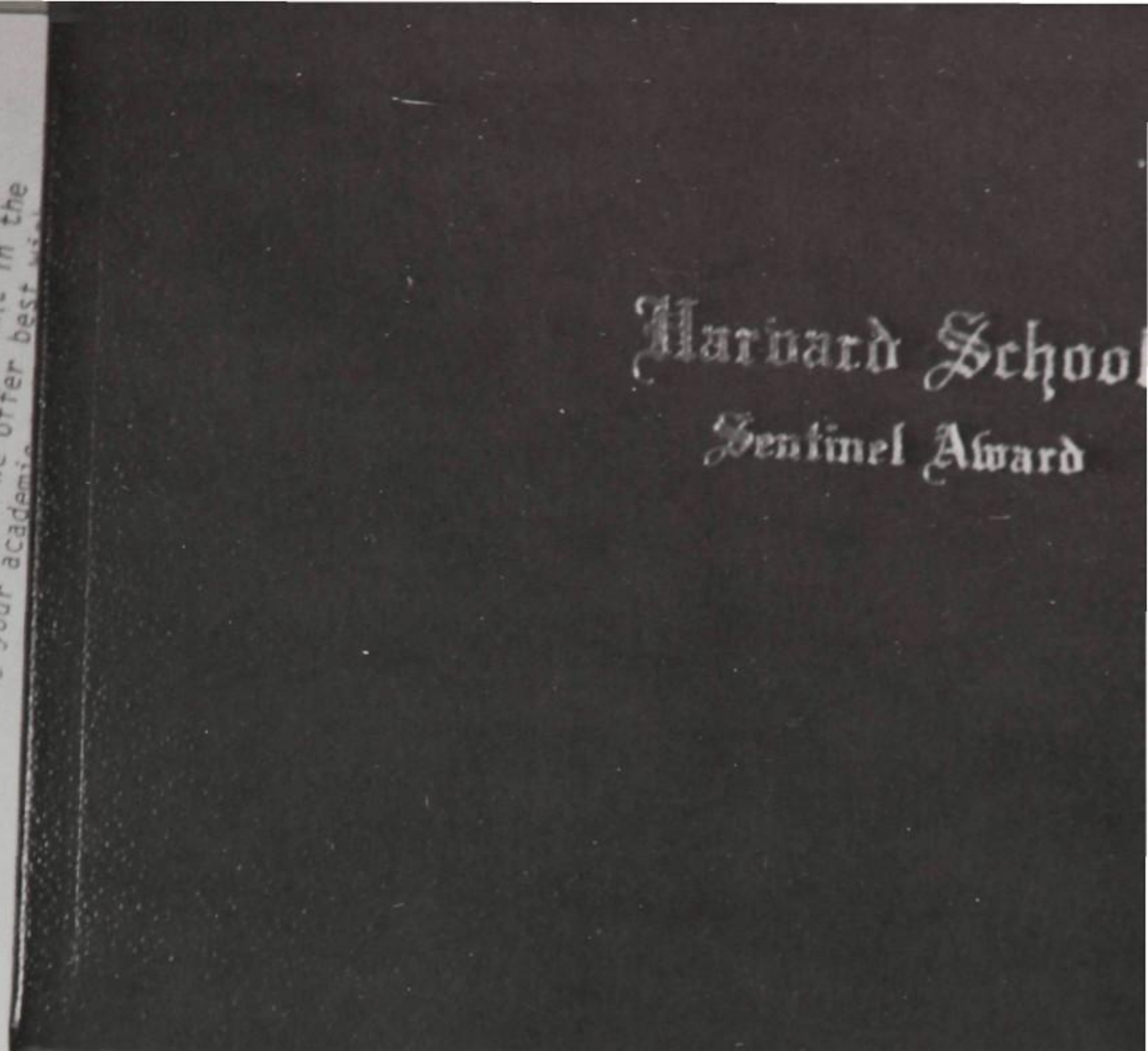


SENTINEL AWARDS FOR

GRADE SEVEN
Douglas A. Ackerman
Christopher W. Combs
Gregory M. Enns
Robert J. Greenberg
John M. Iino
Michael H. Inman
Eric M. Liederman
John J. Moss
W. Aruthur Streiber
Walter S. Witt

GRADE EIGHT
Christopher Forman
William Gleason
Douglas A. Levy
Mark Lundell
Michael A. Monroe
Shaun Samuels
Michael Shapero
Eric Sibley
Brian J. Wright

GRADE NINE
Eduardo Chung
Stephen M. Cutler
Robert N. Gordon
Joshua S. Grotstein
Peter H. Hoffenberg
Frederick Kaufman
David S. Kippman
Michael B. Lubic
William J. Maloney
Mark J. Mosch
David E. Sones
Gregory T. Stern
Michael A. Werner



ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

GRADE TEN

Jeffrey M. Bell
Mark A. Binstock
Glen C. Farr
John M. Ford
Daniel L. Greenberg
Peter R. Kleiner
Michael A. Mellenthin
Eduardo Poplawski
William E. Roden
Jerell A. Tognazzini
Herbert N. Wiggins
Paul S. Williams
Marc O. Winters

GRADE ELEVEN

Jeffrey Anderman
Mark B. Carroll
Jonathan B. Cooksey
Robert Q. Fomon
David E. Frankl
James B. Hicks
James B. Isaacs
Eric J. Lund
David J. Mael
Robert K. Maloney
Matthew F. Mettler
William C. Plants
Charles R. Stack
Willis E. Urick III

Eighth Grade

Fred Anawalt
Bob Andrews
Cliff Baker

Spencer Beglarian
Jordan Bender
Kris Bergen

Craig Bevan
Samuel Biggers
Mark Block
Edward Borcherdt
David Brittain

Peter Brown
Chris Burr
Fritz Canby
Lowell Cannon
Tim Carson

Stephen Cloobeck
Tony Connor
John Cross
Jeff Cunningham
David Daniels

Tim Dietenhofer
Tim Dodge
Chip Donnelly
Tom Doskow
Ben Dosti

Robert Drake
Brian Eisenrich
Matt Entenza
Barron Eyraud
Tom Flintoft

Cody Forbes
Chris Forman
David Fredricks
Mark Gates
William Gleason
Craig Glick

Peter Goldstein
Daniel Goodman
Bill Griswold
Brent Heller
John Hennessy
Easton Herd

Bill Holland
Daniel Holzman
John Huggins
Tim Inch
Steve Ingram
Hikota Ishizaka

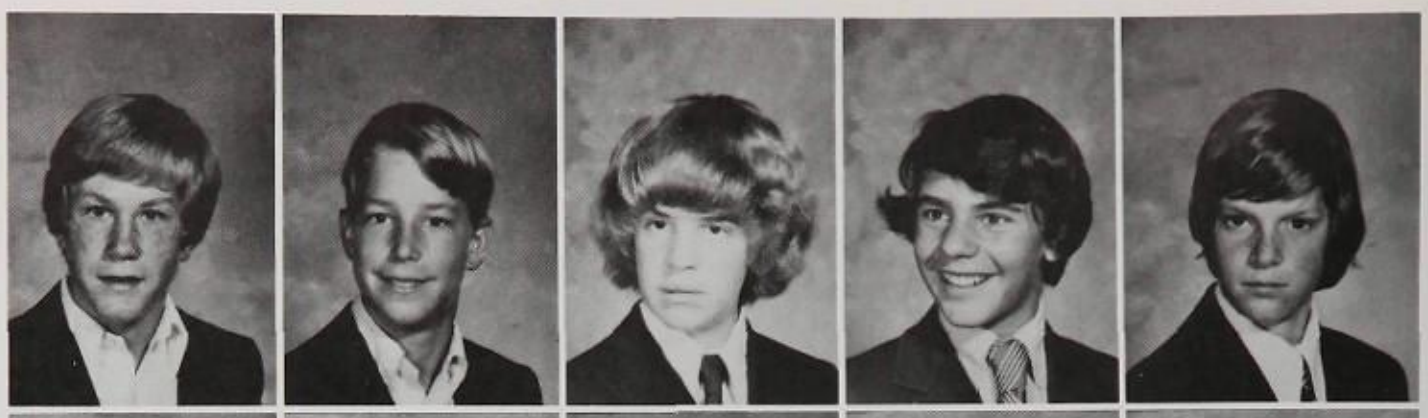
Michael Kahn
Andrew Kaiser
Jay Kovats

Paul Lawrence
Scott Levin
Doug Levy

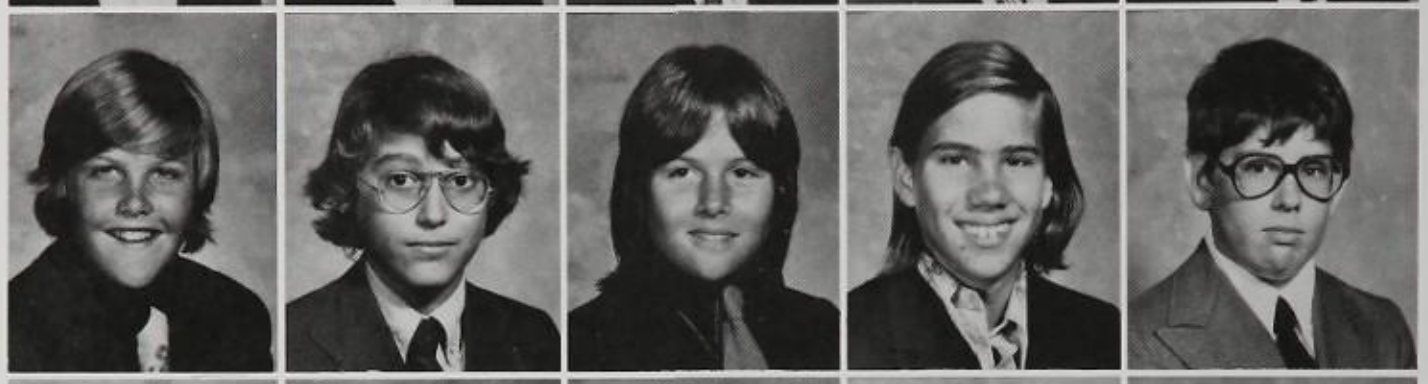
Steven Livergood
Boutie Lucas
Mark Lundell

Robbie MacCulloch
Peter Mann
Tony Markes

Mark Meihaus
Steven Mitchel
Michael Monroe
Allen Myerson
David Naylor



Richard Nutt
Mike Olch
John Pearce
Michael Pearson
Yale Penzell

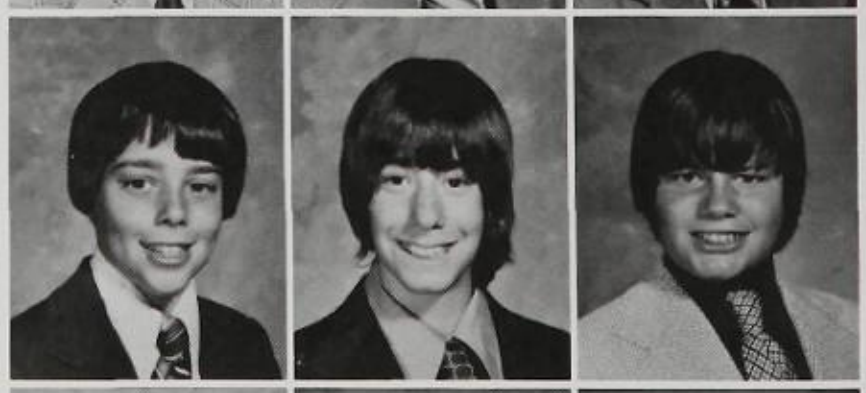


Bill Phelps
David Plants
Mark Pomeroy
Richard Pops
Chris Reich

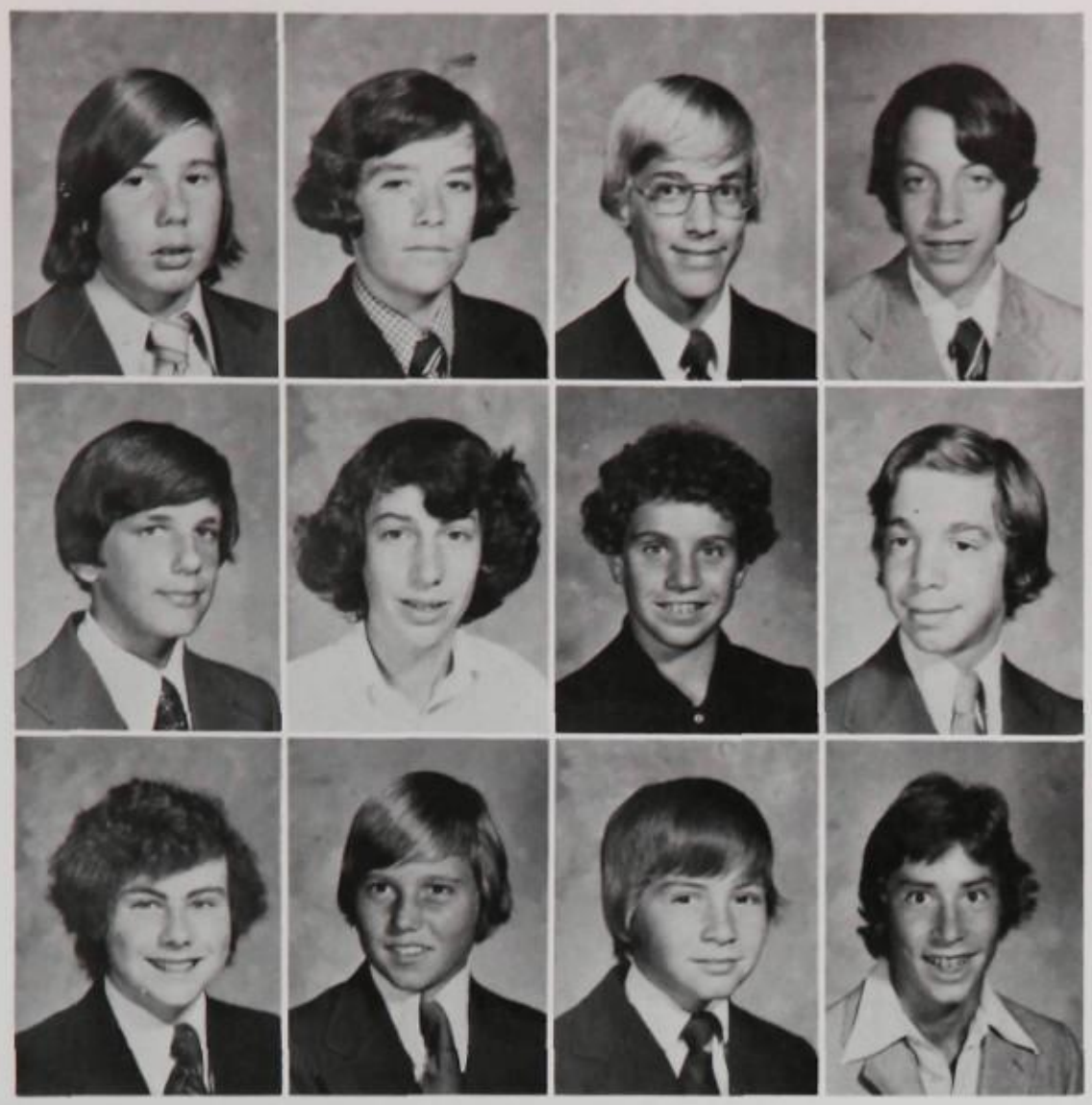
Lawrence Renick
Steve Riach
Craig Roecker

David Ross
Shaun Samuels
Jim Sargent

Chris Scharff
David Schnitt
John Scott



Michael Shapero
Robert Shores
Eric Sibley



Spyres Skouras
Arthur Spring
Geoff Standing
Barry Stulberg

Harry Tarnoff
Marc Tedesco
Mike Terner
Jim Terzian

David Vernon
Frank Vodhanel
Eric Walter
Marc Wax

Mitch Weiner
David Wolf

Ben Woythaler
Brian Wright

Andrew Yamamoto
Brad Zane

Phillip Zane
Greg Zimmerman

8th GRADE — Not Shown
Tom Adams
Mark Cole
Carter De Haven
Matthew Deskin
Robert Flaherty
Dana Kershner
Jon Lee
Michael Meyers
Kim Neelley
Michael Smidt
Roger Stone
Brett Whitman

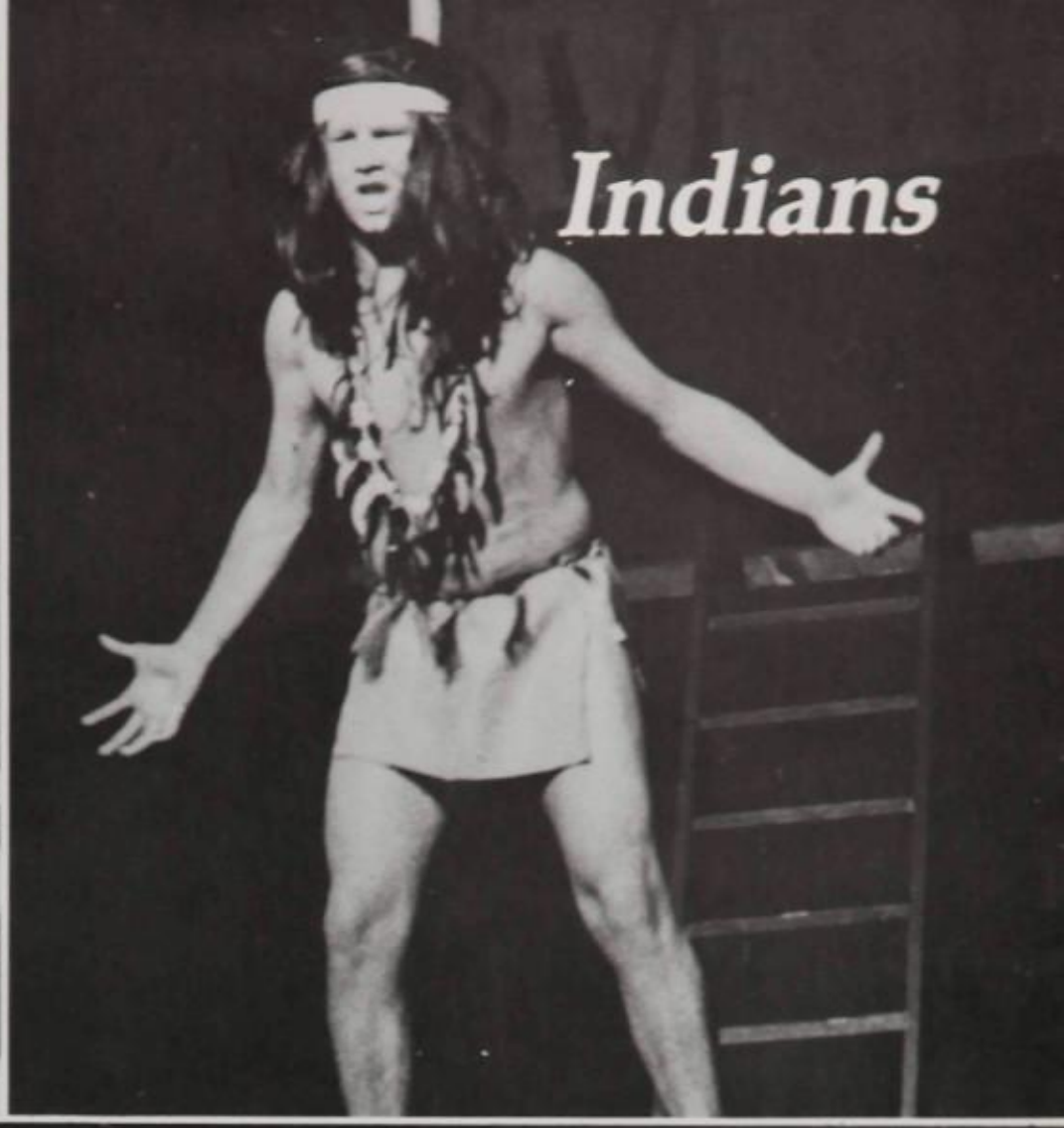
Drama

The American Dream

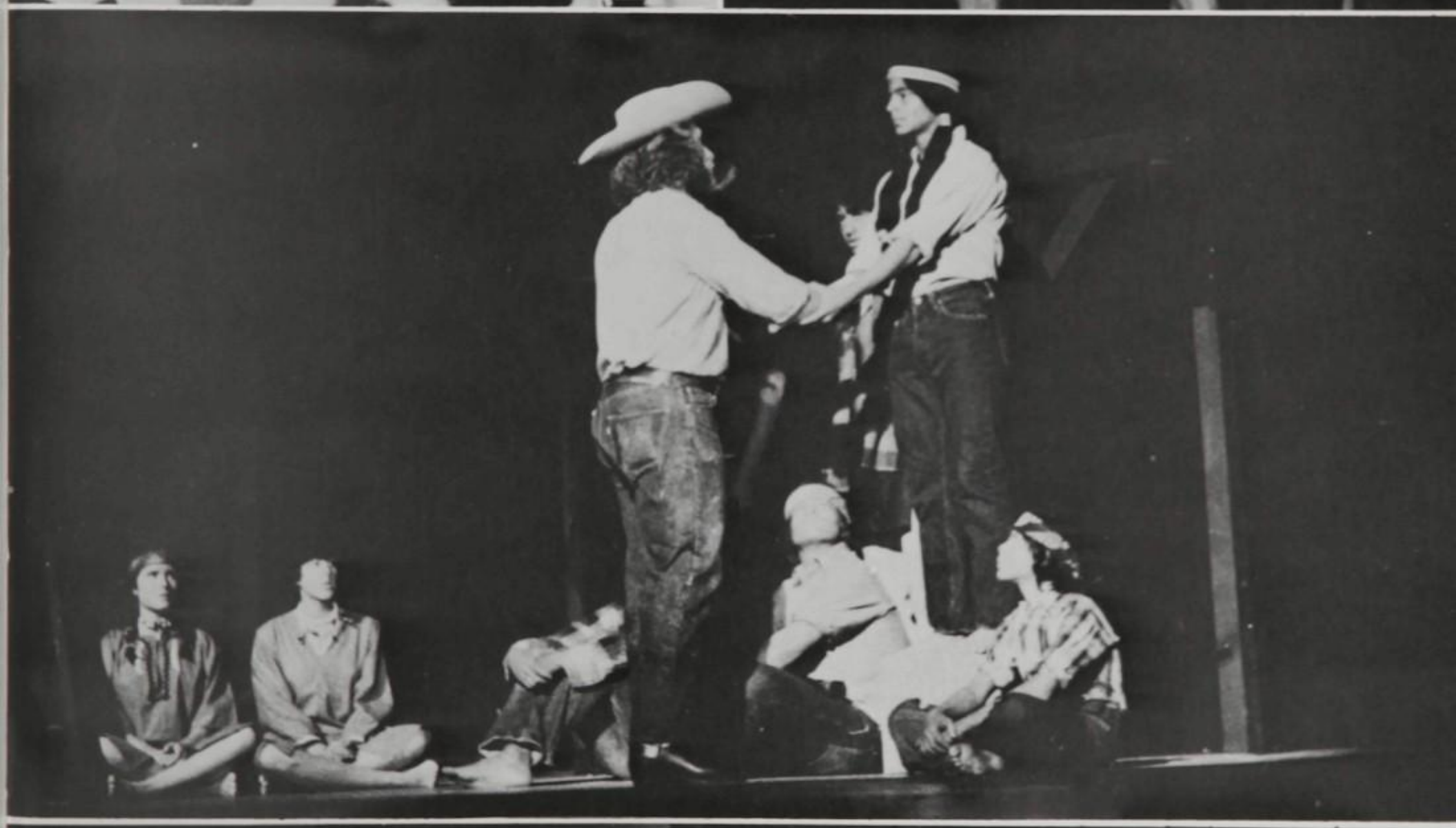
Vince Jefferds
Peter Kleiner
Janet Griffith
Dan Greenberg
Shelley Brown

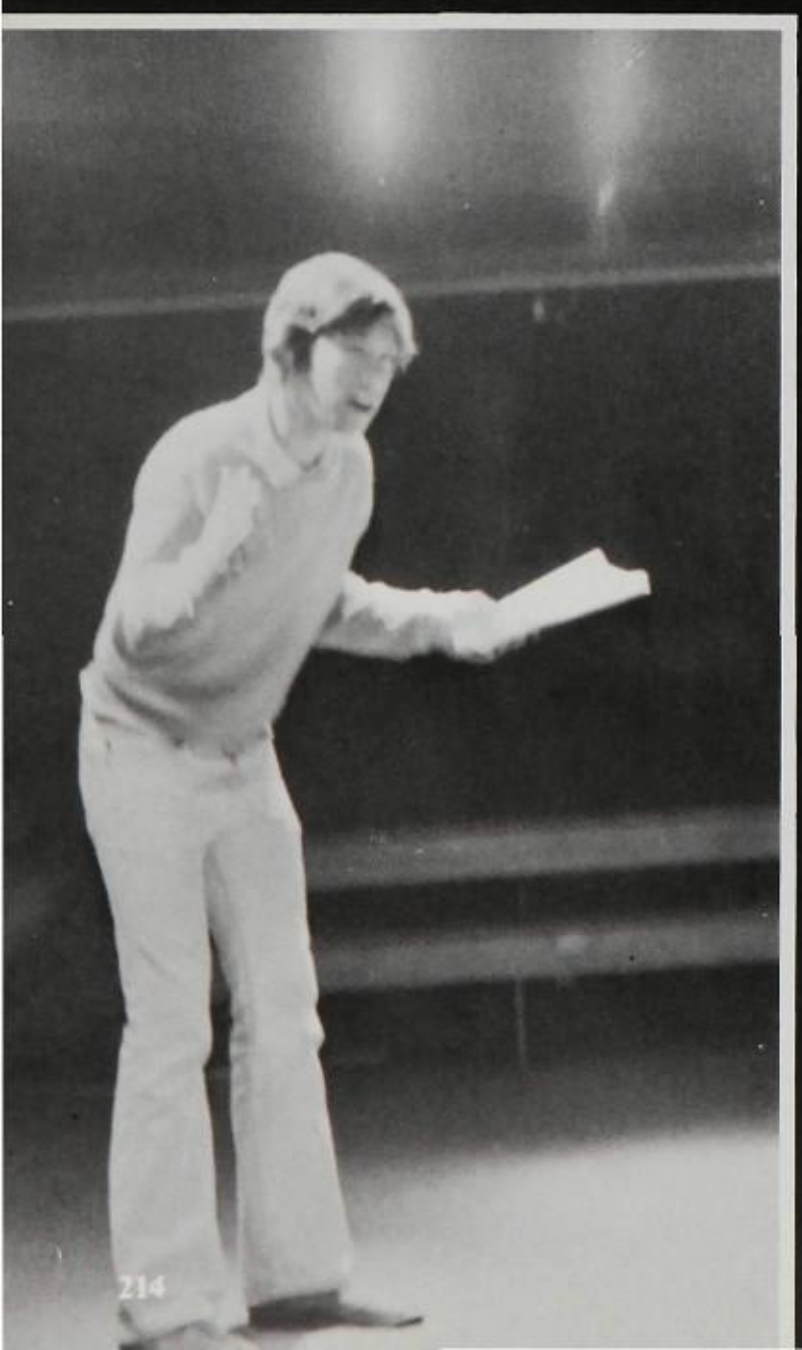
Zoo Story

Jamie MacDougall
Tegan West



Indians





"You don't know what you want! You've been this way ever since I made you something. You're attitude won't change! How many times have I or Bob explained to you about this kind of business, I don't know. But you never understood. You always insisted that people in the business, people that knew talent, would cater to you and you'd just lie back and sparkle. The people in this business aren't going to do that. You've got to impress them . . . why can't you understand that!"

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road

"When are you gonna come down?
When are you going to land?
I should have stayed on the farm,
I should have listened to my old man.

You can't hold me forever,
I didn't sign up with you.
I'm not a present for your friends to open,
This girl's too young to be singing the blues.

So goodbye yellow brick road,
Where the dogs of society howl.
You can't plant me in your penthouse,
I'm going back to my plough.

Back to the howling old owl in the woods,
Hunting the old horny back toad.
Oh I've finally decided, my future lies
Beyond the yellow brick road.

What do you think you'll do then?
I bet that'll shoot down your plane.
It'll take you a couple of vodka and tonics
To set you on your feet again.

Maybe you'll get a replacement,
There's plenty like me to be found,
Mongrels, who ain't got a penny
Sniffing for tit-bits like you on the ground.

Elton John/Bernie Taupin

Friday

Aphrodite

What if . . .

For most students at Harvard today life consists of endless preparation for some remote and ultimately unpredictable future. We're subject to a kind of "tyranny of tomorrow." Nothing is done simply because it's the right thing to be doing *now,* but only as a preliminary to what comes next. The academic program in elementary school is geared to the requirements of junior high school; in the Lower School to the requirements of the Upper School; in the high school to the requirements of college; in college to the requirements of graduate school; in graduate school to . . . Well, what? The needs of society? The welfare of the country? About fifteen years ago, just after the launch of Sputnik, we were supposed to be suffering from a great shortage of engineers. Responsible national leaders in government, science, education, industry, all raised a huge outcry: "America is becoming a second-rate power! The nation desperately needs thousands more trained graduates every year!" A crash program was instituted to upgrade high school science and math curricula, and students were encouraged to embark on careers in engineering — where they could expect to find unlimited opportunities and skyrocketing salaries, far into the dim, misty future. Yes, well, thousands of those same students are now unemployed engineers drawing welfare. And no one hears any responsible national leaders apologizing for having deceived them. Perhaps a totally planned society is capable of predicting accurately its personnel needs for the future, but an open society like ours obviously cannot. In any case, though, if a society is going to con its young people into pursuing certain professions, it should accept the responsibility of providing work for them. Since we evidently have no intention of doing anything so radical as that — and in fact create unemployment on purpose — we have no justification whatever for making education a lead suit into which all students must be squeezed or stretched or hammered. Yet that is essentially what we have done, with our fixed curricula, our "rank in class," our credit requirements, and our SAT scores. The ultimate indignity, of course, is that we have made it virtually impossible for anybody to survive without a high school diploma. Soon it will become a college degree.

We need a good rousing rebellion. Perhaps the initial thrust could be a subversion of the Educational Testing Service, that great computer in Princeton, New Jersey. What would happen, for instance, if high school students all over the country simply refused some year to take the Scholastic Aptitude Tests? Or if even an academically able ten percent refused? And what would happen if half a dozen students in the same school, all with double 700 board scores, refused to take a single foreign language course throughout their high school careers? Would the colleges or the society be willing to forego the talents of the young people? Are they really "unemployable?"

Well, nothing like this is about to happen, but we are beginning to witness a few gentle, tentative efforts at revolt. From the introduction of "open classrooms" in elementary schools such as nearby Dixie Canyon, to the inception of student-powered courses like Math IV at Harvard, to the attack on the Ph.D. at the graduate level, the "tyranny of tomorrow" is coming under increasing fire. Rather than tailoring each student to fit a predetermined concept of education, educational strategies are being improvised to fit each student — with the ultimate objective remaining in shadow. This philosophy could, as it gains more adherents, eventually rip a few seams in the strait jacket of "educational credits." More important, it might help turn our school into what it should always have been — a community of genuine learning.

Ty Howard

Steve Erickson

Just remember love is life
And hate is living death
Treat your life for what it's worth
And live for every breath
Looking back I've lived
and learned
But now I'm wondering
Here I wait and only guess
What this next life will bring.

"A National Acrobat"
Black Sabbath

Thanks to Mr. Hughes, Fr. Gill, and especially to my Mother.

STEVE ERICKSON

HAROLD

" I see no good people turn their heads each day so satisfied, I'm on my way."
- Y E S -

FLETCHER

Upon my graduation from Harvard I leave the following thoughts and memories to some who have influenced my life so far.

• Charlie: two chicks from Arrowhead, along with a beer and a round of V. Ball.

Bud: a six-pack in the hills of Salvang and a V.W. owners manual.

Steve: a nights stay in D1 plus a set of brakes for a golf cart.

Clerov: a ten minute drive to Encino + and my bell boul.

Bob: a new Honda 450 and a endless nights partying.

Mark: the fort and a bench for Chatsworth and DeSoto.

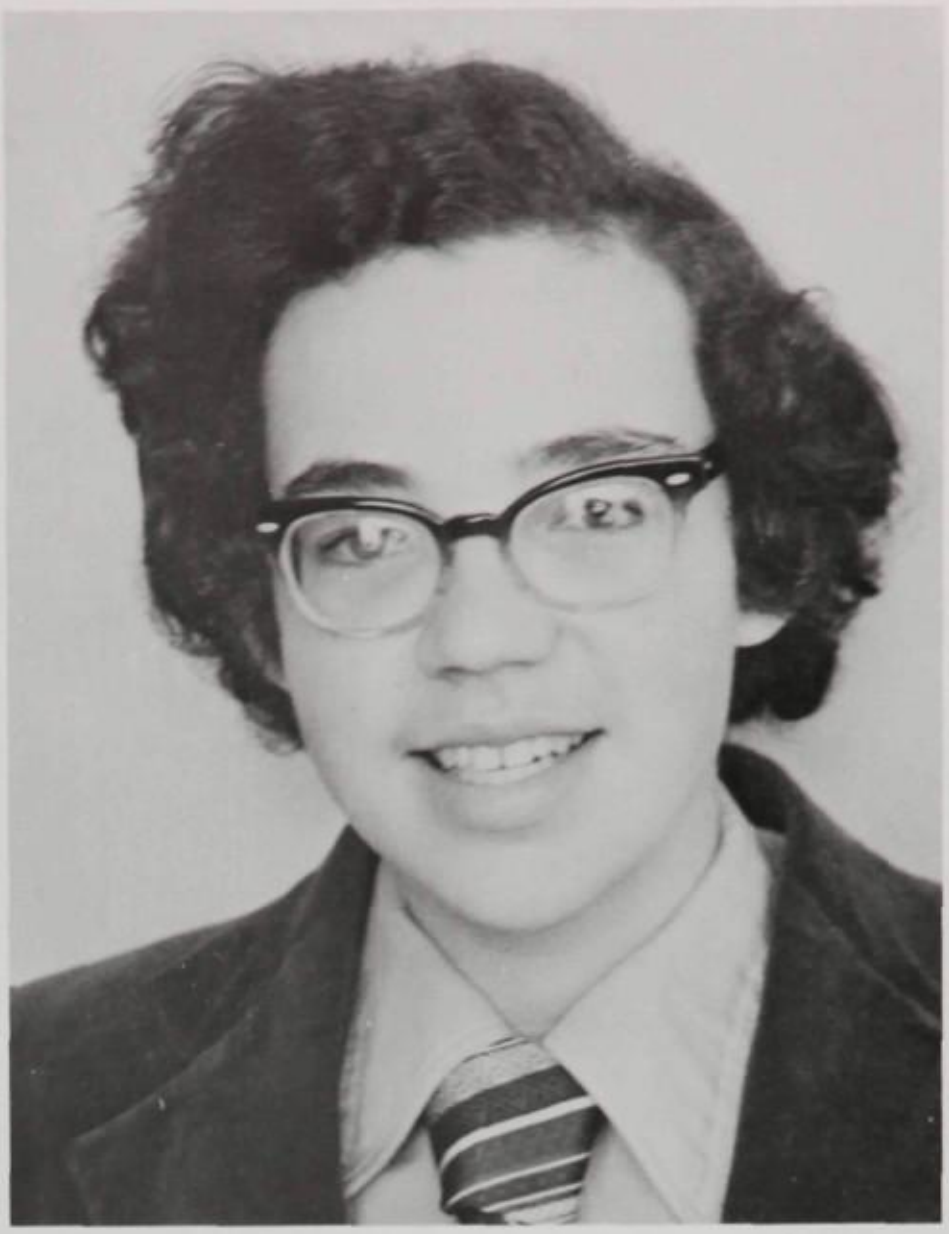
Hale: a dull carving knife.

To Harvard I leave water for its coldWATER PIPEline.

'Boots'

My thanks to the teachers who know they deserve it and to my parents for offering such an experience.

Peter Thomas Fredericks



"The world is a book, and those who do not travel, read only a page."

"Ambition is not a vice of little people."

"A diplomat is a person who can tell you to go to Hell in such a way that you actually look forward to the trip."

"My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there."

I, Peter Thomas Fredericks, answering to a large assortment of perversions of my name including Fred and Freter Deter, do hereby leave the following priceless articles to the following people, whether they want them or not: To Martin — swimming and waterpolo (you can have them!) and Uncle Russ' economics class. To Dale — chemistry and girls (in that order?), the Beach Boys, and frisbee in Newport. To Parks — the stock market and the marine biology final. To Rutter and the former — one slightly deflated tire. To Hicks — a National Merit Scholarship, as long as I get mine, and acceptance at SC. To Hogey — the hope that you're "going to be a teen-age idol" just like Elton. To Tom — an undefeated, untied season for the Kings, until they hit the Black Hawks. To Big Dave Frye — "Leaving on a Jet Plane" and the Social Studies Resource Center. To Ed — my belief that you would have made prefect if you'd been there. To Lho — Harvard (what else is there?). To Schoolboy — Bowdoin and the knowledge that you led the football team to its great achievements. To Winters and Lipshutz — *The Coldwater Pipeline*, for what it's worth (?). To Erickson and Fischer — the knowledge that you're worthy of Dr. Demento. To K.A. — the fact that you live up to your name. To Morland — "mental quickness" and Nixon's resignation. To Cooksey — my French homework. To Margo Man — the following question: Where the heck have you been? To Bert — access to all my debate materials and help whenever you need it. To the Gam — a bottle of tranquilizers. To Paul — a phaser of your very own, every science fiction book ever written, and the assurance that whatever you do you'll still have the same image. To Ty and Mike — my senior page.

To Mr. Stewart, Mr. Woods, Mr. Colbert, and Mr. Florian — my thanks for your numerous efforts on my behalf over the years. To Mr. McGrew — appreciation for the fact that your door was always open when I had questions to ask. To Mr. Schmidt — the *aforementioned* and sincere thanks for all that you've done to help me. To Mr. Smith and Dr. Mobley — merci beacoup for everything, especially the tedious job of college recommendations (in my case it must have been difficult). To Mr. Berk — my eternal absence from the Social Studies Resource Center. To Mrs. Miller — my eternal absence from the library.

To Hans — my deepest appreciation for being a great brother (my favorite one) and a great companion. I'll see you in the fall of '76. To Omi — Ich weissnicht ob Ich es naechstes Jahr ohne Dich machen kann. Finally, to Mom and Dad — my gratitude for the opportunity to go to Harvard, and in general, for the seventeen best years anyone could want. I realize that through your never-ending understanding you've made me what I am.

David Frye

Thank you

Good Bye

Darryl
Griff

Randy Heyler

I, Randy Heyler, commonly known as "Shut-O Up-O" am terrified that I'm going to leave someone out of this will, but here goes —

To Jay: the "easiest" sign posted at the top of Fellipes. To Tracey: a burglar-proof convertible top, gas money and the Mary Ann. To Scott: a Mammoth season pass and Sambojuice forever. To Stephanie: a replacement arrow (complements of Cupid), a prom that *didn't* blow away, and my true love. To Lucy: what else but a Magic Stairway, my aching back and Love. To Suzy: your 21st (or 22nd) birthday, and "Do you think it will work out?" To Patty: A party at Stephanie's and a blue sky. To Carol and Dorothy: Welcome to the Canteen. To Fred: a spair pair of specs and a football helmet for the next party. To Paul: Stanford-O, whosegottaroo?, and Ed-O. To Grant: I'm still the boss. To Steve: Oneness with the universe. To Bill: "Son didn't it seem that all the other cars were standing still?" and Hot Creek. To Leslie: Friday post-soccer practice, get-togethers, and honest friendship. To Gary A.: Joy-rides in the Porsche. To Gary S.: 90 in a 25, and Mammoth in 2 hrs. or less. To Guy: a starting position on the soccer team. Finally, to Mom and Pop: congratulations for a job well done, my honest appreciation, and all my love.

Special thanks to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Clark, Dr. Mobley, Mr. Ozawa, and the rest of the people upstairs.

History

Does anybody really care?

I, Joseph Salvatore LoPresti II, alias Dego, Lo, Lopez and numerous others, upon leaving the Harvard School, hereby bequeath the following invaluable items to their rightful owners. To the Schoolboy, I leave a date with J.W., the summer of '74 and Bang or (?). To Chuck Crane I leave our ninth grade year, Woo and Nell Sturdevant in the music room. To the Munchkin, I leave a Bio. B field trip to the arboretum, A.P. Biology and one Saturday night in the parking lot with J.C. To Mitch, I leave the Mitchmobile, his domesticated autotroph (i.e., Houseplant) and the undisputed title of "Iron Man" — you deserve it. To Luau Buddy, I leave the Luau Club and a thesaurus for a "friend." To Dr. "Q" I leave one more year of Varsity B-Ball with the Butler. To Ruc, I leave thanks for being a good "little brother" and a BMW — someday, Aric. To Greg Rutter I leave the Whole Rally Committee Mess. Finally, to T.H.E. Lock, I leave the B.B.S.

Next, to Mr. Leigh, Mr. Stewart, Fr. Gill, Mr. Ozawa and the rest of the Harvard faculty, a sincere thanks and expression of gratitude for six of the finest years of my life.

Finally, to my parents, an even deeper gratitude and thanks for making these six years possible.

FAREWELL TO ALL.

Joseph Salvatore LoPresti II

I, Paul Morgan, being of undetermined mind of an even more unquestionable body, leave the following cronies more than they deserve:

Gary Ayres — The most ultimate, perfect, bong.

Grant — motoring. Excellent. Plenty of Helado.

Tom — Gnat Noop. S.C. highlights, Green houses. Skiing that wasn't. S.D.

Fred — closing in on Evil Knievel's broken bone record. "You can't come at me from that side!" A lost hat in four feet of powder. Marla (dream on).

Jay — Loggins and Messina desperados, "You run like a turkey!" Nic Fit. Outrageous, an attempt master Tom Linton's vocabulary. Swollen lip at Mammoth.

Randy — Hey wow, brown cows. Mardi gras, Led Zepplin. Datsun, J.C., Water bed Highlights. Stanfordo, and "Whyo does everyoneo picko on me-o?"

Chuck — Member of the Lemu Momona club. Karen-Kamanawanaleu. Lahaina.

Bill — Death before 18 the way you drive. Bumper pool at Mammoth.

Scott — Betsy and a deck of Sambo chips.

Ty — D.W.P. Firecrackers.

Greg — the whole bottle at Stephanie's.

Steve — Aspen. Eaten doorknobs. Hic bus driver. S.F. — Dall. with Big Bob.

Boob — La Orp.

Tracy — Seven years of good luck and an attempt at the world record.

Leslie — It comes and it goes. He He He He. and Vahevalla was the encore.

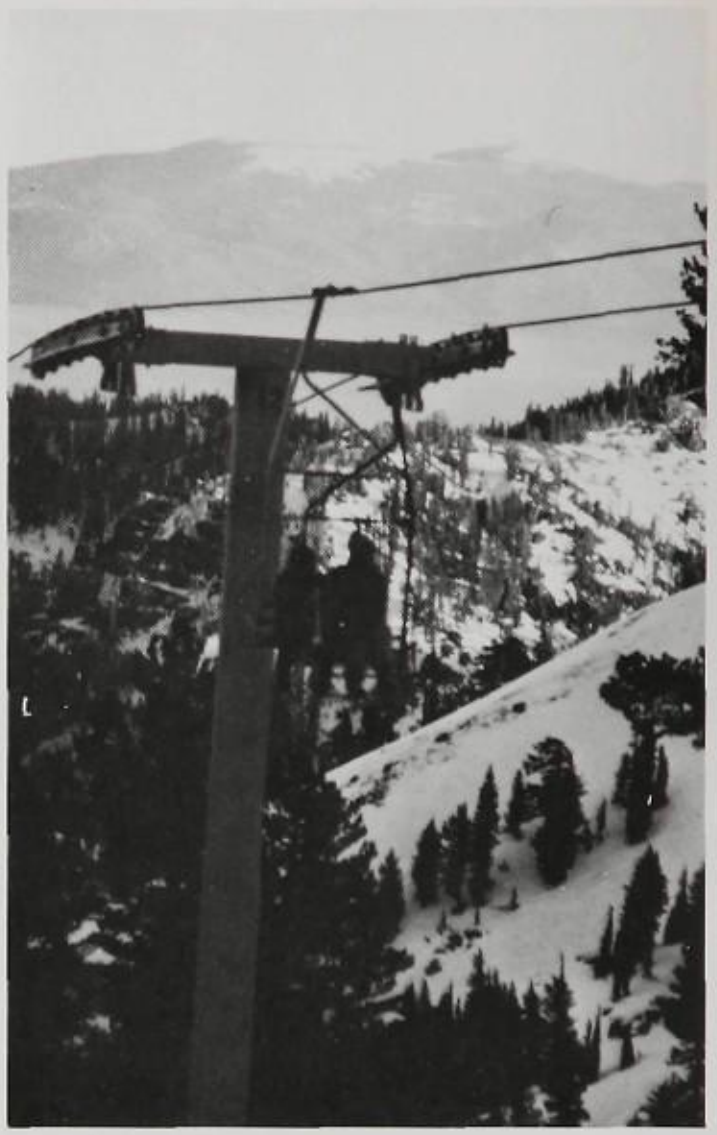
Susie — I don't know. Obnoxious. A book on how to talk good. Meet you at Pooh Corner. Depression. Confusion. Animals in trees. Love and understanding.

Nancy — Sadist. Frankenstein twice? Too many questions.

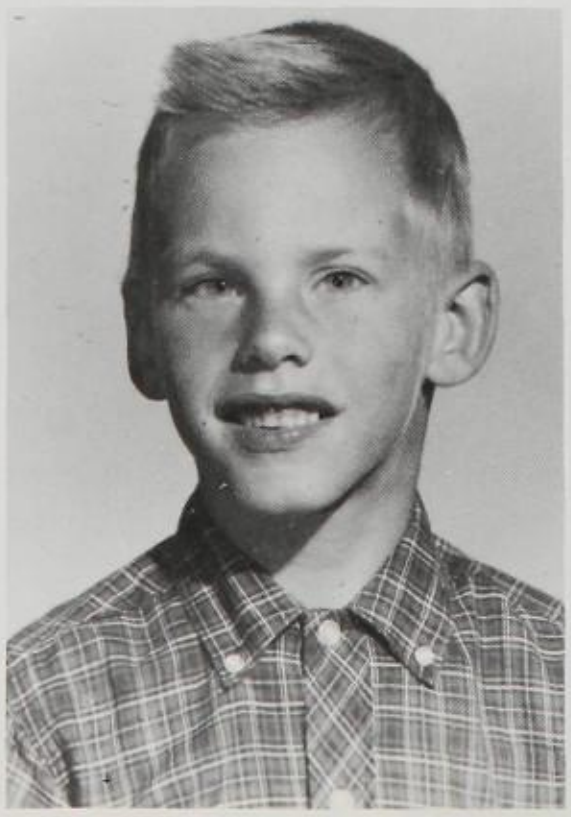
Stephanie — Excellent parties. Ed Sullivano to haunt you forever.

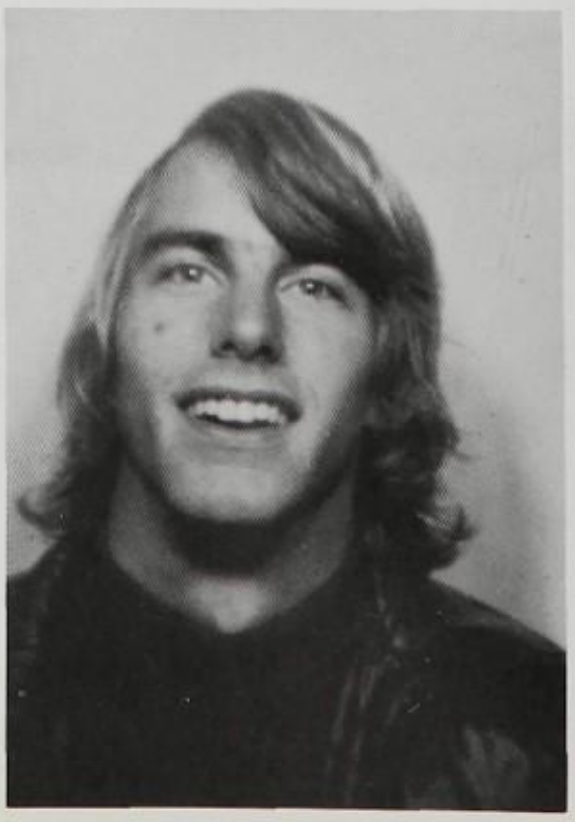
Jeff — Hamburger Hamlet, long lasting friendship.

And finally, to my parents and teachers who have spent so much time and energy in my behalf, I can't thank them enough.



Paul Thomas Morgan



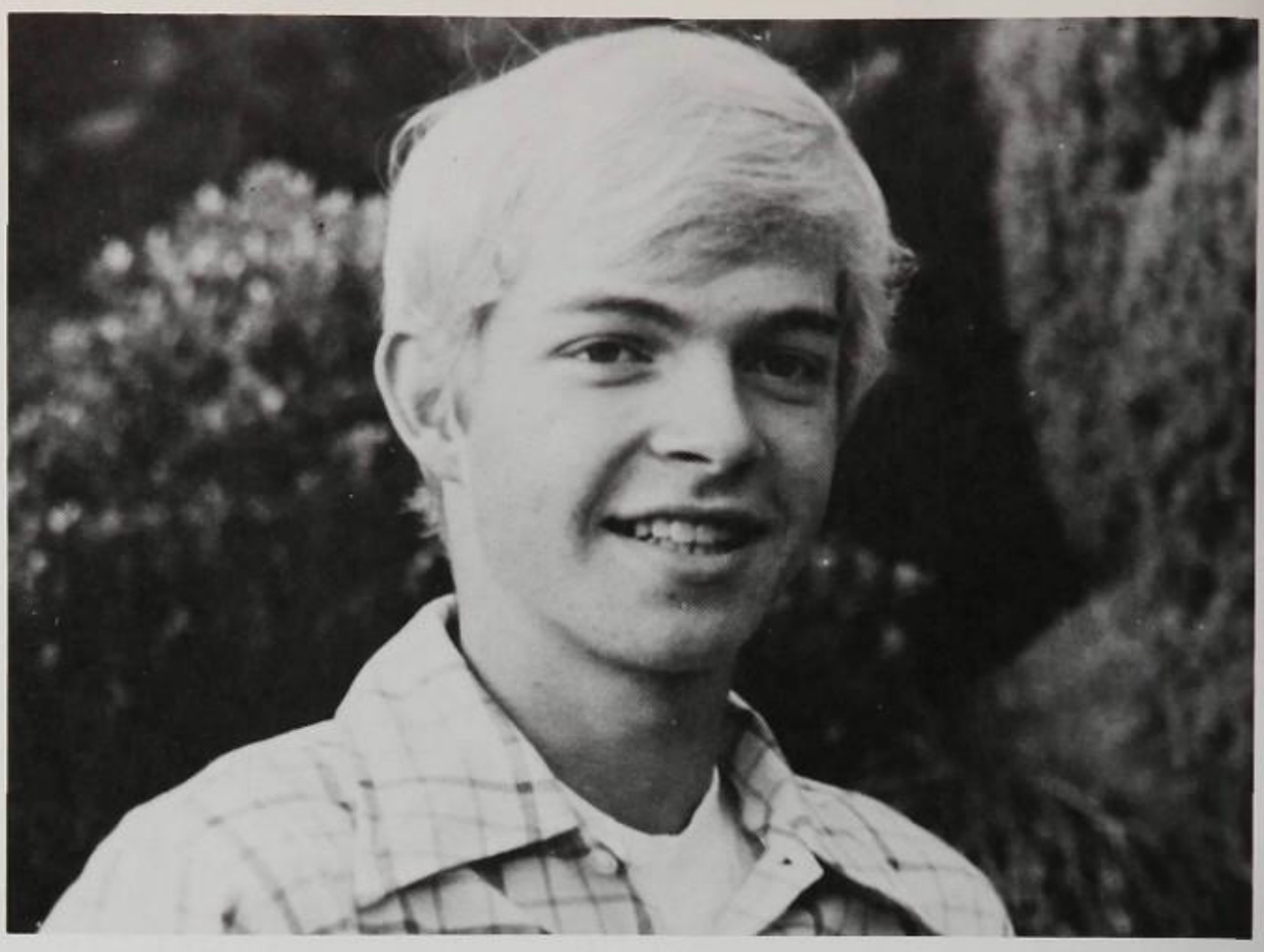


Peter Richman

I would like to express my gratitude to my parents, teachers, and friends for all they have contributed to my education.

Peter

Farewell



TO THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE I LEAVE THE FOLLOWING... THE FOLLOWING... AH... OH WELL, WHATEVER: LARRY G: 1/3 OF M116C-WW-AC, "OH I'M SO IMPRESSED" AND "BOOOO-EEEE"; MARGO-MAN: ANOTHER 1/3 OF M116C-WW-AC, ALL OF FRANCE, GROUCHO AND... A NEW NOSE; TO "THE LICK": THE ENTIRE THIRD REICH; TO PHIL D.: MARCELLO GIOVANNI, 2 BILLION 3x5s, LIZ, CATHY, AND GOOD LUCK & THANX; MR. CLARK THANKS A LOT FOR ALL THE HELP; FR. GILL, MR. STEWART, MR HUGHES, MR. AMEER AND EVERYONE ELSE: THANK-YOU FOR ALL THAT YOU DID TO HELP ME ALONG.

Carl Rosendahl

ARTHUR RUBENSTEIN
ROBERT STANLEY

Todd Singleton

History — Green

Ralph — Back there, a new piano, compliments of Wayne L. Boys and a five finger discount. A "Gold" "Esmerelda" and of course a trip to Mammoth.

Dirk — new car (ha), Malcolms assets, the obvious fact that you have surpassed the Don. A year in Down South with an old straw. A pair of mirrored sunglasses, all the paraphernelia you could possibly use, and a comfortable spot in a big drain pipe. You fool.

Charlie — Your father being "cool" and unable to find your secret spot, no matter who tries to find it, Forbes motorcycle at Harvard Day 1968.

Ron — nothing — you already love it all.

Statement: I went to my old school the other day to tell my old teachers I was leaving, and they agreed they were getting old.

Scott — Angela? Ann? Anybody? It's going to catch up with you sometime Stanley!

Teachers — thanks I learned a lot more than you think, it was always fun.

Mom and Dad — It would have been worth $5,000 a year to me and if I had the money I would pay for it.

Scott S. Thompson

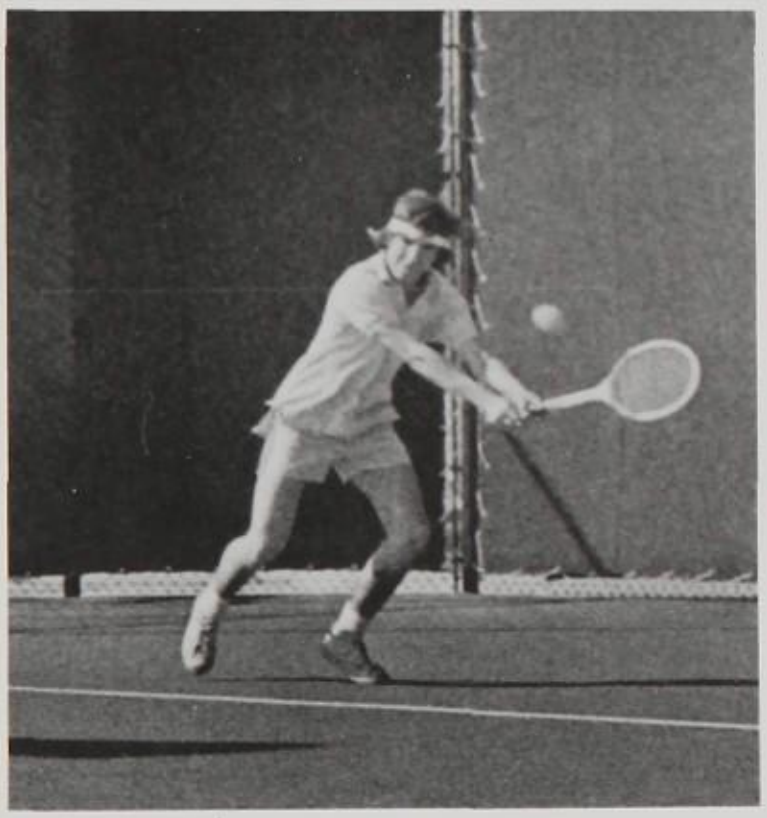
History:

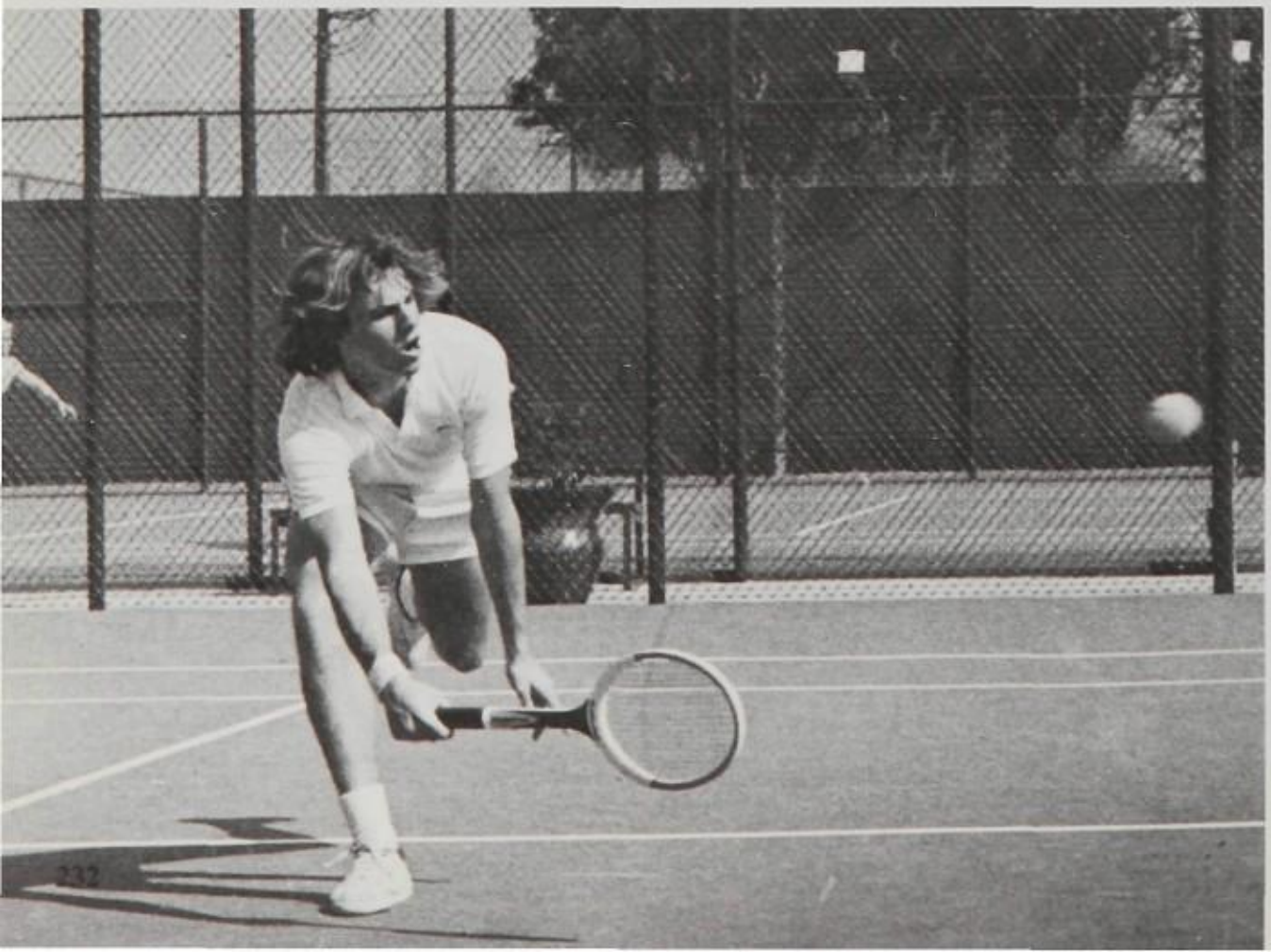
Entered: 1970
Fr. Football '70
Fr. Basketball '71
J.V. Track '72
J.V. Basketball '72
Var. Basketball '73-'74
'74-'75
Var. Football '74
Admissions Comm. '74-'75
Alumni Senior Rep. '74-'75
Fired from Coldwater '74
Pipeline Staff
Co-Editor — "The Paper"

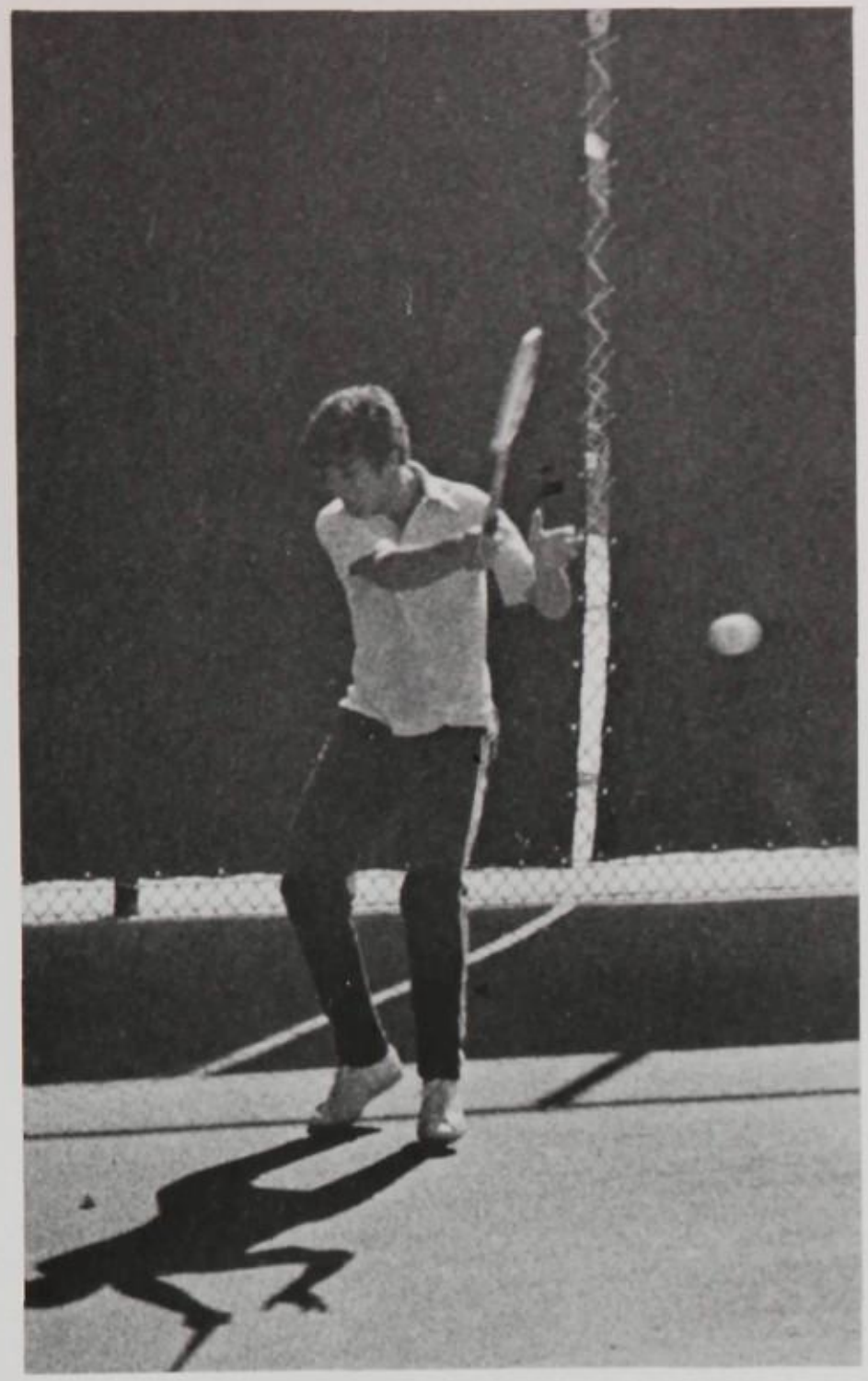
I wish to leave these articles to the following people: To Mark S., talking turkey; To G. Marx, the East Coast girls; To Ron M., An Aquarium full of fish; To Oswald, A narc badge; To Rand, a low bridge against aviation; To Pawlak, car accidents; To Reisman, Happy days at N.D., and the memory of Old White; To Todd, Zeros, my old windshield, and the return of Twinks; To Allen and Magee, R. Dangerfield; To Zaro, a place on Santa's sled, Stevie Wonder and Winking; To Boob, $J^2 + B^2$, and my friendship; To Robin, the I.R.A. and Mexico; To Mr. Roberts, Catalina, Hidden reefs, Art's Deli, Tickets in Arizona, the Grand Canyon, and my thanks; To Chip Clustka, the Bar Maid in Utah, getting "coated," Sharks at "Batteries" and braggin. Thanks to, Coach Thran, Coach Hinman, Officer Rock, Mr. Winetrobe, Mr. Rinnander, and Phil DiFranco. And to the *Flame*, Hawaii, Skiing, the Boo in Summer Gyrating, Ta-Ta-Wa, Newport, surprise parties and my love. I would also like to thank my parents for everything.

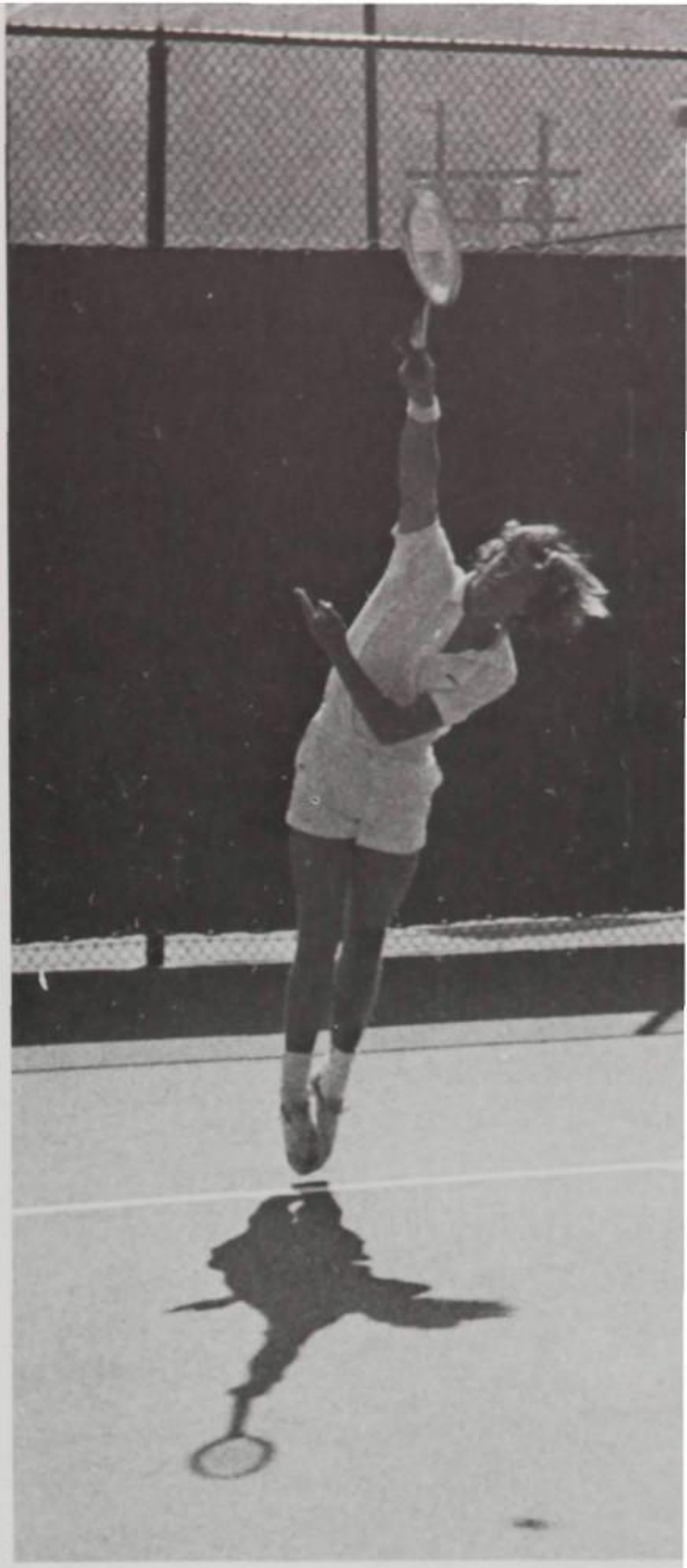
Varsity Tennis

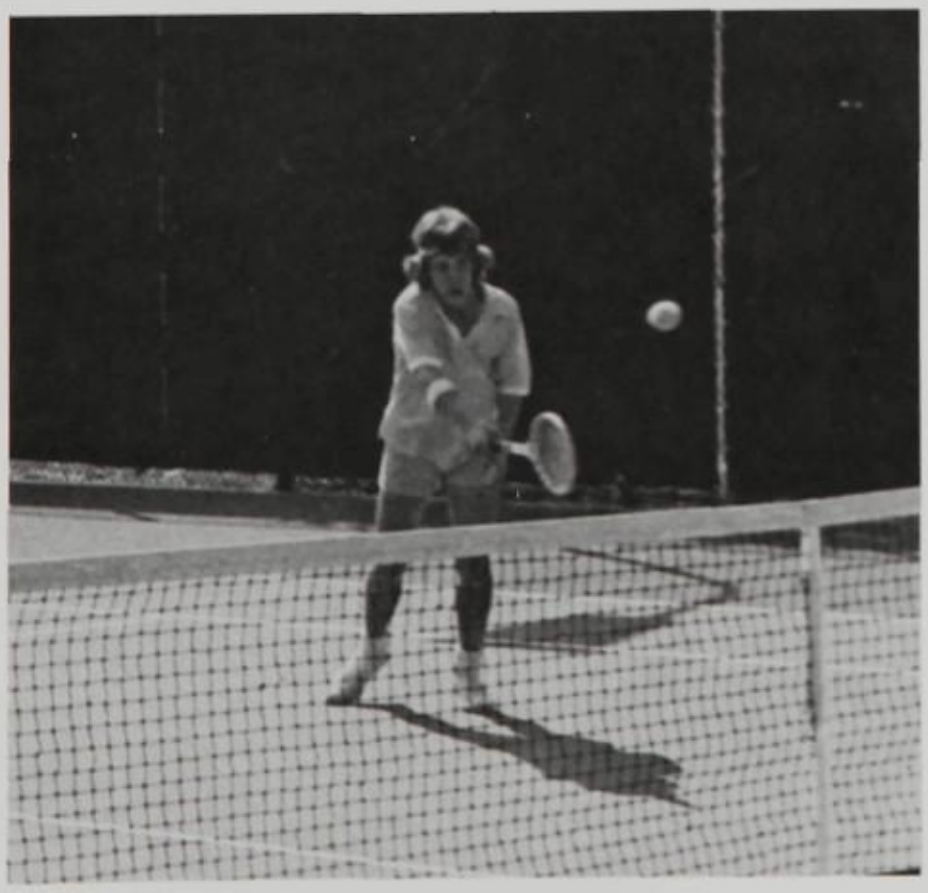
(top, René, Anderson, Zimmerman, Ulich, Davis, Nelson, Dick, Coach Radstrom. (bottom) Reifler, Glasser, Rheinstein

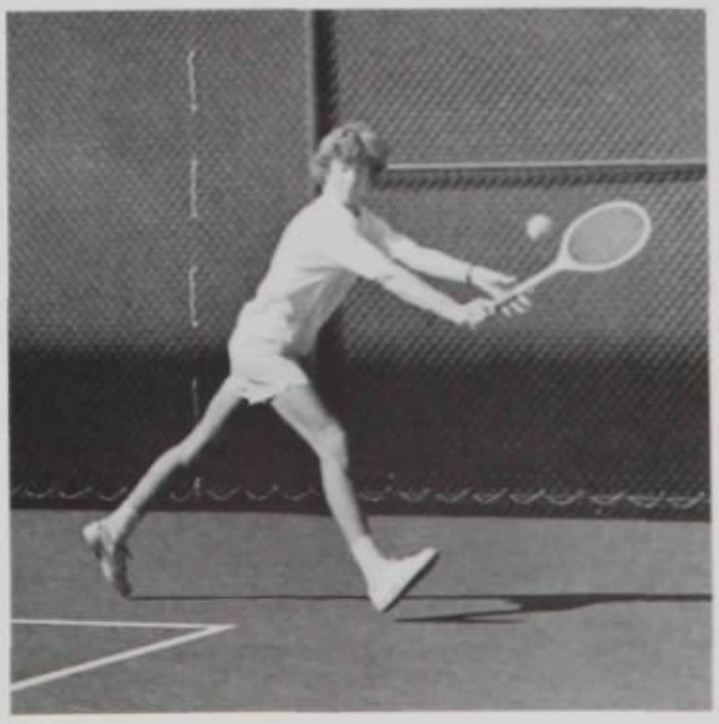


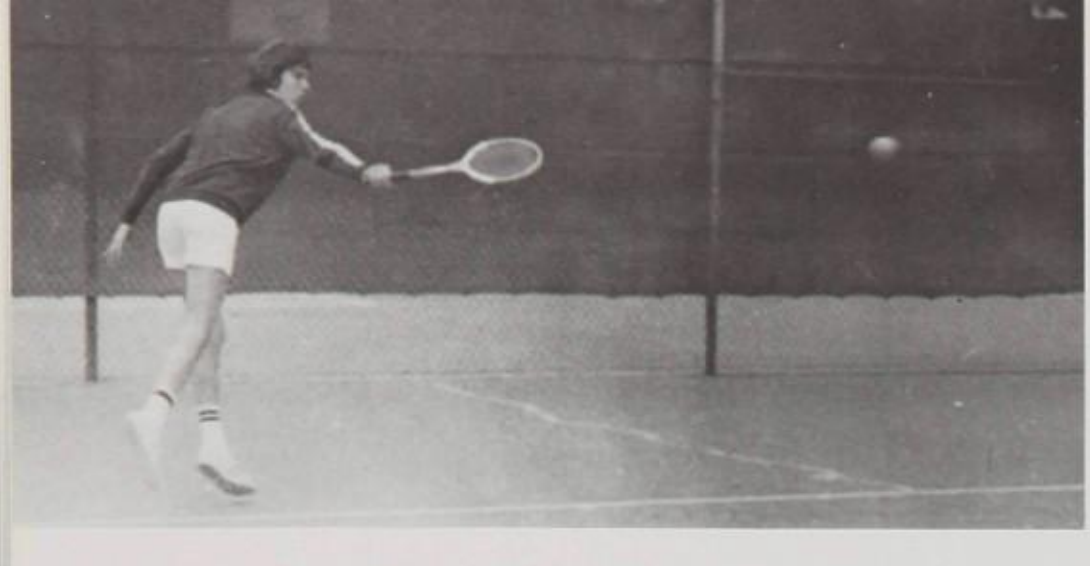








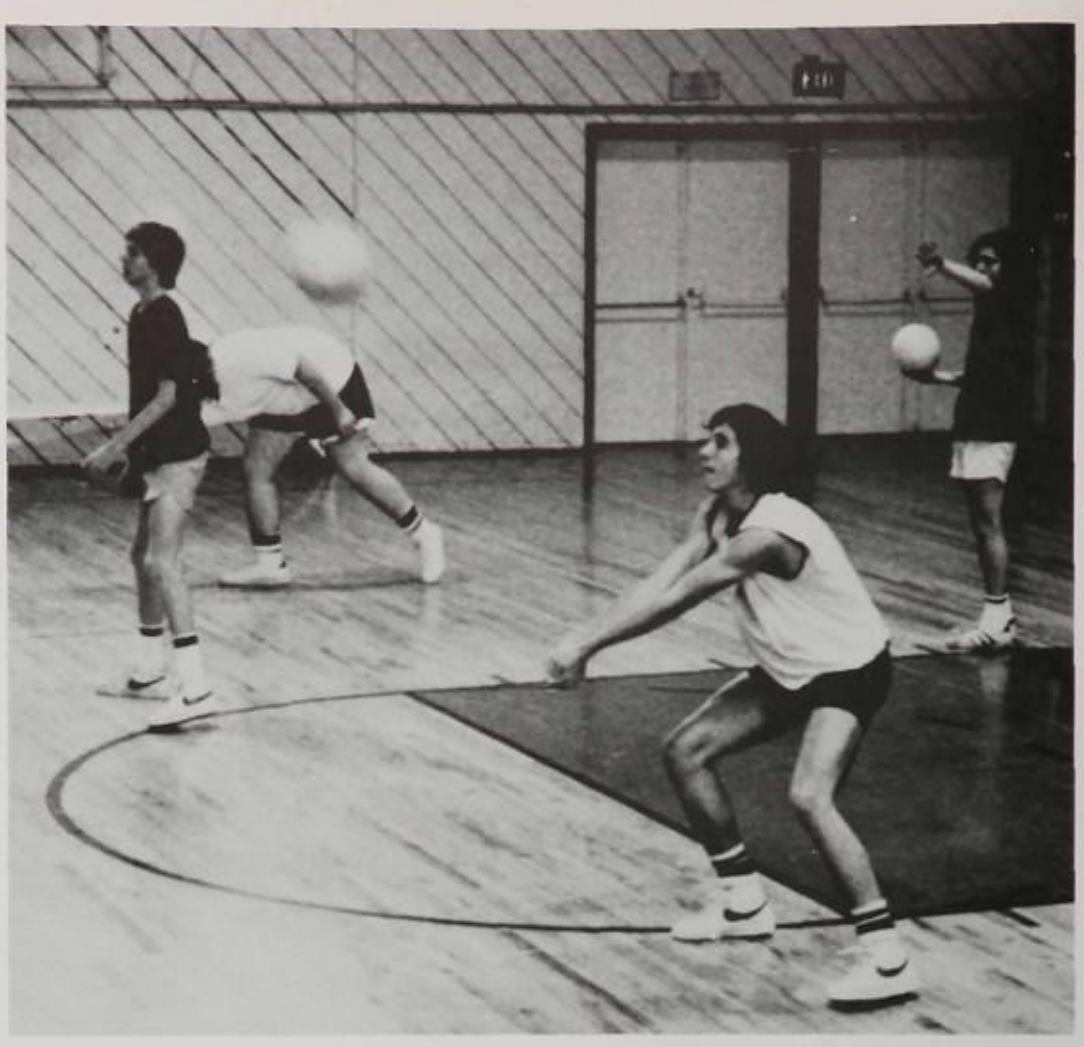




Junior Varsity Tennis

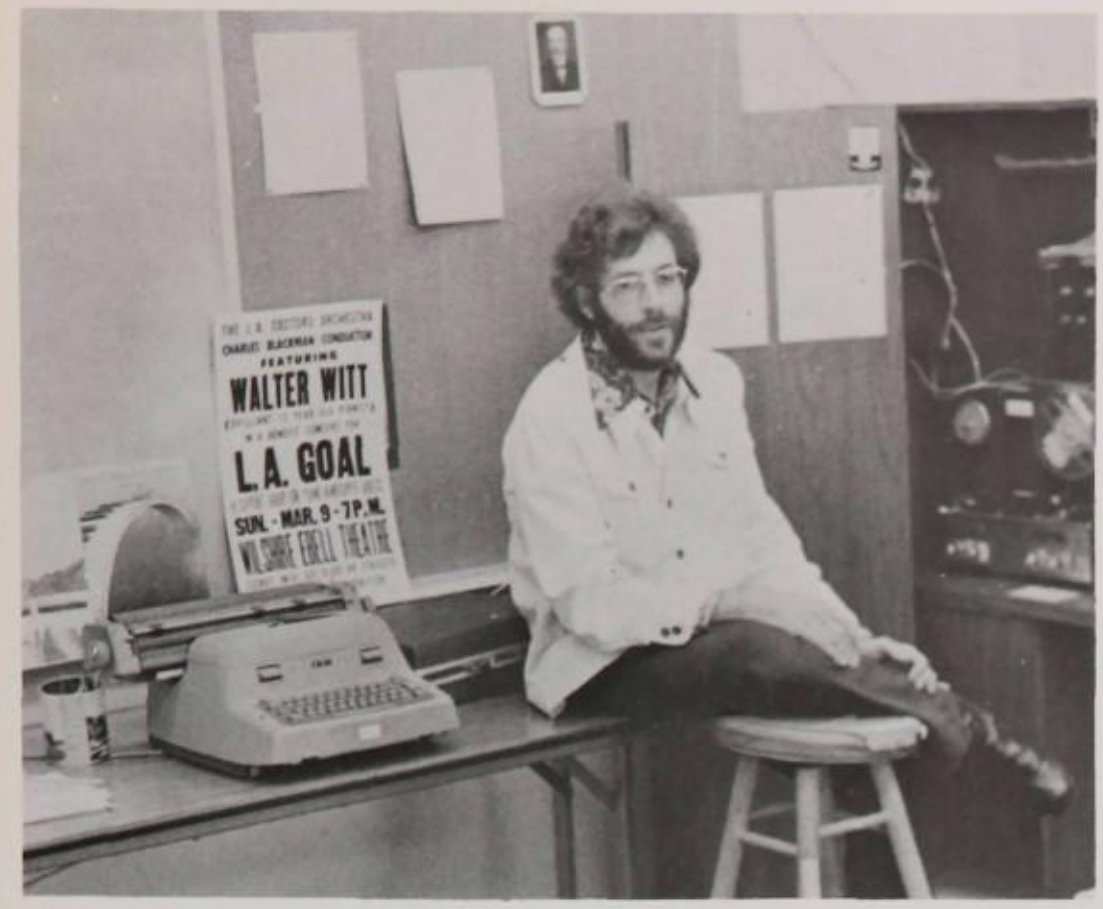
Volleyball

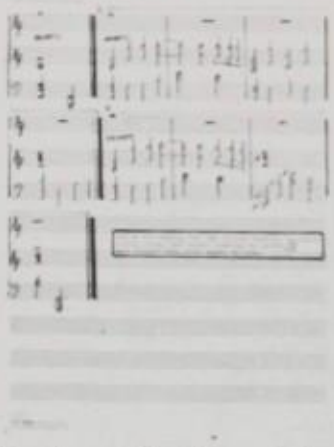
H



arts

Early morning golden light filters through dancing green leaves. Birds wake up — red fox squirrel dashes off to his business across a telephone line. The coffee water gurgles; the phone rings; cars' motors stop and start; voices of greeting filter slowly, loudly, through the early quiet — Today is another beginning . . . "Can I work in the print studio?" "I can't find any black ink." "A TEST? but . . ." "What do you think of Dali?" "Look at this leaf — I found it outside . . ." "I don't know what to draw." "What can I do to make this figure right?" "Is this art?" "Somebody ripped off my . . ." "Wow — come look at the clouds." Hazy light climbs across still leaves turning a shadowy grey — the clock ticks — a door closes . . . Today has been another exploration — and tomorrow?





Jerome N. Margolis
B.M. Philadelphia Conservatory of Music
B.M. Ed., M.A. Philadelphia Musical Academy
Five Years

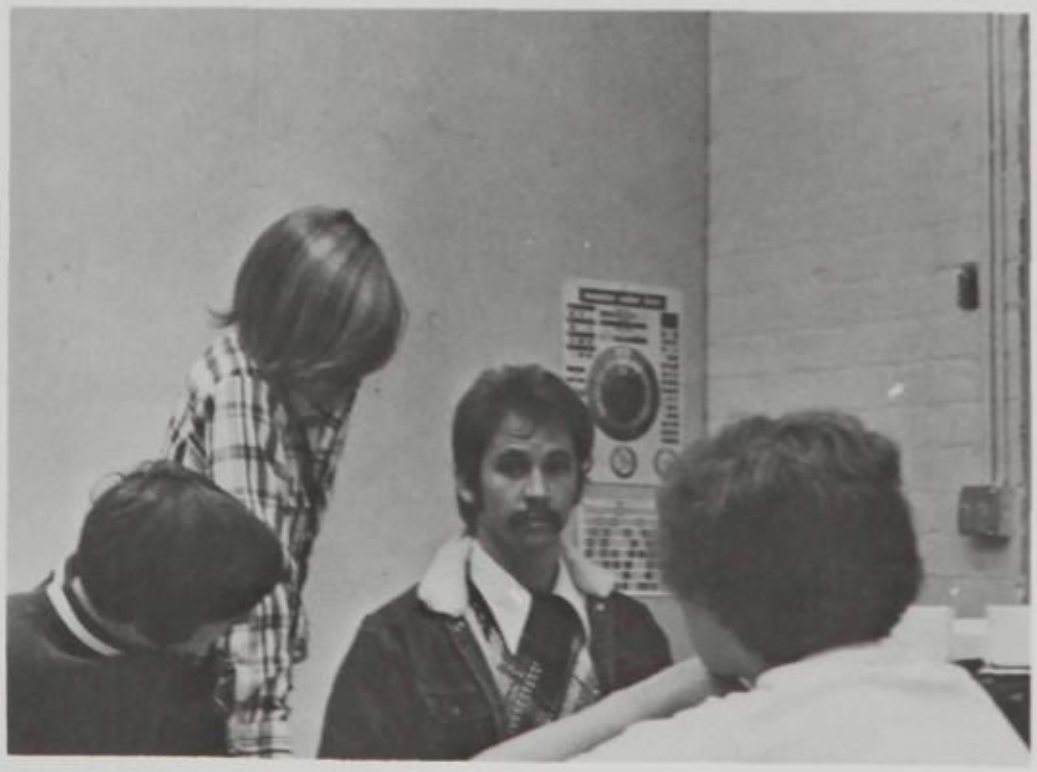
To and of the Student

Time Spent
Time Lost
Time Gained
Time Experienced

Partook of time
Partook of lostness
Partook of gaining
Partook of experience

Will you
Did you, experience
time
lostness
gain
life
experience itself?
Did you partake of them?
Did they partake of you?
Did you give?
Did you receive?
Will you!

John G. Luebtow
B.A. California Lutheran
M.A. U.C.L.A.
Four Years



Francis S. Miller
B.S. Pennsylvania State
Five Years

Ann Deshler
B.A. U.C.L.A.
Two Years

Being a librarian at Harvard School is some kind of an education. I've learned many new words and expressions and heard all kinds of excuses for overdue and lost books, but the best excuse of all is the one where little brother flushed the paperback away. I mean, after all, what could I say? Can you top that?

Tedd D. Woods
A.B. San Diego
M.A. U.C.L.A.

Along the speech-trail: State Champ in San Francisco '71, John and Keith to Nationals at Wake Forrest in '71, missed plane to Stanford '74, great mis-fired "streak" at Aviation, Mayor Bradley at '74 Banquet, Bert at Nationals in Dallas, '74, the really "big year" for Harvard '75, the diamond for the coach in June '75, countless theatre dates courtesy of the Harvard NFL Chapter. Unmatched speakers and debaters at Harvard! Late, late, late tournaments, mothers' phone calls, signing up for rides. It's more than worth it all!

Where are you?

Philip J. diFranco
B.A., M.A. New York University
Three Years

Anthony J. Miller
B.F.A., M.F.A. Arizona
One Year

Johnnie W. Carl
B.A., M.A. U.C.L.A.
Two Years

In the Fall of 1973 I was directing a series of television programs for U.C.T.V.L.A. My duties took me all over L.A. videotaping interviews with people from John Lennon to Frederick's of Hollywood and documenting local events I felt would be visually interesting. One such event was a mime group performing at the Carriage House in downtown L.A. During the process of setting up my camera, a small group of students with a Sony portapack approached me and started asking a number of sophisticated questions about the equipment I was using. In the course of our conversation I learned they were from Harvard School. I must say I was impressed by the idea of a high school with a television department and I made a mental note to check into it.

As I sit here, deep in the bowels of Chalmers Hall, with a vast array of television eyes glowing at me in our new control room, I am still impressed with a high school that has the foresight to provide its students with an opportunity to study the media of the future.

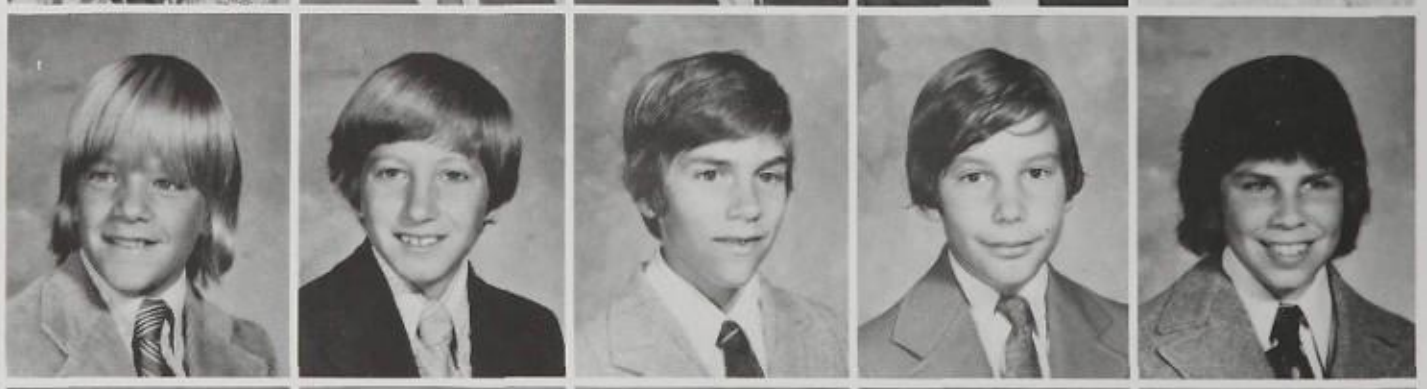
Seventh Grade

Steve Horowitz
Doug Ackerman
Eugene Ahtirski

Thomas Birthistle
Steve Blum
Scott Brittingham

Cameron Carothers
Chris Carothers
Blake Champion
Matt Chitiea
Rogg Collins

Chris Combs
Max Cooper
Kent Corley
Greg Enns
Michael Eveloff



Webb Farrer
David Fields
Roy Forbes
Jonathan Fredricks
Mark Freeman

Mike Galef
Dean Goodman
Robby Greenberg
Chester Griffiths
Peter Grossman

Sam Halle
Bryan Hance
Dan Hepler
Michael Hilton
Roy Hong

Jeff Horwitz
Eric Hosmer
John Iino
Michael Inman
Ron Johnson
Tom Journey

Brett Kaufmann
Douglas Keith
Ronald Kessler
Robert Kevorkian
Barry Klein
Jim Kroger

Scott LaShelle
Richard Lester

Eric Liederman
Tommy Lorber

Brian Marshall
Bob McKinney

Todd Melnik
Reed Miller
Richard Mogan
Morgan Morgan
Duke Morton

John Moss
Barry Munger
Eugene Murdock
Warren Nagler
Dave Neidorf

Richard Parker
Emery Pierson

David Pomerantz
Clark Porter

Scott Pratt
Kenneth Purcell

Thomas Robinson
David Romm

Ken Rose
Berndt Schine

Kevin Schine
Todd Schneider
David Seidner
Anthony Selzer
Robert Shagan
Allen Shay

Bruce Shih
David Silverman
Peter Soikkeli
Hank Stern
Ronald Strahan
William Streiber

Danny Symonds
John Yasuda
Scott Worrell
Walter Witt
Bart Williams
Alex Werner

Henry Weissmann
Henry Weinstein

Eric Warren
Alec Trueblood

Chris Toy
Warren Tourtellotte

Chal Taylor
Kirby Tanimura

7th GRADE — Not Shown
Peter Carpenter
Scott Devereaux
John Dewell
Dana Drew
Robert Flanagan
John Hall
Karl Kamb
Matthew Norris
Hugh O'Connor
Kevin Robinson
Howard Rosenberg
John Silverman
Alexis Sonnenfeld
Steve Stevens
Bruce Thabit

Japanese Exchange

ーバート & マールボロー

Harvard Marlborough

track. Photography and girls.

students are very helpful, very patient, and very intelligent.

The main differences between Tamagawa Gakuen students and Harvard students are embodied in the students themselves. Tamagawa students seem to do most of everything they do each week as students of Tamagawa. They play sports and enjoy their hobbies at Tamagawa rather than anywere else. This is good because it builds a comradarie and togetherness within the school. It is not so good when the students find themselves tied to the school and do not venture to other locations. The student can lose a feeling with the rest of life in his area and home when his life is one thing, the all encompassing school of learning, of friends, of athletics, of hobbies, of life itself.

I want to spend more time away from Tamagawa Gakuen not because I don't like it, but because Japan is not a school. I came to see Japan, not to study school life. While at school I would like to become individually involved in tennis and basketball. That is, to work with those clubs myself. I want to be individually involved to separate myself from the Americans and to more easily know the Japanese student through the international language of sports. I have noticed students have very stiff movements and that one Japanese athlet like another. In America, just like one creates his own compos style, he has his own athletic style. Also, I want to have some ive me instruction in volleyball. I would feel the trip was wa did not learn how to play the Japanese national sport proficien so. In order to build a good relationship between the Americans e student body of Tamagawa, I would like to get into a softball s would be a very good means in which to build a happy feeling een the two schools.

I think that the main difference between Tamagawa and Harvard i relationship of the students to the school. At Harvard, some e think that there is a morale problem at the school. This is he case. The fact is that the students at Harvard go to school hemselves and that they live their lives individually. Harvard a responsibility for the student on himself, while Tamagawa a responsibility for the school.

INSTITUT
JA
IN A

Airlines

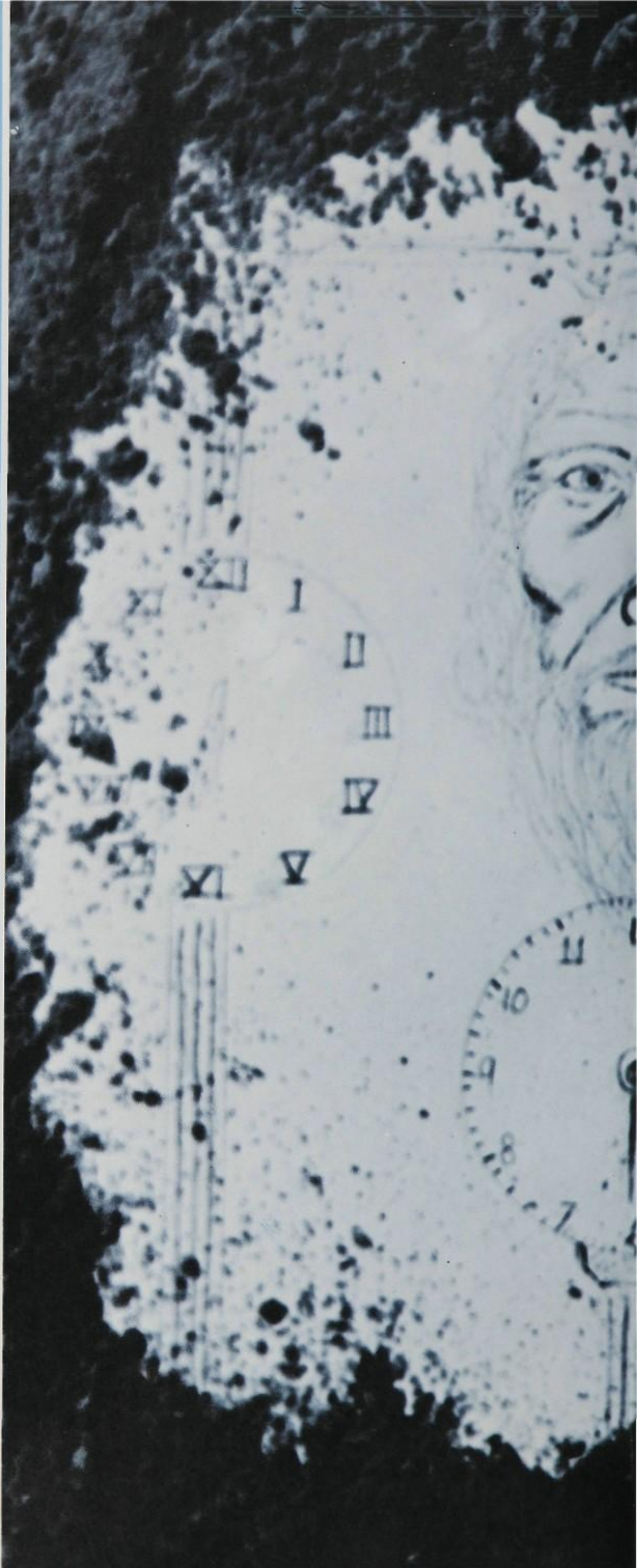
There is a fantastic difference between the school day for our counterparts at the Tamagawa Gakuen school in Japan and the country club atmosphere in which we reside at Harvard. The day begins with a train trip (usually forty-five minutes long, or longer) to school. Aboard each train one can see anxious commuters and seemingly, hundreds of school children. There are plenty of high school students but most are elementary schoolers who chatter endlessly while holding on to anything they can reach to keep from falling over at the trains numerous stops. All of the students wear uniforms which designate their school and most can always be found with their friends.

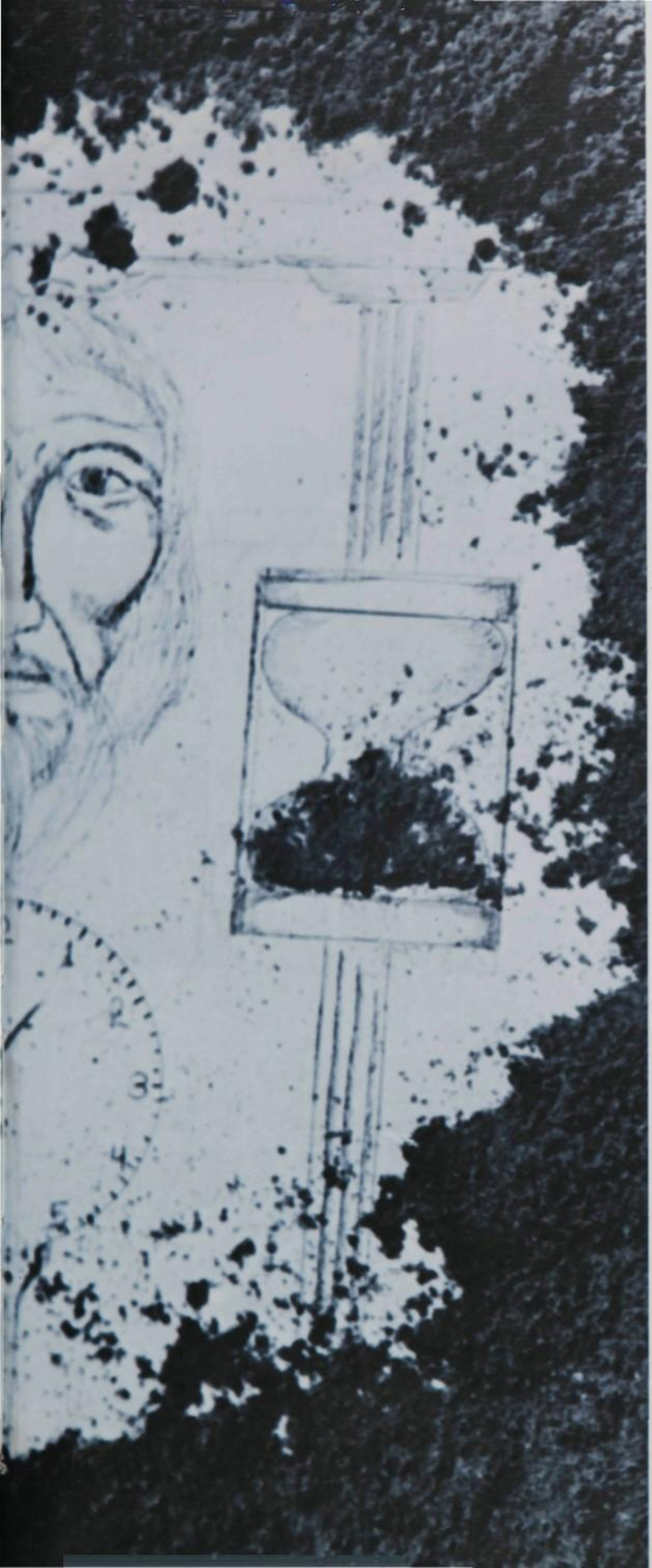
At school there is a quick homeroom where roll is taken, then the entire school, grades ten through twelve, all 1,300 students, line up on the athletic field. The principal gives a short talk and then announcements are given by the class officers. Next, the band strikes up the school song and *everyone* sings. The lines then spread out and a physical education instructor leads the students and the *teachers* in simple exercises (*toe touches, jumping jacks, etc.*) which are probably demanded by the national healthy body, healthy mind syndrome.

The classes are run according to a strict pattern. The teachers travel from room to room, with students leaving the homeroom only for a physical education, art, or science class. Most of the classes are held with the same group of students in the same room. The room contains about forty seats, accounting for two persons at each wooden desk on very small wooden chairs. At the rear sits a college student in training to become a teacher. The students rarely speak up in class unless a teacher asks a question. Lunch is consumed in the same homeroom with the boys and the girls shyly separated into small groups. All of the students are assigned an area to clean up at school during an organized period at about three o'clock each day. Little work is accomplished and a lot of playful teasing takes place, but there is no minority or poor class in Japan which is willing to do the chores of the rich.

The students are under great pressure to succeed at school because there is intense competition to get accepted to college. I can remember my Japanese brother often staying up after midnight in order to study. Very few of the students go home immediately after school at four o'clock. There is practice for teams, choral groups, and other activities every day (six days a week) until six o'clock. After this torturous day everyone returns home for a warm Japanese bath, dinner, and of course, more study.

Saturday





Kronos

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

Coeducation

HARVARD SCHOOL
3700 COLDWATER CANYON ROAD
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91604

April 10, 1975

Dear Harvard School Parents and Friends:

Subject: Possible Coeducation at Harvard School

On behalf of the Harvard School Trustees, I am writing to confirm that a proposal for conversion to coeducation is under consideration by the Board.

The Trustees wish to describe the program under study and to inform you of the various arguments, pro and con, which have been made. Further, before any decision, they invite comment from anyone in the Harvard School constituency.

The coeducation program being considered would, if adopted, begin no earlier than the fall of 1976. A decision for or against the program is presently scheduled to be made by the Trustees at their October meeting in 1975.

Change, if made, will not affect the right of any student now at Harvard School, maintaining satisfactory grades and conduct, to continue his studies until graduation.

The general terms of the suggested program for conversion to coeducation are as follows:

1. Girls would be admitted only to grades 9-12. The lower grades (7 and 8) would remain available to boys only.

2. In 1976 the entering 7th grade class would be reduced from approximately 110 to approximately 80, and approximately 30 girls would be admitted to the 9th grade, another 30 or so to the 10th grade, and about 15, possibly a few more, to the 11th grade. This program would expand the size of the student body by about 45 students. In the next year the entering 7th grade class (all boys) would again be limited to 80 students, instead of 110, providing about 30 additional places on the campus for girls who would enter the 9th grade. The size of the all-boy lower school would thereafter be maintained at approximately 80 students per grade.

3. In addition, the School's admissions policies would, after 1976, favor admission of girls in grades 9-12 to fill vacancies resulting from normal attrition (families moving away, etc.), and there would be a further small expansion in the total number of students on campus. After four or five years, the upper school (grades 9-12) might have approximately 320 boys and 220 girls.

The foregoing program was designed to take into account the interests of families planning to use Harvard School for boys not yet admitted and also the interests of local private girls' schools.

The entire Harvard School family, students, faculty, parents, alumni, trustees, and other constituents, will recognize that the current subject is one on which reasonable people, who love the School, plainly differ, some feeling strongly.

Each Trustee is resolved to consider the coeducation issue at length, after listening to the entire constituency, then to vote on the question, and thereafter to retain a strong loyalty to the institution even if his views do not prevail. We urge a similar resolution on all others concerned, believing that such an attitude is consistent with our shared aspirations for the School.

Sincerely,

Charles T. Munger

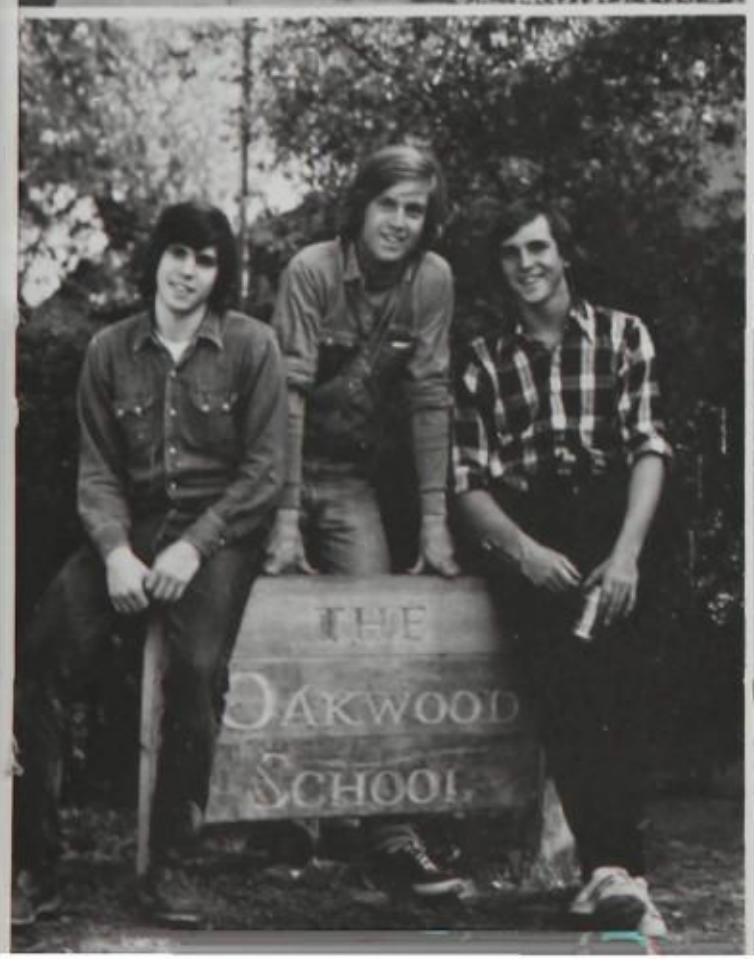
Charles T. Munger, Chairman, for
the Harvard School Board of Trustees

William Christopher Allen

Through six long years
I've lived to tell . . .
Without these people
It would've been !!

(I love 'em all!!)

Bill Allen



Many times,
the glittering gold has appeared
untarnished to my eyes.
Only later was I able to discover my blindness
which was brought to an end
by the voice of the crows.
The crowing is loud at your face,
but my blindness,
(if it be blindness),
does not wish to be discovered.
For once in my life, the darkness
in which I live
is more powerful then the voice of the crows.
Darkness may be darkness,
but it may also be the brightest light
shining forth from heaven.

A tiny squirrel is shy from the hand that it loves.
It must first be tamed.*

*"What does that mean — 'tame'?" asked the little prince
"It is an act too often neglected," said the fox.
"It means to establish ties."

— from "The Little Prince"
Antoine de Saint Exupery

Marc Jon Alperin

Gary Ayres

Tom Brown

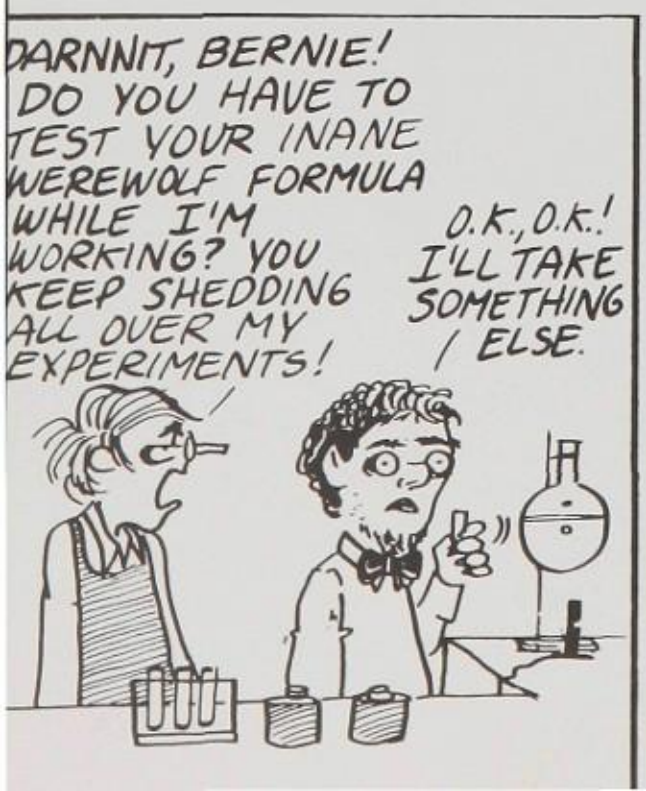
What does it matter, kid?

John D'Amico

Many's the time I've been mistaken
And many times confused
Yes, and often felt forsaken
And certainly misused
But I'm all right, I'm all right
I'm just weary to my bones
Still, you don't expect to be
Bright and bon vivant
So far away from home, so far away from home

And I don't know a soul who's not been battered
I don't have a friend who feels at ease
I don't know a dream that's not been shattered
or driven to its knees
But it's all right, it's all right
We've lived so well so long
Still, when I think of the road
we're traveling on
I wonder what went wrong
I can't help it, I wonder what went wrong

Paul Simon


DARNNIT, BERNIE! DO YOU HAVE TO TEST YOUR INANE WEREWOLF FORMULA WHILE I'M WORKING? YOU KEEP SHEDDING ALL OVER MY EXPERIMENTS!
O.K., O.K.! I'LL TAKE SOMETHING / ELSE.
THANK YOU.
DON'T MENTION IT.

Eddie Chaum

Day in day out we're crammed with knowledge
Most of which is useless in college

We'll recite the Bill of Rights in Latin
And pay eighty cents for potatoes au gratin

The Harvard band is 12 men strong
At Christmas 1 in 90 sing along

Every day the "caf" is a total mess
It might be the apathy but I couldn't care less

You won't find seniors in a bar
But rather screwing up your car

With Gene we convert from ohm to peck
The BMOC is called "No Neck"

The football team just broke their streak
I think they won the game last week

Dear Harvard if it were up to Chris
You'd be a model of educational bliss

But you're just an ordinary school
With graffiitti walls and food like gruel

But still, you're my favorite senior high
And I'm sad that it's time to say . . . Shalom

As the fastest-achieving student in Harvard history (1 year for a diploma), I would like to present the following people with a "Hwang-O" (lifetime lunchroom passes) in their respective categories:

Most Public Concern: B. Douglas Bernheim, for never walking near cliffs, thus saving the lives of thousands of swooning and dizzy females.

Most Resilient: Greg ("Guts") Meyers, for staying away from the yellow women.

Most Resourceful: Eric Lund, for cleverly passing himself as a giant Kewpie doll when discovered in the trunk of a car by Mexican border officals.

The Horatio Alger Award: Bob Maloney, for bucking extraordinary odds and consistently picking women of the same type.

And the Grand Hwang-O: Mark Carroll, for remaining altruistic and human in an atmosphere not conducive to such behaviour.

David Hwang

Anthony Blake Mathews

I would like to thank Mr. Roberts, Fr. Gill, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Archer for helping and encouraging me along throughout my stay at Harvard.

I would especially like to thank my parents for their time, patience, and love, which taught me the meaning of work, achievement, and pride.

Munch

Entered — 4′ 6″ Left — 5′ 3″

I, Greg Meyers, being of undersized mind and stunted body, do bequeath the following items , memories, actions, etc. to the following people:

to Martin — "I like Bekin's work very much." — B.R., a date with Dene Dailey, an ool table (notice there's no "p" in it).

to Fish — NUBS, "But I can't!" — M.M., Jam P. and Laura F., the pond at Tamagawa, a Japanese summer, and a Jolly Rally.

to Mitch — immunity, guilt by association a B + average on your achievements, the Buckley Bell, detective work for J.W.

to Joe — the Arboretum, healthy cheeks, Lab Day '74, Elodea Sprigs, the knowlege that Anita Bryant and Orange Bird would've been shocked, a burn smooch from the houseplant.

to Mr. Brown — better seats, "whogottickets," copy rights on all your notes.

to Bert — time for a change, "Uh . . . what do you think Bert?" — M.L., snails.

to Fred — CONCENTRATION

My car pool

to Matt — a vertical smile

to Mark — ring around the collar (bone).

to Tucker and Richard — Boeuf Bourguignon at one dollar-fifteen.

to Anthony — a Bozo show of your own.

From six guns to six packs.

Lastly, I would like to thank my parents for allowing me the opportunity to attend Harvard, for teaching me the courage, sense of humor and self determination necessary to undergo a Harvard education, and most importantly, for making me short.

to Mr. Woods — more enthusiasm, seeing things eye to eye, the knowlege that your equal concern for the success of each and every speaker and debater has made Harvard's program outstanding.

to Mr. Stewart — thanks for putting up with me for all those years of swimming, water polo, and math.

To Mr. McCleery — two pairs of shoes, semper ubi sub ubi, five years of hard work, respect.

to Mr. Leigh — hockey pucks with chocolate chips, having to cope with the back row.

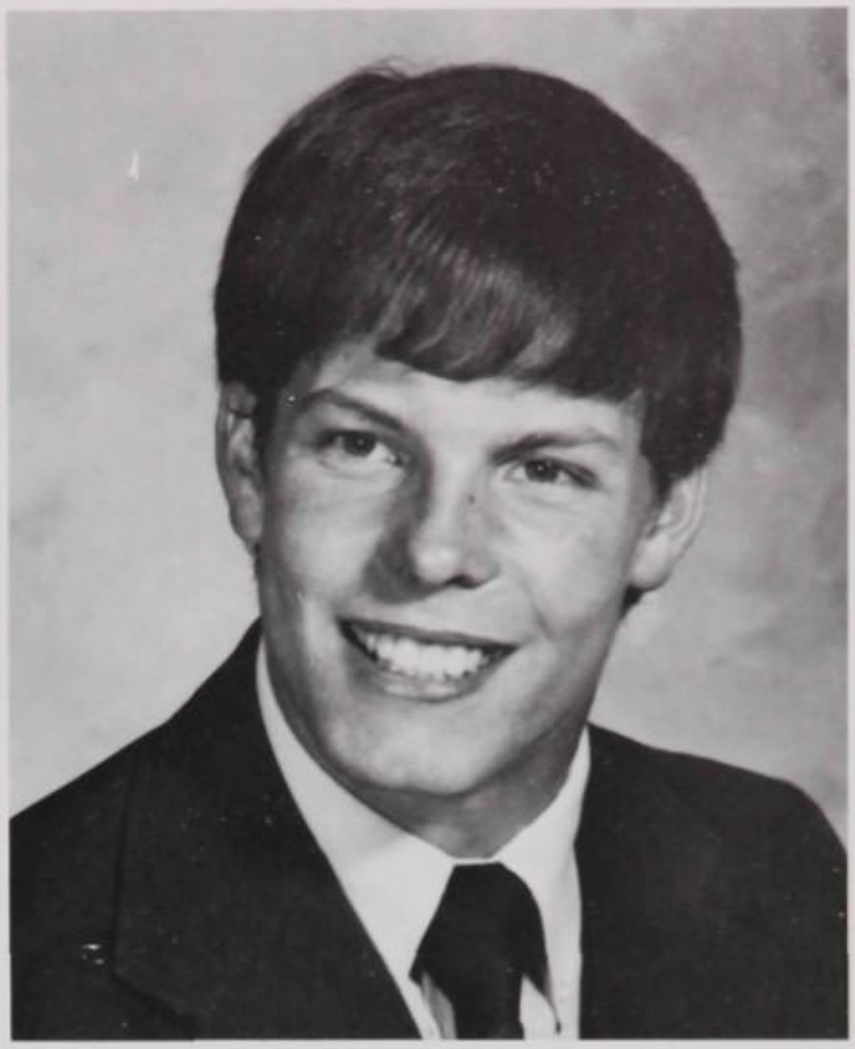
to Mr. Ozawa — an early psychology paper, understanding and guidance.

to Mr. Koslow — harrassment, the knowledge that rain hits us last.

to Mr. Berrisford — thanks for your sincere devotion to making Harvard an increasingly better and better school to be attended.

So Long!

Scott Douglas Rand



I, Scott Douglas Rand, sometimes referred to as SCOOTS or the SCHOOLBOY, do hereby bequeath the following memories to the following friends:

Joe Lo and family: great weekends, a Harvard Day, and the *best* of luck!
Steve W.: a mayo sandwich because "we are going to my house!"
Aric B: the H.B.B.A., the new fiat, and a weight workout!
The Magees: C'mon Right handas!
Challie C. and Tom P.: thanks for all the help and good luck fer the future
Kyle F.: the Deb Ball and Officer Wells is watching you!
Tony M. and family: all of Arrowhead to our selves . . .
Gary and Craig M.: thick envelopes on March 15
Tom R.: Hum Pahdnah!
Scott T.: a T.D. pass and the $5.00 I owe you.
Bill H.: 500 pizzas, large cokes, and whatever else you may enjoy with J.P.C.
Mark S.: 1 free sole for your ranch above Cal Poly someday.
Chuck U.: football parties ·
Mark L. and Steve W.: P.T. and nee nee
John Z.: a little discretion.
Steve M.: one thousand biology field trips.
Tom M.: one free liver transplant and a new Mitchmobile.
Greg M.: field trips, the B.B.S., and Mel Brooks.

I give special thanks to Mr. Ozawa, Mr. Miller, Mr. Stewart, Fr. Gill, Mr. Murrow, Mr. Koslow, and Coaches Thran , Michaud, and Winetrobe for their guidance and friendship. Finally, and most importantly, I leave my family deep appreciation for their patience and understanding, and for the opportunity for five *fantastic* years at Harvard School.

Scott Rand

George Steinmetz

I would like to express my appreciation to those friends at Harvard School who helped me make my years there a time to remember with much fondness and gratitude. I shall always be grateful to those teachers and counselors, particularly Mr. Lubetow, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Smith and Mr. Hughes, whose belief and encouragement spurred me on to seek new vistas, to enlarge my world.

With my sincere thanks,
Chris Jones

Chris Jones

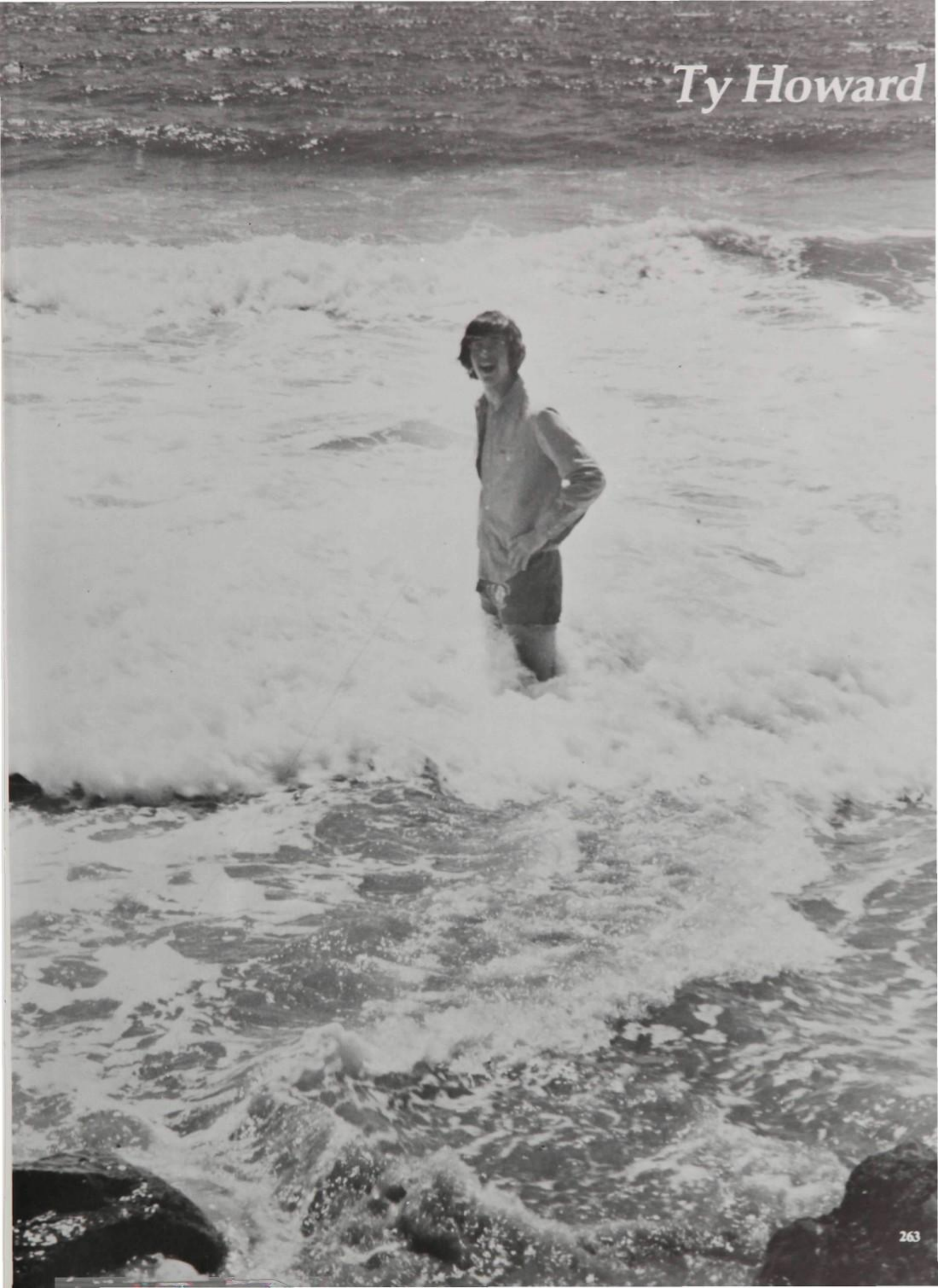
To whom it may concern,

Whilst ponderingly ponderously pondering my position in life (sitting) and whilst at the same time (7:30), wonderously wondering wonderfully how I would be after four wonderful years of college (probably flat on my back), I came to realize the realization that this could be a momentous moment and that I should advantageously take advantageous advantage of this opportune opportunity to sentimentally and memorably share my most sentimental sentiments and my most memorable memories that I have collectively collected during the six collective years (including the year during which I did not go to The Harvard School) during which I was a studious student studying at The Harvard School.

September 1969 brought autumn, and with autumn came the falling of leaves. With the falling of leaves came to The Harvard School a young boy of twelve. The Harvard School immediately noticed that one of its boys needed a bit of attention, for this was no ordinary boy. During the next six years at The Harvard School metamorphosis overcame this young boy, resulting in a change that was to influence him for the rest of his life. This boy, now a young man, began turning in homework assignments and compositions that were making absolutely no nonsense whatsoever. Therefore, this young man, filled with warmth and gratitude would like to thank the following responsible persons: (In order of appearance) Mr. Ameer, Mr. Margolis, Mr. Bullion, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Smith, Mr. DiFranco, Mr. Rinnander, Mr. Clark, and, saving the best 'til last, my parents.

Sincerely yours,

Michael Margolis


Ty Howard

mathematics

Gene Murrow
Chairman of Mathematics
B.A. Columbia
M.A. Harvard
Five Years

Walter V. V. Stewart
B.S. Michigan
M.A. Michigan
Twenty-four Years

To recall the humorous items of my 24 short years would fill a book, not a page . . . the boy who lost his trunks in the middle of a swim meet, the wrestlers who turned the showers in a boarding building into a steam-bath and set the first alarm off at 10:30 P.M., the faculty member who got hit with the water from a fire hose while trying to stop a junior-senior lunchtime battle, the first time the seniors manuevered a girl into the ranks during a Harvard Day parade, the student who two minutes before a test was to be turned in said, "I didn't get the second page of the test" (there was only one), etc, etc.

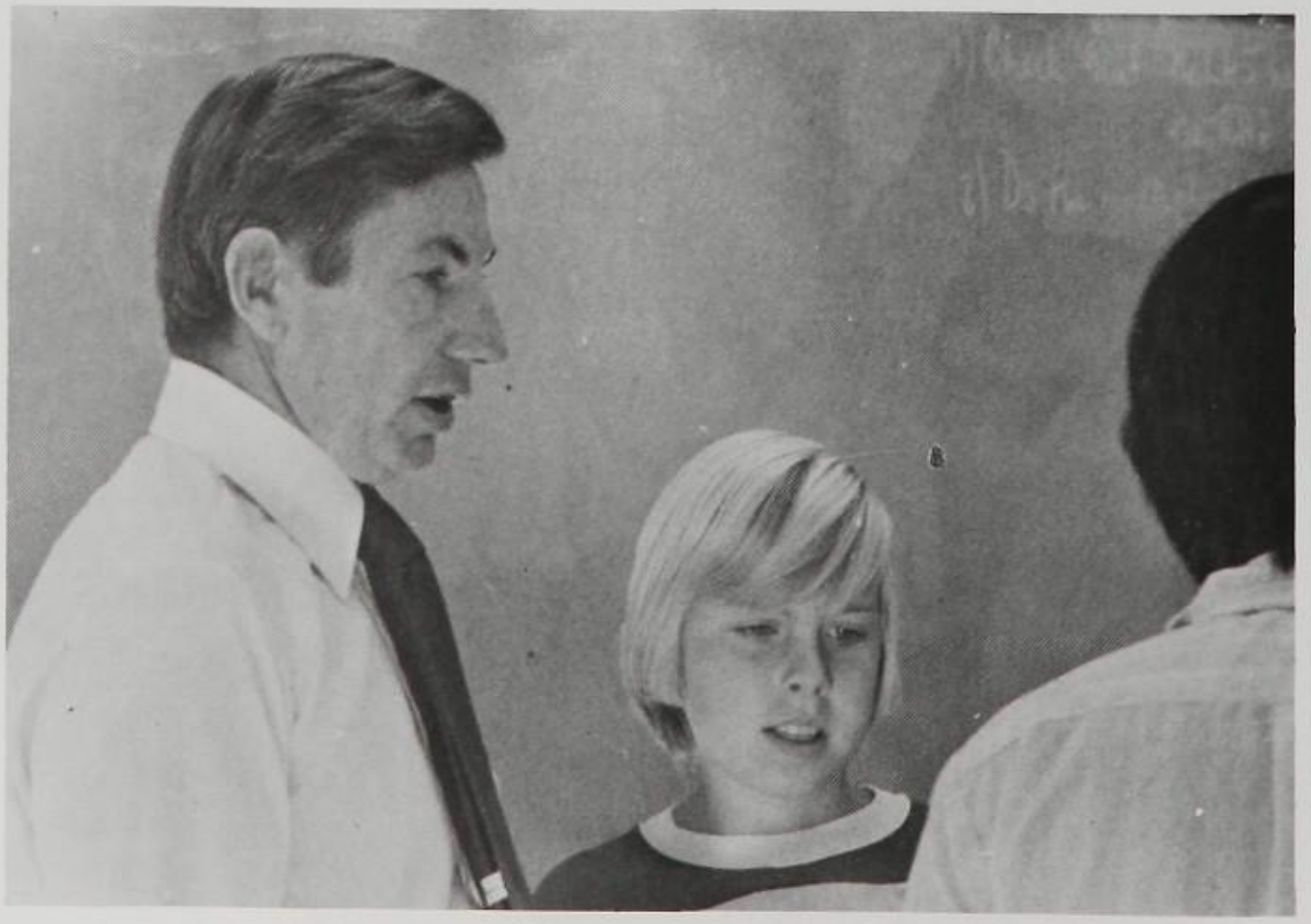
However, one statement always seems to hold true: "Graduating classes like vintage wines vary from year to year, they have just one thing in common, YOURS was always the best."

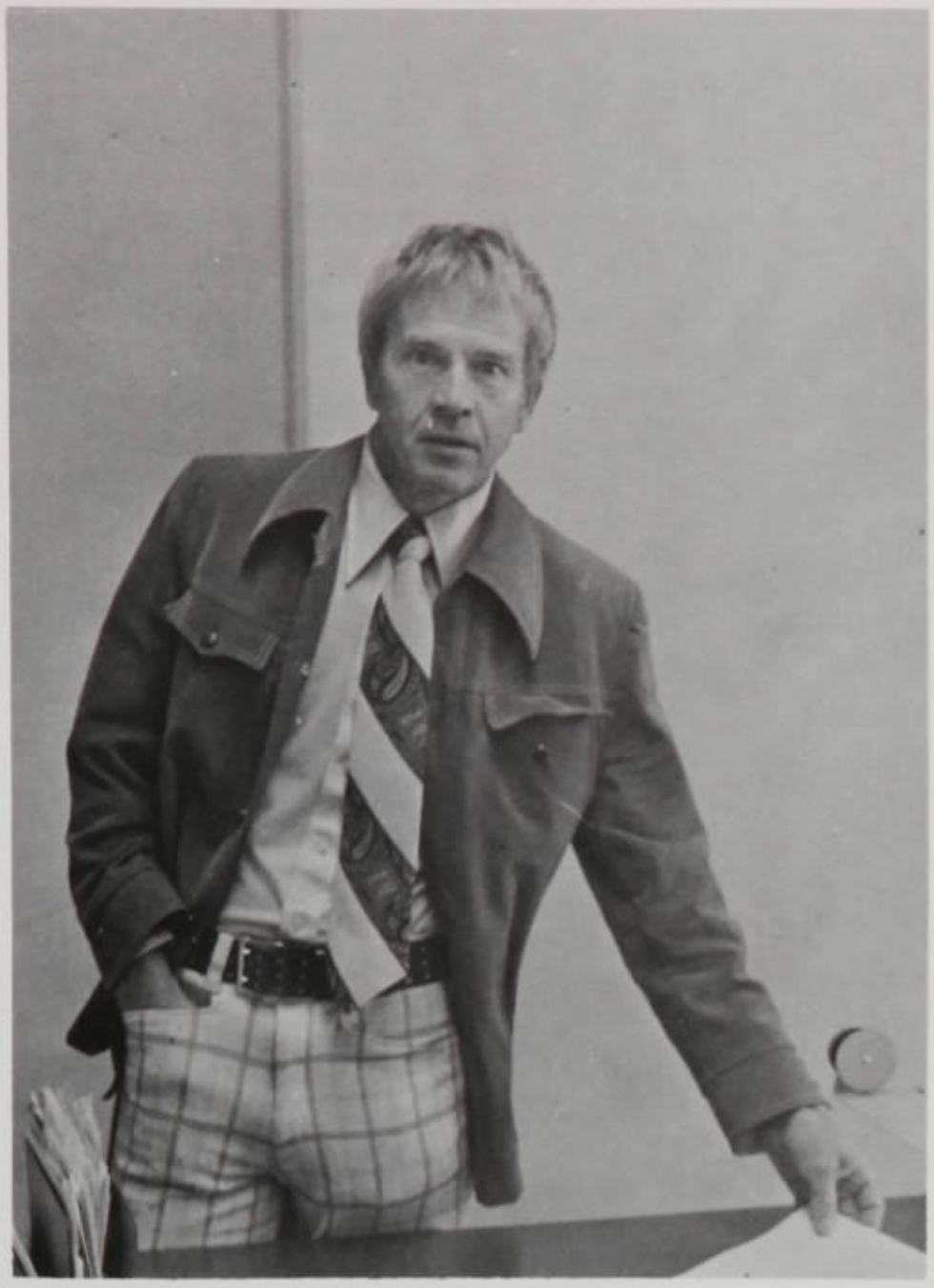
Life is much too long to be miserable. So make the best of it. Develop and use your mind to the fullest extent possible. Enjoy.

James S. Winetrobe
B.A. USC
M.A. USC
Three Years

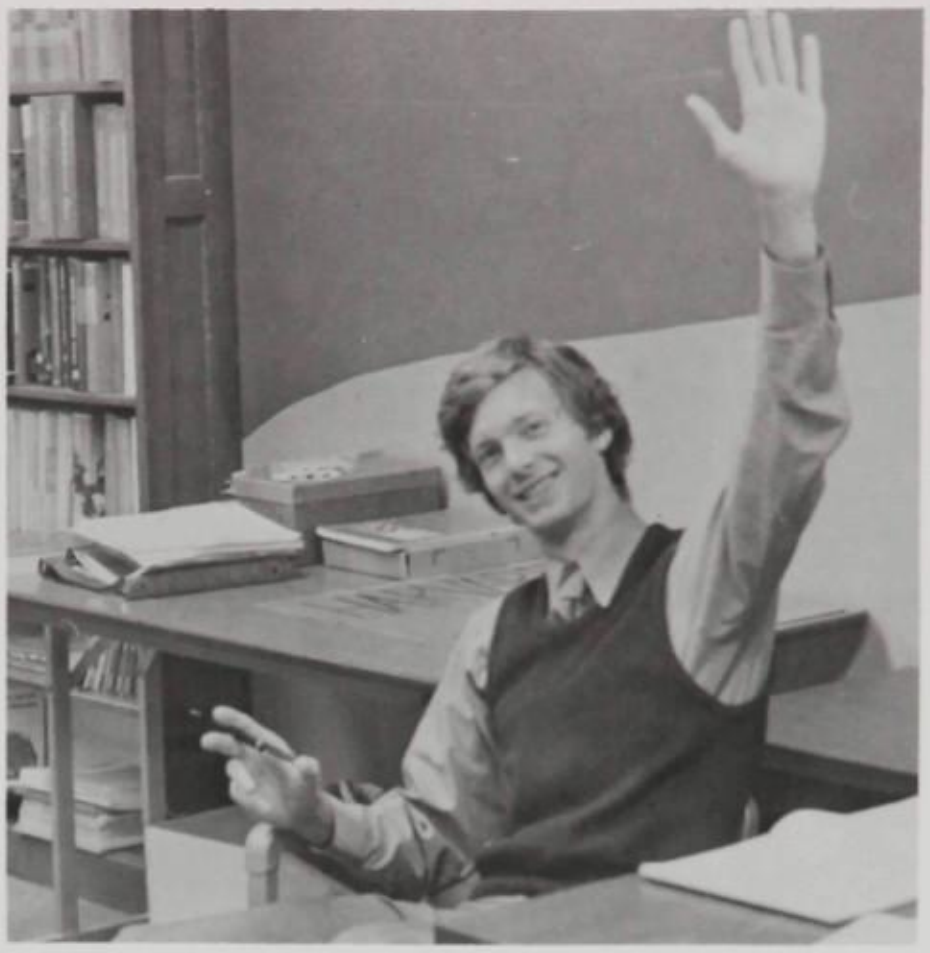
Craig E. McGarvey
B.A., B.S. Brown University
Four Years

George B. Roberts
B.S.C. Leeds
Ten Years





Sture Radstrom
Diploma, Folkskollarare, Upsala
Twelve Years



Page J. Hoeper
B.S.E. Princeton
M.A.T. Harvard
Two Years

Arthur V. Gibson
B.A. Yale
M.B.A. Columbia
Three Years

Clubs

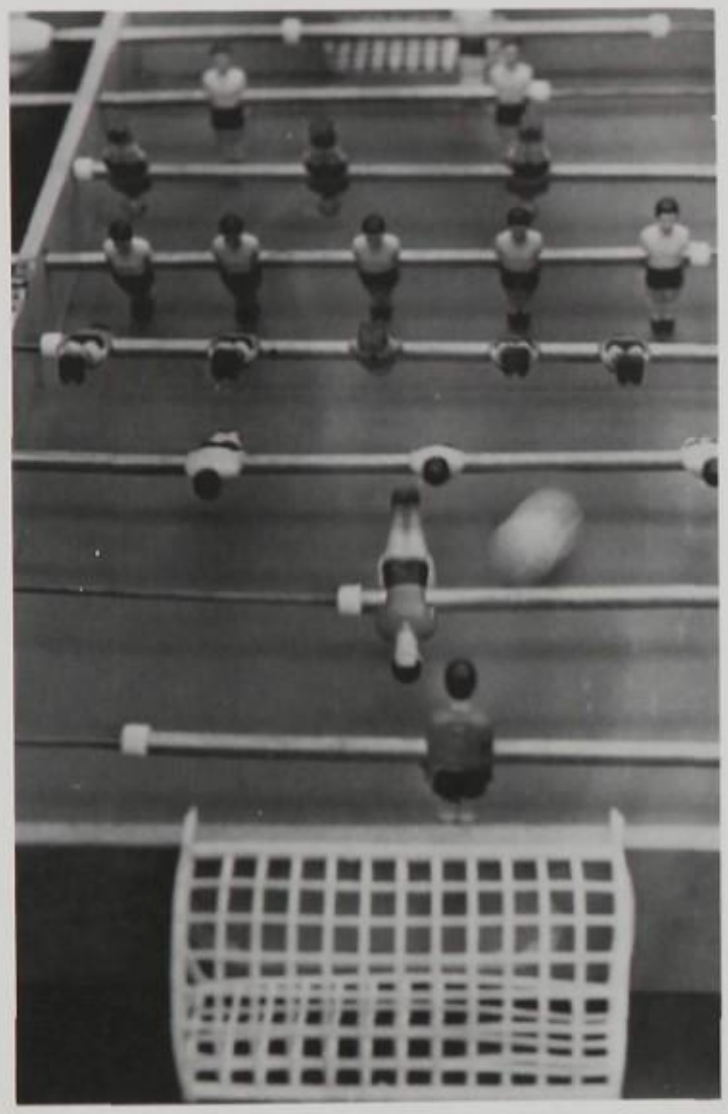
Chess Club

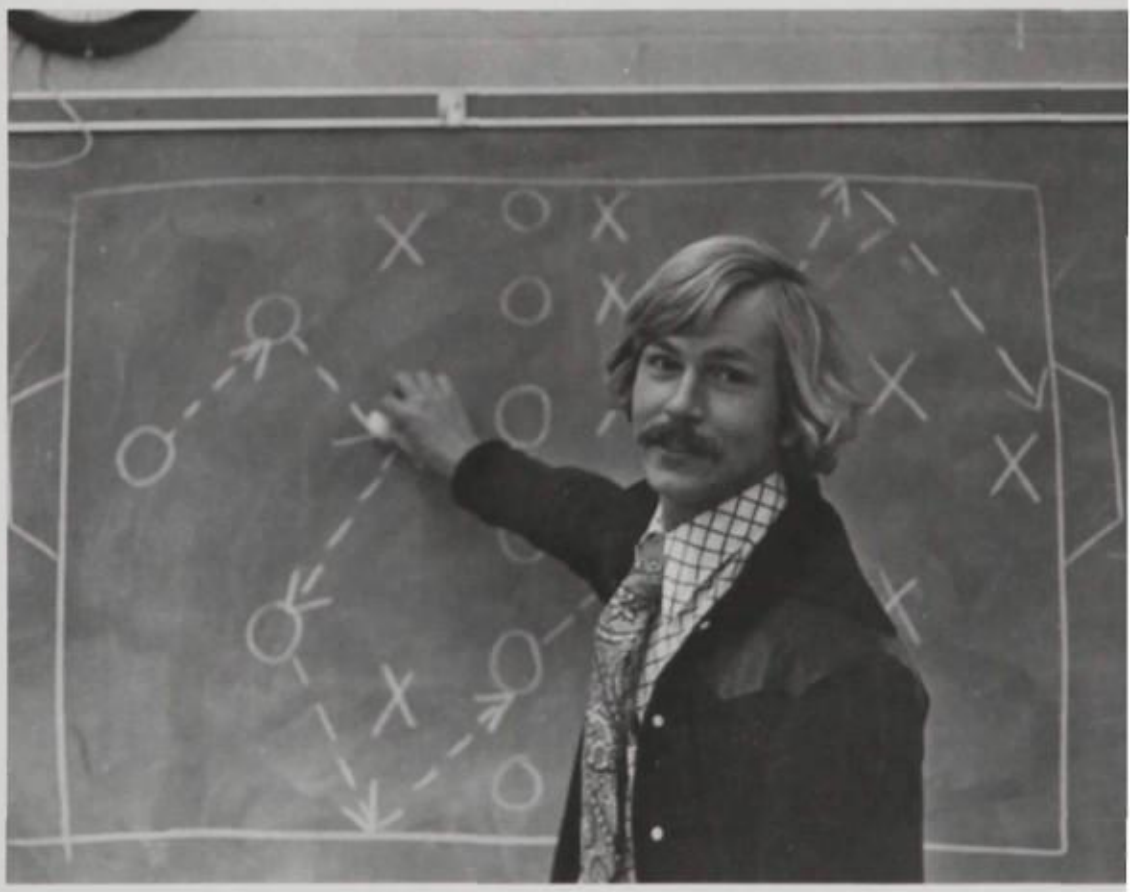
Aquarium Club

Music
The Performing Arts

Gregg "Fingers" Elliott

Ecology Club





Foosball

Sunshine

Snake-Watching

Senior Breakfast

To the Class of 1975:

As high school graduates, you are passing an important milestone. You are about to enter into a society that is filled with challenge and opportunity. What you do with your lives from this point forward will determine not only your personal self-fulfillment, but the general well-being of our nation.

You carry with you the hopes of those who know and trust you. The future of America depends on your generation. You can make of America whatever you want. The opportunities before you are as great as the challenges.

Education is the greatest key to a better life. But to open the door of opportunity you need faith in yourselves, pride in what you have accomplished, and the idealism to persevere. If you add to this the awareness that learning never ceases, you will indeed bring to your lives the kind of meaning and satisfaction you seek.

I wish you every success on the road ahead.

Gerald R. Ford

Are you optimistic
'bout the way things are going?
No, I never ever think of it at all.

Don't you ever worry
When you see what's going down?
No, I try to mind my business,
that is, no business at all.

When it's time to function
as a feeling human being, will your
Bachelor of Arts help you get by?
I hope to study further,
a few more years or so. I also hope
to keep a steady high.

Will you try to change
things, use the power that you have,
the power of a million new ideas?
What is this power you
speak of and this need for things to
change? I always thought
that everything was fine.

Don't you feel repression just
closing in around?
No, the campus here is very, very free.

Don't you ever see starvation
in the city where you live, all the
needless, all the
needless pain?
I haven't been there lately,
the country is so fine, but my
neighbors don't seem hungry 'cause
they haven't got the time.

Thank you for the talk,
you know you really eased my mind,
I was troubled by the shapes
of things to come.
Well, if you had my
outlook your feelings would be
numb, you'd always think
that everything was fine.

Robert Lamm

Library — Dedicated Fall of 1974

Graduation
1975

Editor's Epilogue

You may consider Harvard as a tool of the system, underwritten by the society it was established to serve, but it can also serve as the source of that society's transcendence. While high schools do turn out cogs for the societal machine, they also cultivate the prophets of new truths. We can use these institutions to prepare ourselves to articulate and constructively challenge the limitations of the past. You can't do a thing for anybody if you don't know anything. Academic rigor may have its problems, but technical skills are indispensable for building schools or hospitals, designing mass transportation, controlling pollution, caring for physical and emotional ills, protecting civil liberties and expanding the limits of man's knowledge. Without knowledge and ability, a burning passion to serve humanity is nothing more than a private ego trip. A Peace Corps volunteer in Pakistan is a useless cheerleader unless he has the skill to understand another people. Barrio businessmen are not interested in VISTA volunteers who do not understand accounting or marketing, *and* the language and culture of their people. Changing the world takes more than passionate polemics. Among other things, it takes a lot of technical skill and a broad foundation of knowledge.

Aside from the public good (including the Dixie Canyon and Camp Kilpatric programs), there is great potential for personal development at Harvard. Think of Harvard as six societally sanctioned years to indulge your curiosities, explore all sorts of ideas, and find out who you are and who you'd like to be. All this can be done without the numbing pressures of having to show up at some job every day — and work. Harvard, despite the grind, does give you an incredible amount of free time and facilities for growth and pleasure. We have a great library, easily accessible extracurricular activities, excellent teachers, monthly dramatic and musical productions, open communications facilities, relaxed athletic teams, cheap dances, some wild parties, and people to grow up with. You have the chance to make friends who share your problems and your views, yet who have perspectives different from yours. Later in life, when you meet new people, they are often on the opposite side of the bargaining table, on the same rung of the competitive ladder, or on their way to two different appointments. Relationships at Harvard grow while you study and have fun together, and they often become friendships that can have meaning for your whole life.

Harvard is an improvement on the American high school experience in the sheer variety of its academic possibilities. You can complete the traditional, limited curriculum that most high schools force upon you early in your years here and then take advantage of numerous advanced placement, seminar, and nearly individualized courses. For example, you can take Film Aesthetics, History of England, Encounter with Art, and participate in a coeducational Psychology course.

Nevertheless, all of the social and academic possibilities presented by Harvard are trampled over in the fateful race by many students for one prize — admission to college. You may feel no social or family pressure at all, but you will do anything to maximize your chances for college admission. You can prepare by trying to get straight A's in high school. You can grind, grind, grind; use every available minute to study;

eat rapidly; sleep fully clothed so as not to waste time dressing and undressing; and spend Saturday night monastically hunched over the BC Calculus book. You can be burdened by an overloaded schedule of difficult courses, so that no subject is studied adequately. You can be concerned that you have as many advanced placement courses as Tom, as high grades as Dick, and as many activities as Harry. While this approach might result in acceptance by some school, you have needlessly cheated yourself out of four years of life. High school is a time to live and explore and colleges will sacrifice a few grade points for a well-rounded individual. You are the real winner in that exchange.

There is another, reverse approach to the Harvard experience. You need not be hassled by checking into homeroom, doing homework assignments, and worrying about tests. You can take the easy way out. Take the easiest courses and do the minimum to pass; cut a maximum amount of the time; and constantly challenge your teacher's authority on principle; split after lunch and indulge all of your fantasies on the class's time. Expose incompetence, confront injustice and speak your mind. This hedonistic approach, while perhaps more attractive than grinding, practically insures that you have been successful only in wasting six years of your own and your teachers time and twelve thousand dollars of your parents' money.

Learning does not include enjoying life. If you have an intellectual interest, develop it. It could even turn out to be fun. Use good teachers to go beyond requirements, and bad ones to maximize free time. Even daydreams can be creative. Experiment with sports, with new ideas, with new philosophies, new cultures, music, art, and the community around you. You'll probably have a good time, and when college time comes around you'll find that admissions committees will be pleased by the diversity of your interests. No one needs academic machines. Colleges want human beings of different persuasions who will benefit from education and contribute to the academic community. Though grades are important, the outside world will look beyond the numbers and the gold stars in making judgements of you.

The six years you spend at Harvard School are six years out of a short life. Don't take getting into college so seriously that you fall into the trap of thinking of these years exclusively as a time to prepare for college. Some of the people around you would be only too happy to turn you into a plastic shell, a sycophant, hungrily scavenging for good grades and participating in all the right activities. The next step would be a repetition of the pattern in college — the right courses, the grade point average, and the strained but proper extracurricular participation — all designed to get you into the right graduate school. Then, the right graduate school becomes preparation for the right job, and all is preparation for a life in the right neighborhood, with the right friends, proper prestige and secure security.

Don't get tricked into leading a preparatory life in the blind pursuit of means to ends which can turn out to be means to some other end you never wanted in the first place. This approach isn't even necessary to get where you want to go — and you can go anywhere.

Robert Ty Howard

Self Serve

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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FACULTY
And
Best Wishes for the YEARS Ahead

The Class of 1975

congratulations to ty

for the past:

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept: his best he gave.
Tennyson

for the present:

Keep true the dreams of thy youth.
Schiller

for the future:

If you have faith as a mustard seed,
you shall say to this mountain,
Remove to yonder place; and it shall remove,
and nothing shall be impossible to you.
Matthew 17:20

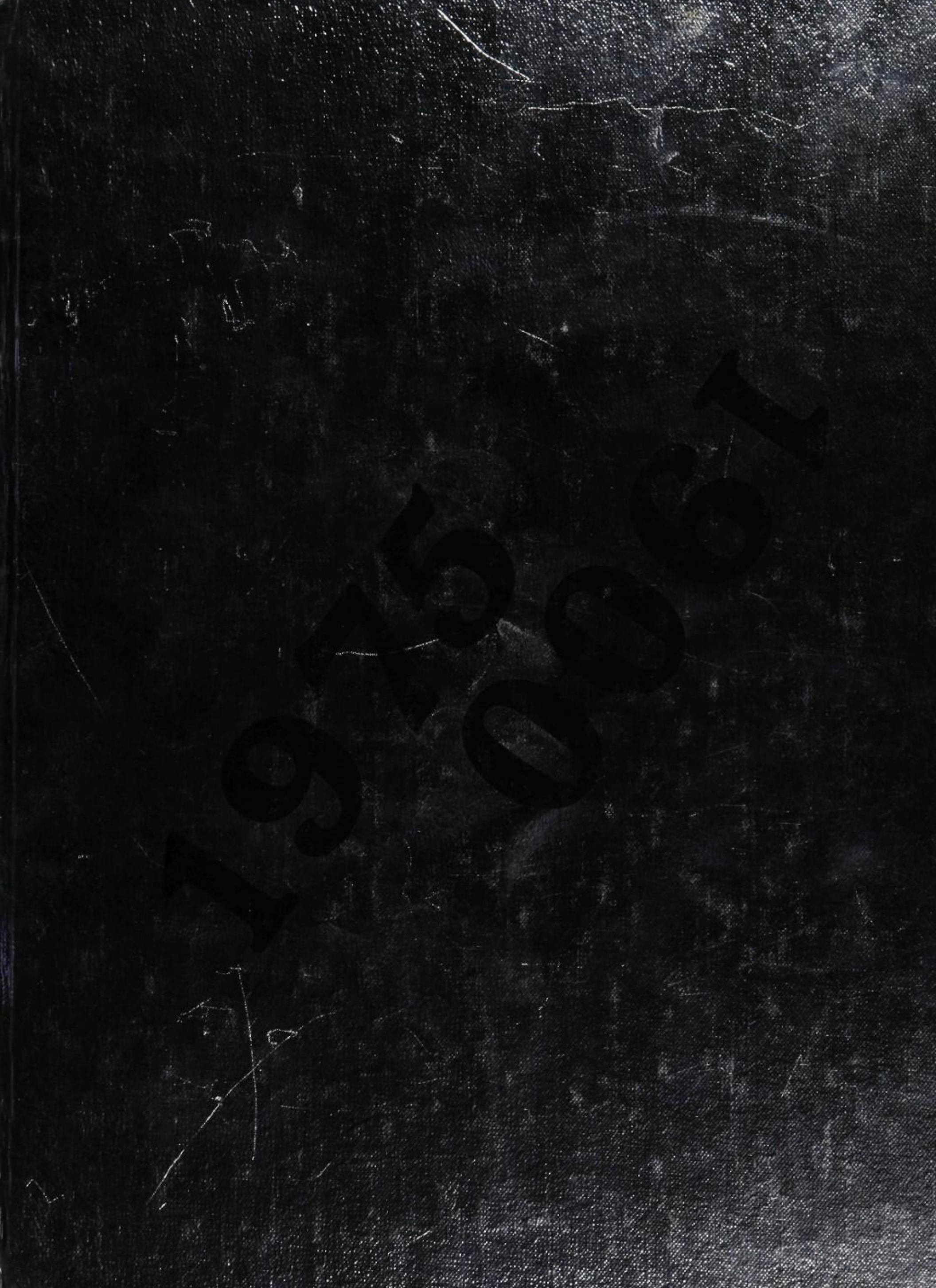
your family

Senior Index

Grant Adamson 17
William Allen 251
Marc Alperin 252
Gary Ayres 253
Charles Beck 181
Bert Bernheim 139
Scott Bokowski 140
Dale Brent 18
Thomas Brown 254
Thomas Carroll 19
Anthony Carter 141
Edward Chaum 255
Robert Clifford 20
Charles Colby 97
Charles Crane 59
John Cruikshank 98
Carsten Dahl 99
Lawrence Daniels 14
Patrick Davies 21
Ralph Davis 143
John Dean 144
Jeff Deutschman 145
Robbie Dick 182
William Driver 60
Gregg Elliott 100
Stephen Erickson 219
Bruce Falstein 22
John Fischer 101
Harold Fletcher 220
Edward Fong 23
John Frankman 146
Peter Fredericks 221
David Frye 222
Gregory Gamsky 61
Scott Garber 62
Lawrence Gay 63
Jeffrey Gold 64
Russell Goodman 102
Darryl Griff 223
David Guth 103
Peter Haldeman 104
David Halliburton 183
Randall Heyler 224
James Hicks 65
Jon Hogen 147
Ronald Hoggert 148
William Hohl 105
John Hooker 184
Ty Howard 263
David Hwang 256
Greg Jacobsen 24
Chris Jones 261
Thomas Jones 25
Rand Kaplan 66
Raymond Karno 149
Michael Kerr 185
Charles Lho 186
Bruce Licher 26
Mark Lipschutz 150
Joseph LoPresti 225
Jon Lovitz 27
Jay Maddox 67
David Magee 187
Steven Mair 188
Chris Marine 28
Michael Margolis 262
Steven Marylander 29
Anthony Mathews 257
Martin Maytum 106
Guy McCarter 68
Bruce Meredith 30
Gregory Meyers 258
Daniel Miller 189
Thomas Mitchell 69
Robert Moore 107
Paul Morgan 226
Jeffrey Morton 108
Ronald Moss 151
Steven Moss 190
Chris Olch 191
Stephen Ortega 70
Richard Oswald 109
John Parks 152
James Pawlak 192
Robert Rabin 153
Scott Rand 259
Thomas Riach 110
Peter Richman 227
Carl Rosendahl 228
Robert Rubenstein 229
Gregory Rutter 31
David Sanders 111
Eric Schwab 71
Mark Scott 32
Robert Scott 193
Michael Segal 154
Todd Singleton 230
George Steinmetz 260
Paul Stupin 33
Scott Thomspon 231
Tracy Thorpe 112
Charles Uhlmann 113
Brian Weintraub 72
Steven Weisenberg 34
Steven Winters 155
Stephen Wunderlich 73
John Zaro 35

Faculty Index

James Ackerman 120
John Ameer 203
Robert Archer 82
Philip Berk 119
Christopher Berrisford 202
Roman Brysha 167
Johnnie Carl 241
Eva Clark 44
John Clark 42
Timothy Corcoran 165
Ann Deshler 240
William Dickey 120
Susan Dietz 84
Philip diFranco 241
Joy Diskin 84
David Florian 164
Eugenia Francis 167
Janet Gardner 85
Arthur Gibson 267
John Gill 119
Guy Gingell 169
Donald Goodman 170
John Graziano 166
T. Patrick Hill 85
Gary Hinman 170
Page Hoeper 267
Philip Holmes 83
Nathaniel Hughes 204
Richard Humphrey 43
James Koslow 44
Michael Leigh 45
John Luebtow 239
Frank Magusin 203
Jerome Margolis 239
Edwin Marks 121
Rogelio Martinez 165
Daniel McFadden 205
Craig McGarvey 266
Elliott McGrew 205
Raymond Michaud 120
Anthony Miller 241
Mervin Miller 43
Frances Miller 240
Katherine Moore 83
Gene Murrow 264
Joseph Ozawa 204
Maximo Pavon 167
Sture Radstrom 267
Andrea Rebek 121
Harold Richardson 85
George Roberts 266
Ralph Schmidt 121
Jon Smith 166
Walter Stewart 168
Gary Thran 169
Carl Wilson 238
Jamie Winetrobe 265
Tedd Woods 240
Robin Zawacki 45

The Last Hurrah

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